

Ryan Biracree

"Masters of the Universe"

Visit "[Masters of the Universe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

(These styles is unknown to)..

The two headed dragon

...(these styles is unknown to)

...the two headed dragon

[Senim] Yo and it goes on y'all

[Tekniq] uh huh..

(you don't know me and you don't know my style

[Method Man])

[Verse 1]

The two headed dragon breathes fire, blows flames,
veins pumping octane

blazing plain, same brain

Same ankle that enabled Kain to slew that's a sharp
blade

Whether your willing or able I see your stockade

I'm from an age where I just played caption

It's passin' the fact that what you really tougue lashin'

Yo and we strikin' they backs like they card cold the
dashin'

Can't escape slavery boy

I'm still the master of natural disaster this rap tougue
twister

Emergin' from Waterworld the mighty world wind

Microphone cyclone blowing in your ears like your
girlfriend

Till the world ends all these minds puttin' work in

Employ these toys on a job and we'll see what the hell
they was thinkin'

Must've been drunk

What the hell was they drinkin'?

Why, are these rules?

Broke as hell in a Lincoln

Head on collisions in these rap competitions

My crew cats record turns their frames into scrape
metal

Off to the junk yard

Cuz ain't nobodies on my rap level you can ask the

devil

It ain't no way in hell these contenders can hender
Remember, guard your fender, from a friender
Mista so now I'm Silla, sinister swindla
I brought you stigmas when your hides bust in line a
temper
This is a warning to you men
We're joining these tournaments of journalists and live
by the pen
Now die by the sword
Tears through your gourd, got you through the mic
cord
It's fine but explored, but just fine wine is poured
Now toast to this, as we pour a little out for those who..

...be approaching this (7x)

[Verse 2]

Battle vocalist the one man army in a war against a
bliss
Rockin' knowledge brings a weaponist
Don't just step to this
I sent Pharoahe messages like Moses takin' my people
on an exodus
We on the run, I split the m-i-c open
Kids try to follow but get swallowed in the ocean
Preacher of the truth, I'm believers makin' mockery
It ain't no stoppin' me, I fulfill all prophecy
Similar to David with the rock, I sling shots at your
bestest warrior plus
I'm ill with the poetry
You know its me but you still couldn't catch us,
manuever on the mic or loss
heads like John the Baptist
When I rap this whack MC's feel the rapture
Others fugitive style your brains couldn't capture
Ever since the beginning of time
Let there be light
That's the first day, I wrote my first rhyme
I'm still writin', I seen you lookin' at 'em, but don't even
think about
bitin'
Forbidden poetry is a life
Dig these, your ass couldn't hide from me with fig
leaves..

(scratching)

ah..uh..con..trol..my..ah..yo..yo
(you don't know me and you don't know my style
[Method Man])

[Verse 3]

We move fast, like quick draw, McGrall, when it's time
We get raw, our crew come together like jigsaws,
puzzles

We movin' on the double

A t-r-o-u-b-l-e, we spell trouble

For you cats and dogs without muzzles, barking in my
face

That'll carry no weight like space shuttles

We rock the mic like rubble

Binary Star came to rain, drip, drop, rain puddles

Suddle, anonymous, rap hippopotamus, no
comogenous

Deeper than a pit, that's bottomless

The knowledge is, to see us, you must meet astrologist
Stars, quasars, cyrus, synonomous..

(scratching)

...(these styles is unknown to)

...(leavin' no limits)

...(we don't forgive or forget)..

(scratching)

yo

(scratching)

...(these styles is unknown to)...(these styles is unknown
to)..

we bum rush, there's no envision

whatchu know about this (2x)

...(you don't know me and you don't know my style
[Method Man])

...(these styles is unknown to)

...(you don't know me and you don't know my style
[Method Man])...

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