

## Genius/GZA "Duel Of The Iron Mic"

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{Oh, 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  
Even I wondered too  
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}

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Shit is outdated, just like neckloads of Sterlings  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

Duel of the Iron Mic  
(You're quite good)  
It's the fifty-two fatal strikes!  
(You should tell him to take the same technique)

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

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 like real pros through the streets we stroll

Bullet holes lace the windows in one-six-o  
So control the avenues that's the dream that's sold  
Building 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'

Duel of the iron mic's  
(The master, he must be dreaming, heh)  
It's that fifty-two fatal strikes  
(Well, if he is dreaming)

Duel of the iron mic's  
(Then he must be asleep)  
It's that fifty-two fatal strikes, nuh  
(And if he is asleep)  
(Then I will wake him up)

{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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