

# Iron Man

## Sir Mix-A-Lot

Heave ho, heave ho, heave ho  
You could strike a match in my hand  
Too black to tan  
heavy metal rhythm from a one man band  
bust my knuckles in a junk yard scuffle  
whippin' adversaries with a brass belt buckle  
Born in the ghetto  
Hard like metal  
Got a '87 vette with a fat gas pedal  
Live a hard life  
Shave with a knife  
Love to get freaky on the gloomiest nights  
I got childhood scars on the streets of my life  
Girls laughed but now they beggin' to be Mix-A-Lot's wife  
The new breed is here, vigilante's of rap  
Got eyes like fire with my boys at my back  
Now I'm feeling for revenge  
all the rumors must end  
Freakin' breathin' is out  
bold music is in  
I got a lot of dummies gettin' money just for clappin' their hands  
Not the style or desire of a true iron man

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>