

The Last Emperor "Secret Wars"

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Dig this and dig it deep

What if I had the power to gather all of my favorite
emcees
With the illest comic book characters and they became
arch enemies?
Inconcievable? Unbelievable? Yet as wild as it seems
The Emperor and Stan Lee would coach the two
opposing teams
Keep it clean no bats no gats guns no interfearence
Comic book characters would go head up with raw
lyrics
Now I take, whoever might be on break from doin tours
And have them signed up for the Last Emperor's Secret
Wars
Sure, for that kind of capacity, you need a crazy large
arena
that might stretch from west Philadelphia to east
Medina
If I'm able, I'd put it on pay-per-view through my label
And give free tickets to my neighborhood bums with no
cable
Yeah, that sounds phat, now that we've squared away
the propositions
Let's begin with the ultimate toughman competion
"Let the games begin!" Set it off, it's the fight of the
century
KRS and Professor X would battle each other mentally
With rhymes, these two team captains waste no time
Charles Xavier tried to invade Kris Parker's mind
He shot a cerebral probe at Kris's mind, but he missed
it
Professor X taken out by the Blastmaster's metaphysics
Round two, new fight, word to life, you gotta see this
Locked in mortal combat is Dr. Strange and The Genius
Here son, he's no match, let that grafted wizard have it
'My Liquid Sword slashes straight through Dr. Strange's
Magic'
Another hero down, and now the score is two to zero
Gy words from the Genius, and he's still my rhymin
hero
Now the next fight was conducted in a rough like

manner

Specifically between Reggie Noble and Dr. David Banner

Or should I say the Incredible Hulk when he's amped off the gamma?

But Reggie Noble soon became the Incredible Redman and slammed him

You know how Redman gets when his adrenaline starts pumpin

Started schitzin in the ring, so then the Thing tired jump in

Ben Grimm leaps into the ring, and after Redman he lunges

'But Reggie Noble dropped him with two Brick City punches!'

Rhymes by the bunches, bums get dirtier than Middle Eastern dugueons

Ready to set this like Detective Columbo and his hunches

While the ref's clean out the ring, cause the last fight was so intense

Let's do a live interview with the brother named Common Sense

'Yeah, yeah it's Common Sense, and Iceman tried to freeze me,

So I took him to Chicago and told him to take it easy He couldn't see me with my applejack hat and hightops Colussus and Cyclops, I got No I.D. and Y Not'

Good lookin Common Sense, that last album was tight Let me get back to the ring and evaluate the next fight

Now the next fight had to be the craziest of all times

We got Dr. Octopus 'versus the mighty Busta Rhymes!'

Doc Oct versus Busta? Man that stuff is dead

He'll get his eight arms ripped off, goin up agaisnt the dreads

'Ha, ha! Now Dr. Octopus, who you think you grabbin?

The god can never lose, so you know it will never happen

Lyricaly making you sleepy, you'll need a nap when I slap you with my dreads, lights out, you'll kiss the canvas'

Before my eyes, I see the demise of another superhero

Next up is Ras Kass versus Magneto

Now anything goes when Magneto battles foes

Ras Kass had him shivering, delivering ultramagnetic blows

Magneto was now deceased, and a wise man said it best

"The sun rises in the east, but they can still set it the west"

Now with all these heroes down, Stan Lee refuses to

surrender
He got Storm from the X-Men, as if I couldn't match the
gender
Stan Lee shouts 'Excelsior!' Yo, Stan you best to chill
'There's no match for Storm,' I guess he's never heard
of Lauryn Hill
Now we all kow Storm controls the temperature and
weather
Started runnin' off at the lip, and L-Boog was like
'Whatever'
See she just got home fom tours, she's a bit to tired to
spar
So she clocked Storm over the head with my man
Wyclef's guitar
All silence is ceased, out of nowhere comes the Beast
Versus Jeru the Damaja, the Black Prophet from the
east
Releasing rhymes that will pound you into the ground,
there'll be no
round two
Another victory for hip-hop from the Dirty Rotten
Scoundrel
Now the underground sewer system that lies deep
below the ring
Is where the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and Das EFX
do their thing
Leonardo and Donatello, they both know we can do this
'So kiggedy crazy Drayze hit them both with raw
sewage'
Now Rafeal and Michaelangelo, those two others who
are brothers
Brooks smacked 'em with the Das EFX logo, the
manhole cover
Whether you're plant or animal, vegitable or miggety-
mineral
Before you step to Das EFX you best be hard like a
criminal
Taking you back to ringside, just when you thought it
was over
The last battle was brought forth by G.I.Joe and Cobra
Mercenaries and soldiers, G.I. Joe was rollin' thick
But I'll get the military of hip-hop, a.k.a. The Boot Camp
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World War Three for '98 in the wake of all these troops
I could see general Buckshot goin toe to toe with Duke
Salute the captain, for rappin, cause now we know
who's hard,
Catchin wreck like Steele and Tek going up against the
Crimson Gaurd
Charging after you, smashin' you metaphorically
smashin' through

The entire Joe team is O.G.C. and Ruck the Irrational
Then all of a sudden I hear this real loud crack!
'The military punisher Big Rock just broke Roadblock's
back!'
Adding insult to injury to Stan Lee and his team
We've got Weapon X from Canada, a.k.a. Wolverine
You know the routine, his claws can rip rappers for
days
But here comes the Method Man, a.k.a. Johnny Blaze!
Wolverine you can't hang, when Tical does his thang
Paralyze you with the venom from the Method Man's
fang!
This is the final battle as the stratosphere gets darker
We got Nasir Jones versus Peter Parker
Nasty Nas at halftime, headringer versus the
webslinger
Illmatic versus radioactive in the rotten apple where the
dead linger
He cursed the day that spider ever bit him
And gave him a copy of the second LP, It Was Written
For all up and coming emcees, I've got a question,
If I made a Secret Wars Part Two, would your name
even be mentioned?
Would you make the final cut?
I make even the nicest give their titles up
Writing rhymes slash fighting crimes like the Blue
Falcoln and Dynamutt
Stick around for the next battle slash adventure,
And if you see Stan Lee, tell him that the Last Emperor
sent ya [echoes]

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