

# Iron Maiden

## Ghostface Killah

(What you doin' on our turf, punk?

Got a message for Smokey.

Give it.

You Smokey, man?

Give it!

If you ain't Smokey, it ain't yo' motherfuckin' message

Motherfucker, I said gimme the message!

It's from Willie, in the slam.

Nigga, you been busted?

Yeah, the man picked me up.

Well, I ain't got no fuckin' time to play with you! Now gimme the message.

Willie's in Warwick, doin' 1-3. Told me to tell y'all motherfuckers to

Keep cool. He be out one way or another. Quick. Maybe I could stick

Around for awhile.

Naw, that's out, man. You know? What can we, The Lords, do with a punk like

You?

Kiss my ass, motherfucker! (Burn 'em) Just me and you, motherfucker, just

Me and you. I put trademarks around your fuckin' eye!)(Portrayin', won't be payin'. Uh huh, Uh huh)

(Yeah, no doubt, no doubt, this Wally champ cat. Yeah, it's on this one)[Raekwon:]Yo, Gambino niggas who  
swipe theirs

Deluxe rap cavaliers

Midgets who steal beers, give 'em theirs[Chorus: Raekwon]Sit back jollyin'

My team be gamin' like three card Rolly an'

Drug Somalians pollyin'[Raekwon]

Many raps they crochetin'

Hey yo Iron, these niggas portrayin'

But haven't been payin'

For real, slide on these niggas like flesh fear

Caesar fade style, usually tough grenade

Throw a blade, fuck gettin' laid

Guzzle this shit like Gatorade

Big-dick Wallies have never half-suede

Connectin' with the hot style is done

Light up a chalis

I run with nothin' but the wildest, foulest

Come on now, long-dick style

Niggas on the hit out, ay yo Iron bite my shit out

Eventually, bust a rap gun mentally

Been doin' this century kid, just meant to be

Get on your knees and bless me with a gem in the Caribbean  
Skiin' off by P.M.

Snatch Canadian cream with Scandinavians  
Fellatium style, play it like thirty-two Arabians

The greatest lesson is don't owe, you might get stole on

When I go bury me wit Valow on(They come to me, and understand, just let me get mines first. Then after I  
Get mines, y'all can do what y'all wanna do. Fuck 'em up bad)[Ghostface]

'Sho 'nuff, hit the bank and thrust

Cool Nauticas Jamie Summer got trained on the tour bus

We upgrade, swallow raw eggs, read the label

Hittin' white-label, left the Winnebago unstable

Smooth sailin', walked in, my earth started kneelin'

Started stealin', I'm too ill, see we're bellin' at the parlay

Kicked up, mack, max motion

Michael Bolton magazine call, I'm too potent

Louisville mix pain kill rap, Fuck benadryl

The violin in 'Knowledge God' sounded ill

Tremendously obnoxious, no blotches

My telephone watch'll leave bartenders topless

Dead on the prosecutor, smacked a juror

Me and my girl'll run like Luke and Laura

We sit back on Malayan islands

Sippin' mix drinks out of boat coconut bowls, we whylin'[Raekwon]

Sit back jollyin', Uh huh, Uh huh

Uh huh, Uh huh, Sit back jollyin'

Uh huh, Uh huh, Uh huh, Uh huh[Chorus: x2]Sit back[Cappadonna]

Deep meditation sound orientated, war the blizzard

Rap para-medical the wizard

Cappadonna, never caterin' to none

My microphone and three verse weigh a ton of slaughter

You oughta five thousand back across the water

My laboratory story keep me flowin' with the glory

Acapella or deep dirty instrumental

I could blow the sky like the stormy wind blew

One gallon of whylin', Park Hill profilin'

I cut your face up rough fifty sure while you're smilin'

For violatin' my position,

I leave you smoked like a crackhead on a mission

Two tokes of mic dope, one stroke of elegance

Rated like the movie graphic told intelligence

Person to person, it'd be hard for you to take a trophy

You better off to get somebody out to try to smoke me

'Cause I'm P-L-O T-K-O every day

Dancehall General, Party Fanatic Colonel

Cappadonna son'a old school just go infernal

Veteran for rappin' with the new set of rule of hard rappin'  
Ninety-six jive, I keep the live crowd clappin'  
When I bow, all praises due to Staten Isle  
I spark the mic and Shaolin spark the methical  
Every evenin', I have a by myself meetin'  
Thinkin' who's gonna be the next to catch a beatin'  
From my mental slangin', bitchin' rap twist the point of warfare  
I brutalize, all competition catch ill hair  
Chance him, that's what they said, threw up a ransom  
I jacked it, stripped the beat naked and packed it  
Gimme my rewards(The way I, the way I wanna get 'em. I want 'em gotten.  
I want 'em layin' out. I want 'em gotten.  
'Cause niggas need to be gotten.  
He need to be taken off of here.  
That's right.)

Songwriters

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