

Gary Wright "Iron Maiden"

Visit "[Iron Maiden](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: [from the motion picture "Fresh"]

[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 witchu! 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'

[Verse One: Raekwon]

Many raps they crocheting'
Ay 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 nuttin' 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]

[Verse Two: 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'

(Break) Raekwon:

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

(Chorus) x 2

Sit back

[Verse Three: 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.]

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.