Iron Man

The Bad Plus

You could strike a match in my hand
too black to tan
heavy metel rythem from a one man band
bust my knuckles in a junkyard scuffle
whippin at the fairies with a brass belt buckle
born in the ghetto
hard like metal
gotta '87 'vet with a fat gas pedal
river hard lite
shave wit a knife
love to get freaky on the grooviest nights
(chorus)
got childhood scars
from the streets of my life
girls laugh now they beggin to be mix'a'lots wife
a new breed is here vigilanties o' rap
got eyes like fire wit my boys at my back
now im back for revenge all the rumors must end
quickie breathin is out
whole music is in
alot of dummies get paid just for clappin thier hands
not the style or desire of a true iron man
oooh south side ruler
dont drink cooler
big money maker
not a dumb drug user
is real not drama
paid pet lamha
met clint eastwood
slapped his mama
billboard thrilla
avenue chilla
hard rock lova and
soft rock killa
girls in the house
watch yo blouse
i am the man yo moma was warnin you about
the bad boy of rap

givin no slack

talk behind my back and
you might get slapped
you might get paid
but yo metal aint real
your metals like mush
this metals like steel!
(chorus)
big E gold crushin
MC fussin
more lines in my face than a sunburnt russin
hardly ever speakin
girls be tweakin
buggin off the drums 'cause my snare be peekin
worlds most hated
too bad ta be graded
makin you mad
and i be pated
be single hater
your bad im greater
tougher than swarchinager in terminater
guitar chord ripper
peria sipper
transboard scratcher
and not a lil stripper
fleash like steal
mc steal
mickey dees shrimp salad not part of my meal
heavy drum begginer
cant stand kidders
hate funk metal and not a bullshitter
girlies wanna kiss
suckas throwin fists
lotta rappas try ta rock but it aint like this!
THE IRON MAN OF RAP DROPPIN THE BIG METAL, HAMMER!
now thats true rap passia

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