

Poisonous Thoughts

Czarface

Yeah
INS, 7, Eso
Here we go

Birds in the coop murder herbs in my boots
Blue convertible, heavy head swerve on the juice
Bottom to the top, pops hot like the bottom of the pot
Top dollar, you can spot him at the spot
Flow Murder One, third world slums heard of son
Overtime grind get it first come
A-Team Hannibal, 88th page in the manual
Maintain, handle intangibles
You see me push through, bully at the park
Do it like the crooks do, hoodie after dark
Spark with the flamer on, bang a drum
On til the break of dawn, take him on like Jason Bourne
Later on, poly with a model chick
I ain't into politics, 1-6 call me a lobbyist
Know there's no stoppin' this
Years from now, homie still rockin' its
Dark knight roaming the metropolis

"Ringside table, batman?"
"Um, just one, thanks. I'll stand at the bar"
"Poisonous thoughts"
"You're breathing fire"
"I'm breathing fire"
"Comin' out hard"

To my dudes in the struggle
Me and the mic make a beautiful couple
Musically we lift em without moving a muscle
Rushing crews like I'm Russell
You wanna tussle with pitbull muzzle
We can reduce you to rubble, you don't want no trouble
I'm Zeus in a goose bubble
Producing a verbal beef
With the Wu and the crew is deep
With a lucrative hustle
Now see, I can be a
Put you rappers to the drum
Cut your pinky finger off for fronting, that's a rule of thumb
Fuck your motherfucking beats, I don't care who they from
Check it out (You good, right?)
Yeah, yeah I'm good, listen
I put the "am" in "ammunition"
Cause I am a hammer spittin'
Superman be on a mission, but y'all change in a booth
Yeah, my fam-a-lam I'm missin, but I'm handlin my business
Keep the planets on collision while maintaining the truth
You off course like a lost pilot
You can meet the shepherd, cause I'm violent like the Lost pilot
No one survived it
No one survived it

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Liquor erodin' my liver I'm still sippin' there
Grab it guzzle it down like I don't give a shit
That's how I fight back like, "Life, take that"
Right to the heart that's why that shit be burning my chest
I invested in all the shit they sell you in
You's a little man, the sky's the limit all that other shit
Blah blah blah, get a tad older than it's evident
That you gon' settle in whatever job can help you pay the rent
Jimmy Olsen and the Super Friends
That line was dooper than a motherfucker but you couldn't understand
Metaphoric to my light bright, why do I fight?
Up down, bottle top, left in the wrong fight
Czar of the gong show, that's an oxymoron
Don't ever call me crazy motherfucker, I'm just throwed off
Back to the gong show, I bet you didn't get it
Ha-huh-ha, get it niggas is so dritty
If you believe in fate then that means that life's scripted
Give or take a couple of pages for quick edits
I just rip out them pages, nothing is ever sacred
I'm searching for an oasis, the end is coming no way to save it