

Afu**"Mortal Combat"**Visit "[Mortal Combat](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

featuring Masta Killa

[Afu-Ra]

Nine-nine style, you know what'm sayin? Comin at ya
This is how we do...
Parapalegic, my fighting stance too strategic
No shadows on my kicks too much cheap
Horrific, to be specific, I'm comin through with gugitzu
Bone-crushin, bone-breakin, as I get into
Scorpion styles, with the speed of a cheeta
Hit your pressure points with light skills I be the
Master, Iron palms is elemental
Combinations damaging nations in the mental
Cerebral cortex is obselete
You'll die ten times if your tryin to test me
Tae-ous master, rhyme styles disaster
Studied on the cliffs of mountains readin scrolls
Holdin it down, Iron Sheik, she come
Apprenticed in the temple with the ???
I went through torture, deadly styles I'm the author
Ingested metals, yeah, they make me supernova
Triple-spinnin, kicks, side-kicks, and hook-kicks
They comin chiller, so, you must be Masta Killa

Chorus: Afu-Ra

Its Afu, change my style, change the weather
Its Afu, change your mind, just too clever
Its Afu, all the weak styles I sever
Combinin two styles on the mic with Masta Killa
repeat

[Masta Killa]

Comin through, nuff respect due, check...
The great ones have searched for the richeous data
To show and prove and master the seperation of
matter
The ?? rep, never lose conscience of self
Shed a cell, keep it moving factor
Sword swing in the temple, mental state, danger
chamber
Eight yang slang, Wu-Tang train vibrant soldiers in this

rap game

Like that Shanghai, chinky-eyed chick from Bed Stuy

Win Chung from Lafayette, prophecy of Malcolm X

57 park it, might spark, its the heart

One blood cell featuring Masta Kill

At dark he goes, bust guns

Trust none, touch one, young sun

Prodigal Sun, Killer Bees disease

Homegrown flown from overseas city under siege

Your eyes bleed, the weed got a red dred

Like spinnin roundhouse kicks to the head, leave dead

Chorus

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