

## Crittenden Melodie

### "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Shit is outdated, just like neckloads of Sterlings  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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