

Czarwyn's Theory Of People Getting Loose

Czarface

Usual suspects again (Usual suspects at it)
Mr. Black (Mr. Black) Mr. Brown (Mr. Brown, all day)
Mr. Irish (Mr. Irish) Mr. Greek (Mr. Greek, all day, ay)
We been at it for hours (Hours)
We searched this whole industry (Whole industry)
And we couldn't find no dope (Found no dope, all day)
I mean, there's no fuckin' dope (All day, ay, no fuckin' dope)

They love me 'cause I talk my shit
They love me more 'cause I walk my shit
War with the gift, score with it, Jordan assists
Shorter blip, beat the beat, stick a fork in this shit
Don't trip, forfeit, it's the Brothers Grimm
Yo, how they kill a body and still party like it wasn't them?
Fire supplier, droppin' game like I'm Urban Meyer
The sire leave your eyes wider than Suburban tires
Rebel the great, whatever it takes
No pressin' the brakes, you hate? You could never debate
I'm settin' ya straight, wait, no scale could measure the weight
The bottom line is your head on a plate, mate (CZARFACE)
I pull strings like I'm playin' the harp
I really live it, you just playin' the part
Make way for the shark, I'm colder, strictly business is the soldier
Steady knockin' like a witness of Jehovah (Come with me)

Metal mask, get harassed, say it's true, forget the past
Bring your liquor, get the flask, tap your cigarette to ash
Feel it quicker, get to blast, this is sicker than this trash
Guard my ninjas in the cash, you begin to bet the stash
Chicken dinners, up to task, toes pressin' on your throat
Wonderin', "Is this the end?" Good question, you know who
On a better note, better than racketeerin', sellin' dope
Not obvious, resilient like bending down to get the soap (Ah)

That kinda separates me from everybody else
You know, my mask, so, I love it
Look at this freakin' loaf of bread
That my buddy Piero baked today
Holy shit (There, fall back)

I can see clear in the dark, beauty, Imperial March
All my material sharp, that's how I tear 'em apart
I'm magic like Houdini, my gambit down low but no Luccini
Hoodied up like Jawa, Utinni, rest look like [?]
People likin' me to question, nobody can truly see me
When it comes to rap, I'm as brutal as Mussolini
My patience wearing thin, I'm Ratjakowski at arenas
Sorta, Joaquin Phoenix, remix of the Joker
Listen, it's bulimic, a demon, Barbera steez how I part the seas
If they speakin' like they Mola Ram, without heart to squeeze
Barely sleepin' 'cause they heart disease
Your arteries are filled with bars, the beats and every mark a P
I swear they all unique, I'm David Harbour meets a Marley beat
The way I get biz and give 'em hell, boy
Leave you in the dirt like Barry Larkin cleats, spaced out
Like how a Martian speaks
Irony, how you sound like a salesman when you rockin'

When in fact, it's me who had zero interest in what you're droppin'
Or concocted, unlock it, so stick a sock in it, I'm dominant
Like Tyson Fury boxin', I'm prominent
Yo, I heard your crew was poppin' shit, but now, not so often
I caught 'em and I made 'em cry
Like ads for dog adoption from Sarah McLachlan
The pharaoh was talkin', people want 'em
The beats beat the freaks, so Bleeker Street don't need to scorn 'em
I kill the track, it's still intact, so why you playin' possum?
I download packs and red lines, I thought you knew I'm awesome

I have no idea what you said but I'm pretty sure it's awesome
What?
What?
And if you idiots out there don't know what that is
I'm not gonna tell ya