

# 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 theyselves 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?