

Jason & The Czargonauts

Czarface

Tryna win it

"Anybody ever tell you look like the FACECZAR"

I get that all the time

King on the board, got 'em eyeing my next move
Your boy more water than Poseidon and Neptune
I bless fools, still in the rec room
Flow so scientific as if it's fresh out a test tube
I'm true like the right answer
Known to swing big, this is par 5 at the Masters
The side-eyes hardly matter, fuck all the gossip and chatter
I'm gaining weight now, my pockets are fatter, yeah
Deck spaz, Apocalypse Now soon as the check cash
I spend half then flee the scene on a jet craft
Non-believers, see 'em with they jaws wide
I tear 'em up inside like a mom's cry
I'm from SI, don't mistake me for the next guy
You feel me youngin? Watch a vet ride
And consider yourself highly privileged to eyewitness
The mind twisted that I exhibit, dig it?
I leave you right beside the fishes, not personal, it's business
Last wishes then it's over with the quickness

CZARFACE

My gun can't stop it

Son of a bitch, son of a bitch

I'm hard to kill so guard your grill until it's over with
CZARFACE and DOOM been pro-mask before Corona hit
Legacy, so solidified that you can plank on it
Your only gun's in your burner account, bank on it
You talking about killing snitches in one bar
You call your man your shooter, now he barely can come far
Claimin' you movin' them bricks with killers and goons in your clique
But I saw you grooving in Lululemon and Zumba with chicks
And that's okay, but don't tell me you locked in
With the Glock in both socks when you really in hot spin
My pen game is Endgame, I send flames, your best dame
Got E-S name engraved on her bedframe, you been lame
With your mind on the methane, saying, "Eso gettin' gassed"
But I can pull the last when I'm at Esso getting gas

CZAR

I heard Eso was a czar

I heard Deck was a czar

I heard DOOM was a villain

Snatched the bag like the Grinch, dag, it's a cinch
Snagged with the burner and ain't seen your man since
Irrelevant to tag if the swag is past-tense
And karma swing backwards and drag, you can't flinch
A thrill you deserve to feel if your ass is that dense
Like how you like them apples, confined to tin shackles
Predisposed tensions like hoes sitting in chapels
He in white sands, barin' his black toes, sippin' a Snapple
Fish taco, Casablanca, Morocco
Stash similar to the National Bank, vato

Got dough, probably some snitch or a sapo
Sing at the top of they lungs like chicks in the top row
Plus streams of confetti
Same reason he hardly talk to team on his celly
Breakfast continental, cream cheese, jelly
Bread long and smells sea breeze after telly

Yo, Dzl the first to show who dependent
On crutches, pushed down the ramp that descended
Point at the west, commencin' with the speech
It's no handrail, very long, very steep
It may be slippery but I mop accordingly
Falling for it, that's the last thing most importantly
It's like being new and fake at the same time
Momentum ran 'em down ten feet, can't grind
I see it like a cult leader
Holding a mass rally inside, slash mass-suicide
Bludgeoned right on the peak of a sudden spike
Cuffin' mics, crushin' massive egos to slush and ice
Nothing like my mentals and the muscle type
Ain't no discussion with munchkins, they just as trife
Destroyed by a mere allegation
Falsely accused, just a clear adolescent
Which son is the right hunt? Try it, chump

Funky Homosapien
Funky Homosapien
I'm in an impossible fantasy world
It's true, I'm going mad