

# Sir Mixalot, Iron Man

You could strike a match in my hand  
too black to tan  
heavy metal rythem from a one man band  
bust my knuckles in a junkyard scuffle  
whippin at the fairies with a brass belt buckle  
born in the ghetto  
hard like metal  
gotta '87 'vet with a fat gas pedal  
river hard lite  
shave wit a knife  
love to get freaky on the grooviest nights

(chorus)  
got childhood scars  
from the streets of my life  
girls laugh now they beggin to be mix'a'lots wife  
a new breed is here vigilanties o' rap  
got eyes like fire wit my boys at my back  
now im back for revenge all the rumors must end  
quickie breathin is out  
whole music is in  
alot of dummies get paid just for clappin thier hands  
not the style or desire of a true iron man

oooh south side ruler  
dont drink cooler  
big money maker  
not a dumb drug user  
is real not drama  
paid pet lamha  
met clint eastwood  
slapped his mama  
billboard thrilla  
avenue chilla  
hard rock lova and  
soft rock killa  
girls in the house  
watch yo blouse  
i am the man yo moma was warnin you about  
the bad boy of rap  
givin no slack  
talk behind my back and  
you might get slapped  
you might get paid  
but yo metal aint real  
your metals like mush  
this metals like steel!

(chorus)  
big E gold crushin  
MC fussin  
more lines in my face than a sunburnt russin  
hardly ever speakin  
girls be tweakin  
buggin off the drums 'cause my snare be peekin  
worlds most hated  
too bad ta be graded  
makin you mad  
and i be pated  
be single hater  
your bad im greater  
tougher than swarchinager in terminator  
guitar chord ripper

peria sipper  
transboard scratcher  
and not a lil stripper  
fleash like steal  
mc steal  
mickey dees shrimp salad not part of my meal  
heavy drum begginer  
cant stand kidders  
hate funk metal and not a bullshitter  
girlies wanna kiss  
suckas throwin fists  
lotta rappas try ta rock but it aint like this!

THE IRON MAN OF RAP DROPPIN THE BIG METAL, HAMMER!

now thats true rap passia