

Courtney Love

"Duel of the Iron Mic"

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Intro:

Ohh mad one
We see your trap
You can never escape, your fate
Submit with honor to a duel, with my son

I agree

I see you using an old style, I wondered where you had
learned it from
You know very well, it's yours too
[Yo God, it's a duel, it's a duel] Heh, by the Gods, will
you show me?
[buck buck buck buck buck buck] And where do you
come for?
[Duel of the Iron Mic] You come here, since you're so
interested
[Duel of the Iron Mic] Fight me
[In the moonlight niggaz I will strike]
[What, what? Bring it!]

Verse One: The Genius

Yo
Picture bloodbaths and elevator shafts
Like these murderous rhymes tight from genuine craft
Check the print, it's where veterans spark the letterings
Slow moving MC's is waitin for the editin
The liquid soluble that made up the chemistry
A gaseous element, that burned down your ministry
Herbal vapors, and biblical papers
Smokin Exodus, every square yard is plush
Fuck the screw-faced photo sessions facial expression
leaves impressions, try to keep a shark nigga guessin
Give crazy shouts Son here's the outcome
Cut across the semi-gloss rhymes you floss
Shit is outdated, just like neckloads of Sterlings
Suede-fronts, bell-bottoms, and tri-colored Shearlings
I ain't particular, I bang like vehicular homicides
on July 4th in Bed-Stuy

Where money don't grown on trees and there's thievin
MC's
Who cut-throat to rake leaves
They can't breathe, blood splash, rushin fast
like runnin rivers, I be that whiskey in your liver

Chorus: Ol Dirty Bastard

Duel of the Iron Mic!
It's the fifty-two fatal strikes!

Verse Two: Master Killer

This is not a eighty-five affair, made clear
when the Gods get on to perform storms blew up
Wu's up, causin the crowd to self-destruct
Killer bees are stingin somethin while I reveal
Science, that's heavily guarded by the culprit
Bombin your barracks, with aerodynamic
swordplay, poison darts by the doorway
Minds that's laced with explosive doses
Damagin lyrical launcher
Lunge at the youthful offender then injure
any contender, testin the murderous Master
could lead to disaster, dynamite thoughts
explode through your barrier, rips the retina
Who can withstand the astonishing punishing
Stings to the sternum, shocked in the hip-hop livestock
Seekin for a serum, to cure em

Verse Three: Inspector Deck

Adults kill for drugs plus the young bucks bust
Duckin handcuffs, throats get cut when dough rush
Out of town foes look shook but still pose
We move lioke real pros through the streets we stroll
Bullet holes lace the windows in one-six oh
So control the avenues that's the dream that's sold
Bulding lobbies are graveyards for small-timers
Bitches caught in airports, keys in they vaginas
No peace, yo the police mad corrupt
You get bagged up, dependin if you're passin the cut
Plus shorty's not a shorty no more, he's livin heartless
Regardless of the charges, claims to be the hardest
individual, critical thoughts, criminal minded
Blinded by illusion, findin it confusin

Outro: Ol Dirty Bastard

Duel of the iron mics [The master, he must be
dreaming, heh]

It's that fifty-two fatal strikes [Well, if he is dreaming...]
Duel of the iron mics [...then he must be asleep]
It's that fifty-two fatal strikes, NUH [And if he is asleep]
[then I will wake him up!]
[WeahhhhHAAH-HAH-HAH!]

At the height of their fame and glory, they turned on
one another
Each struggling in vain for ultimate supremacy
In the passion and depth of their struggle
They very art, that had raised them through such
rapiant heights was lost
Their techniques, vanished

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