

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'd learned it from
You know very well, it's yours too
Heh, by the Gods, will you show me?
And what 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 the tiger strikes)
(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 MCs 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' exo-dust, 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Shit is outdated, just like neckloads of Sterlings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
Until I fall from Bed-Stuy
Where money don't grown on trees and there's thievin'
MCs

Who cutthroat 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
It's that fifty-two ready to strike

This is not a 85 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 Masta could lead to disaster
Dynamite thoughts explode through your barrier

Rips the retina
Who can withstand the astonishin' punishin' 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 1-6-oh
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

It's that fifty-two ready to strike
Duel of the Iron Mic
It's that fifty-two ready to strike

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
The very art, that had raised them
Through such Olympian heights was lost
Their techniques, vanished

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