

You Know My Style

Czarface

You know my style, so we in here (yeah yeah)
You know my style, so we in here (yeah yeah)
You know my style, so we in here (yeah yeah)
You know my style, so we in here (yeah yeah)
You know my style...

I'm hitting, like David Banner swinging Thor's hammer
She like 'em rich I jump out the bamma still bag her
Still savage, silk fabrics young Shaq with the magic
Ilmatic peel your cabbage turn the story real tragic
On my M. Night Shyamalan the legend of the octagon
I'm locked on, now they can't eat like it's ramadan
Been through the fire with Chaka Khan
I wrote this on a hot block with men down pinned down and choppers drawn
Dudes suck, who what? You do what?
How I'm cooking on the go, I could sell it on a food truck
Taking 'em to class like I'm driving a school bus
You think I brought the crib upstairs the way I'm moving up
Junkies shoot it up, this is brain numbing
Hip-hop was in a dry spell, here's the heavy rain coming
Big game hunting I'm praying somebody say something
If I had to do it again, I wouldn't change nothing

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You know my style, so...

I go to bat like I'm speaking on a Michael Keaton type beat
And have 'em sniffing tears like driver's seat
Why compete?
I defeat minor league rhymers leave 'em nice and neat
In the whitest sheets now they lie asleep
Rivalries
Is short-lived like dwarfs is
I take that line back, they couldn't get it off the track with forklifts
(Back up, back up) Stay back, let Shay lace that
We caught a deal in '23 without a face tat
Coming out hard like I pulled the Mike Trout card
He come for dap, I leave him hangin' like Steph Curry's mouthguard
Your music ain't hard to find it's hard to care about
I fuck with tatum, but for this shit I got zero doubt
Air 'em out
You get no clicks when you post shit
I'm stoic as Nikola Jokic, but explosive
Like DCU put me under the gunn
And I'll lift spirits like cars in Action Comics number one

You know my style, so we in here (yeah yeah)
You know my style, so we in here (bing bong)
You know my style, so we in here (yeah yeah)
You know my style, so we in here (yeah yeah)
You know my style...

You don't want smoke on this mic like smokin' Joe Frazier
The youth in Asia know my bars are deadly just like euthanasia
Gorilla Nems, I got stupid flava (yup)

Riker's Island made a fucking Doja go and boof a razor
Put your career in a box, get your suit and blazer
Shoot the place up
Catch you outside then we boot your face up
It's the mayor and you still can't fuck with me
It's that Nems-Czar with the gem star buck 50
Joked my way into this game, showed you the loopholes
Every day I'm scoring new wins, reaching new goals
I don't wanna be friends, let's talk cash first
Blast herbs, gave her back shots till her ass burst (Gunther)
When I die, I'll ride through Coney in a glass hearse
And I only wear my own shit, fuck your trash merch

Czarface crack your motherfuckin head open
Ziggy-Czarface crack your motherfuckin head open
Esoteric crush your motherfuckin head open
Ins crack your motherfuckin head open
7L crack your motherfuckin head open
Ziggy-Czarface crack your motherfuckin...

(Hello)
(One hundred percent)
(Czarface)