

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 crocheting

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 methtical
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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