

## **Williams Cunnie**

### **"Iron Galaxy"**

Visit "[Iron Galaxy](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[ Chorus ]

My shell, mechanical found ghost  
But my ghetto is, animal found toast  
My shell, mechanical found ghost  
But my ghetto is, animal found toast  
My shell, mechanical found ghost  
But my ghetto is, animal found toast  
Animal found toast... but my ghetto ... animal

[ Vordual Megala ]

Life's ill, some-time's life might kill  
Vordul Mega, five digits grab mic's mic strike type ill  
Is life real? Yo akhi builds  
When life feels, like earth don't spin  
Whirlwinds mic blend  
Lifes at a stand-still, dangerous cuz man kills  
And still, cats visualize life ghetto like  
Born mind, sometime these cats see life  
Street life incomplete light and be like  
I'm a live life after this  
One crime, one line from the Mega-la  
Blow spine, everyone  
Knows the city's ill, cats kill  
Still black man holds nine  
Gotta chill star  
C-A.L.L.A.H  
Be the light of Shamar  
Work hard Shamar C-Cipher-A.L.L.A.H  
Adapt bars snatch stars  
and detach large, channels  
But our bar's handle might break mic's  
Vordul Megala the cannibal ate mic's  
Strive live live fuck five I want a hundred and eight  
mic's

"Son, yo son did you see that kid yo?  
Yo, yo, Chill out man, chill out.  
Yo son did you, yo son he pulled it out..."

Five digits cock biddy nine mili  
One floor shine silly

Spun city one verbs hit milly  
Little girls spinnin' curls three sixty  
Livin' in in a world shitty  
Yo they spun young earth, now shitty  
And while 5-0 might shoot black head  
Nigga sorry I sold space suit to crack heads  
D.T's operate mechanically, po-po in slow-mo  
Black kids, locked away  
Attic key, plus one fourth pound of smoke flow  
While, lock head fabian  
Achmed Arabian  
Layin' in  
Bodeg holdin' drama a.k  
Spoke like as-salaam-a-opaque  
Chokin' vodka mixed with o.j  
Wig splits mad quick  
Spinnin' three six oh ways  
C 4 blew the door nuber eight  
Summer fate tank top wit a knot  
Number nine said run the place  
Took my girl, stereo, c.d plus the tape  
Yo star, don't wet that  
Fucked her face lets stuff the plays  
Jet back to santa cruz californ-i-a  
Peace to C-God locked up cat born nine ways  
Come home mad soon  
Live ill, life things just like little black girl got shot  
Damn it hurts when they spun earth filled with knots  
Gonna make a difference so we get locked  
Caught in the shit and losin' what we got  
Come on black  
E-qual-E-qual

"Do you know that you're one of the few pradtator  
species  
that preys even on itself?"

[ Vast Air Kramer ]  
And if there's crack in a basement  
Crack heads stand adjacent  
Anger displacement  
Two step arrangements  
You were a still born baby  
Mother didn't want you, but you were still born  
Boy meets world, of course his pops is gone  
What you figga  
That chalky outline on the ground is a father figure  
So he steps to the next stencil, that's a hustler  
Infested with money and diamond cluster  
Lets talk in laymen terms  
Rotten apples and big worms

Early birds and poachers  
New York is evil at it's core, so those who have more  
than them  
Prepare to be vic-tims  
Ate up by vultures, the politicians  
In a dog eat dog culture, that'll sick 'em  
Lack of mineral, we take it personal  
A pigeon can't drop shit if it never flew  
Every day is no frills, empty krills  
Broken 40 bottles and m.c's with skills  
I rest my head on 115  
But miracles only happen on 34th, so I guess life is  
mean  
And death is the median  
And pergatory is the mold that we settle in  
"No doubt"  
I've got that Eve's Bayou sense of touch  
So I fought, to touch every hand of a fan to read their  
thoughts  
Battered wives, molested children  
Roaches on the floor, rats in the ceiling  
Cats walk around New York with two fillin's  
One is in their mouth the other, does the killin'  
I'm Vast Air, Kramer, top billin'

Visit [Williams Cunnie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.