

# 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)

Yo, Gambino niggas who swipe theirs  
Deluxe rap cavaliers  
Midgets who steal beers, give 'em theirs

Sit back jollyin'  
My team be gamin' like three card Rolly an'  
Drug Somalians pollyin'

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)

'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'

Sit back jollyin', Uh huh, Uh huh  
Uh huh, Uh huh, Sit back jollyin'  
Uh huh, Uh huh, Uh huh, Uh huh

Sit back  
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.)