

## Czar

Busta Rhymes

Czar is a title used to designate supreme rulers  
It is known as to be equivalent to king  
Or to be somewhat between a royal  
An imperial rank  
The last person to have worn the title Czar

Look, they don't get it (Haha)  
Now, watch a nigga set it, they never comin' to shred it  
With rubies all under my rings like there ain't no present  
I'm tired of talking to niggas that get no credit (Oh)  
You get no debit (Oh), watch the way we improve  
Hate the way that we move  
We need a whole second (What's up?) to talk about you niggas  
You need a new helmet (Haha)  
Crash dummies you niggas you need a new exit  
And whip a private plane, getting head from the flight attendant  
I got 'em all like the navy seals in the Air Force  
(Take chains off, everything off)  
Private flyin' a plane and make him change course  
I don't play sports, Your whole claim false  
Now, niggas gonna learn and brown niggas with the fire  
Niggas respect me and chill and go make more records with Mariah  
They only gonna give us some more, take my niggas on tour  
If you niggas unsure, I'ma give you the raw  
Watch the way we sweep up shit, peep the way we clean up shit  
Classic album is present, peep the way we heat up shit  
Masterpiece project peep the way a nigga beat up shit  
If you think niggas think you fuckin' with us better speak up bitch

So far, shawties throw they bra  
And I need the lighter to light the perfect cigar  
Brand new jet (Jet), brand new car (Car)  
Leader of the new shit (Brra), brand new Czar (Czar)

Blast on foes, blast get frozed  
Do that boy ugly, casket closed  
Spazz on fours, remind these niggas  
Homie its gat time, flat line these niggas  
Fame ain't fair, the game ain't fair  
If you google who gives a fuck, my name ain't there  
Brand new stalls, brand new bars  
With the leader of the new school, brand new Czar

Brand new everything, 'cept for the bop  
New leader of the old school, brand new Glock  
I'm with Brownsville, three hundred hoe, let it pop  
I'm Cornelius in the Zoo, ape shit, ah, ah, ah  
I'm connected to the shooters who influence  
You lames in the rap game, this is seat belt music  
Gave him the hit, chain him to a fence  
Give him a trumpets, ram him with the Buick (Vroom)

So far, shawties throw they bra  
And I need the lighter to light the perfect cigar  
Brand new jet (Jet), brand new car (Car)  
Leader of the new shit (Brra), brand new Czar (Czar)  
(Uh, uh, uh, uh)

We outside (Oh), you run hide (Oh)  
Watch us ride, watch you die (Oh)  
Everything new (Oh), everything bool (Oh)  
Bang these fools, then we take they jewels (Oh)  
Straight to the top wit it, these niggas not wit it  
First nigga pop wit it, first to get dropped wit it  
Busta back to back, uh, we go strap for strap  
Leader of this trap  
Busta what we doing? These niggas be losing  
We be making movies and these jewels be stupid  
We running the city, uh  
Signing all these titties but I still be moving gritty  
Wish I could bring Pop back, let the Glock clap (Grrah)  
Let the Glock clap (Grrah), let the Glock clap (Grrah)  
Step up in the building (Oh) buy the whole bar (Oh)  
Leader of the new shit (Oh), I'm the young Czar (young Czar)

So far, shawties throw they bra  
And I need the lighter to light the perfect cigar  
Brand new jet (Jet), brand new car (Car)  
Leader of the new shit (Brbra), brand new Czar (Czar)

Light switch off (Oh), Cuban link cross (Oh)  
The shine bright up the evening, diamonds criss-cross (Oh)  
If you ain't out here to find it, time to get lost  
In case you niggas ain't know