

Savagely Attack

Czarface

"There!"

"Fancy looking fellow isn't he?"

"Wait a minute, I've seen him somewhere before..."

"A-ha!"

I'm sickly, flow quarantined by the CDC
Heads nod, pressure on your neck like a DDT
Beat Street Ramo, spitting on your name
Rhymes travel underground like it's written on a train
My position in the game, top dog, rock hard
Fuck with everybody in your hood, just not y'all
Basic, live broadcast from the ER
We are talk of the town without the PR
Savagely attack this, rap master craftsman
Pack 'em in, twisted on the floor like a backspin
After him, y'all will have to deal with the son of Deck
One of the best that hasn't done it yet
Killa Bee chopping up the track like a Dilla beat
Professor X couldn't test my ability
I cave the motherfucking roof like heavy snow
Act like I told ya before, y'all ready know

"Now an attack is made..."

E-S reps, I wrote this in a GS Lex '95
To get that nineties vibe
My melody, high and low fidelity darts
My whole team, 7:30 like when Jeopardy starts
I can't call it, unless we call my style diabolic
I'm a write-a-holic, I drink ink 'til I vomit
I think 'til I'm catatonic, in sync with a bag of chronic
I'm bringing the mad demonic style all these rappers wanted
I'm the Czar of bizarre bars, cut you like a scimitar
Wichita state, X-Man'll execute you
You a dead man, God willing, I'm an odd villain
Getting top billing, with my squad chilling
Blood on the Tracks like Bob Dylan, die like a mob killing
We already know the ropes, we be stepping over ropes
It's Andre the Giant looking down at you local folks
Okey-doke, motorized vocals, yeah I practice
Raised on a tape the same color as Galactus

"Savagely attack"

"Hello, Mr. Ghost, we meet again, eh?"

Look out, attack like a nigga on bath salts
Eat his face off, leave his body on asphalt
Rampant, run through your town on attack mode
Savagely leave 'em broomsticked in the asshole
Cobra clutch, ickiest stick to the dutch skin
Throw a mask on, and go in, go in
I'm a terror tuck a GEM/STAR in the New Era
Walk around with two bats like I'm Yogi Berra
Or Marv from Sin City rockin' robes as a trench
My two weapons black have you ducking under the bench
The stench of dead bodies, thoughts of the mutilation
Bring you closer to God in a tight situation

Or thrown in the back of the truck, a sanitation
I'm ruthless, my technique is Chinese torture
No IV's hanging out of your vein to support ya
Everybody's talking about how the Ghost caught ya
Have a 5-year-old kill your ass for a quarter

"At Tony Stark's office, there is a new development..."

"Ironman...? Ironman...?"

Red alert. Red alert."