

Helicopter

Czarface

GFD the itty bitty witty killer
Titty spiller, when I build I make the city realer
Facilitate incendiary sadity filler
That still eradicate brain matter, insane data
That'll shatter any chatter when the name matter
The mad hatter, master of the mystic arts
I make sparks for sharks that ain't rappers
My propane splatter be the hash or the splash
Of your daiquiri, the catalyst cracking the anatomy
Rip through banners like gamma dramatically
You can't touch him, won't hold him, don't goad him
My flow choke 'em, til their ears, eyes, and nose open
The ancient one, the first, the original
My bars knock the spirit out of seekers not lyrical
Stop if you're not at the top I'll get rid of you
With reckless abandon, analog or digital

Hop out the helicopter turn around smack 'em up
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Hop out the helicopter turn around smack 'em up
Hop out the helicopter

I don't get the impression you're hard
From your Smith & Wesson bars
Your only weapons charge is BB guns on your credit cards
So bust it I, run game you discuss it Dan Le Batard
I leave your mental scarred I'm the Czar
Climbing out the black hole I woof down a quasar
And spit out stars
You on a track lying
Better off gaslighting electric cars
The flow's haunted, I'm most wanted like Chesimard
I keep my heavy czartillery up in Deck's garage
It shouldn't take more than a moment to crush an opponent
Treat 'em like rodent, components are triple extra large
Heavy barrage smack you right across the face like
Men from Mars crashing a UFO seminar

Flow like the levy broke, deck's your go-to
My dark side used to be roomies with reggie noble
Frontin' will get you smoked fool
They got that lean cuisine
I'm like nana in the kitchen with the soul food
Make a move son, come on jump
All of y'all versus me, still one-on-one
You in rebel nation, this is something to pump
You would think there's a body going thump in the truck
King pull up on the strip in the off white 6
What I spit more raw than your off white bricks
Sport the butter soft letterman the off white kicks
Might mistake me for the biz goin' off like this (biz markie)

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Subsidiaries who counteract
Who roll against the wall and never bounce back
You see the shadows of count drac
Wounded soldiers announce that
And active citizens way to escape where the jets at
Those who get damaged on the skin get the best patch
Thought they'd pay money for the hard stated facts
Some stay stiff forever in the house of wax
Madams in the museum, must be getting high off helium
The higher octane is what I'm feeding 'em
That section has risen to get that fuel injection
With me it's the best reference
Pity for those that don't demand and request it
Play in the sand and get neglected
You must say what's effective, not decrepit
Go ahead and swipe c off your paragraphs and get the credit
Otherwise it's time for the meltdown, the microwave's ready

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