

The 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Shit is outdated, just like neckloads of Sterlings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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