

Captain Brunch

Czarface

Eatin' Captain Crunch for lunch
Don't get your panties in a bunch
Shorty passed out, we coulda put the whammy in the punch
Had he a hunch, he could get set up like one Cosby
Slidin' off of three snowflakes like Tom Bosley
Remember Charlie's Angels?
They had to make some changes
Three broads with burners, these dames could get dangerous
Dude you never see will forever remain nameless
Two of them things black, the last one's stainless
Don't deal with the devil on a deep level
He see metal and sound off like a tea kettle
Blow the spot up lovely
With no reference to skin color, God don't like ugly
Wise man once said not to showboat
And treat the yacht the same way as a rowboat
Snakes'll hang theyselv with they own rope
And watch a jewel transform to a known quote

All I'm trying to do is just make mine
Blindside line ride and trying to take mine
Cause I shine like the sun broad day time
Puttin' facts to the claps and the bassline

It's Mary poppin' y'all, shout to Michael Rooker
You with a mic is like a eunuch with a hooker
Pressure (pressure pressure) cooker
My confusion's organize
I'm the lord of light
Yandu with an arrow's like Eso with a gorgeous mic
Flow holy no gospel trap writin' like
Michael Crichton put the rap in Velocirap-tor, or
I hit you like a trap-door
When it rains it pours
No mental strains, but I stick out like Kurt Angle's temple veins
You got an empty brain
Enter in my lane, it takes balls like a gender change
People talkin' out they ass
Check for the double-cross like 2Chainz at Sunday mass
Hit you with the belly to belly, the suplex
On the roof of the duplex
Willin' to group sex with Steely Dan
Groot, fuckin' baby Groot
The ghost of Dave Brubeck
Alex Trebek, and Boba Fett
Who's next?