

# Afu-Ra, Mortal Kombat

Perverted Monks style  
'99 style, know what I'm sayin?  
Comin' at cha, this how we do  
Paraplegic, my fightin' stance too strategic  
No shadows on my kicks too much Chi horrific  
To be specific, I'm comin threw with jiu-jitsu  
Bone crushin' bone, breakin' as I get into  
Scorpion styles, with the speed of a cheetah  
Hit your pressure points with light skills, I be  
The blaster, Iron Palms is elemental  
Combinations damagin' nations in the mental  
Cerebral cortex is obsolete  
You'll die ten times if you try to test me  
Taoist master, rhyme style disaster  
Studied on the cliffs of mountains readin' scrolls  
Holdin' it down, iron shirt chigung  
Apprentice in the temple with Guang Jung Nim  
I went through torture deadly styles I'm the author  
Ingested metals, yeah they made me supernova  
Triple spinnin' kicks, side kicks, and hook kicks  
They come much iller, so you must be Masta Killa  
It's Afu, change my style, change the weather  
It's Afu, change your mind, just too clever  
It's Afu, all the weak styles I sever  
Combinin' two styles on the mic with Masta Killa  
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The great ones have searched for the righteous data  
To show and prove and master the separation of matter  
And seein' through death, never loose conscious of self  
Shed a shell keep it movin' factor  
Sword swing it to the temple, mental state  
Danger chamber, eighth yang slang, Wu-Tang  
Train private soldiers in this rap game  
Like that Shanghai chinky eyed chick from Bedstuy  
Wang Chung from Lafayette, Stuyvesant and Malcolm X  
Fifty Seven Park, it might spark, it's the heart  
One blood cell, featurin' Masta Kill  
After dark he goes, bust gone, trust none, touch one  
Young chun, prodigal son, Killa Bees disease  
Home grown, flown from over seas, city under siege  
Ya eyes bleed, the weed got 'em red dread  
Like spinnin' roundhouse kicks to the head, he dead  
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