

CZARFACE...

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Jarhead for the bar heads (Jarhead for the bar heads)

Yeah, let me at 'em, man (Okay)

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Talk to 'em (CZARFACE)

Talkin' shit about the leader of God

Try to walk it back and fail just obedient dog

This guy, you think he's real but I think he's a fraud

Nah, you ain't a man of steel when you speakin' to CZAR

Bow down, puny human, you the least of my problems

We worldwide with it, you a regional squall

I just left a dame in Spain, yeah, I'm teachin' abroad

While you be starin' at your iPhone, policing a blog

I know you're thinkin' it's odd, but what the fuck are you pursuin'?

Leave the mic alone, 'cause you don't know what you're doin'

With a one-and, two-and

I wreck and ruin, I crush crews like Russ Simmons and Rick Rubin

Comin' for the loot off top, no recouping

The way they avoid your boy, call me gluten

Pack 'em on the gate, make 'em panic and split

With the same force to turn young Anakin Sith

I'm grabbin' every bag like I'm plannin' a trip

You know the flow undisputed like Shannon and Skip

Yo, Deck, why these rappers all abandoning ship?

You don't know? I don't know, fuck the cats and they clique

Yo, I didn't mean to hit you, man, my hand just slipped

Don't subscribe to your theory, man, I cancel it

I like my bills green like the incredible Bigsby

Enemies diss me, I add to their medical history

Introduce you to a P, Deck's man in the 60's

Yeah, the festival tempting

She stand tall like a Gwendoline Christie

And she 6'3", terrors and lips speak

Veterans hearin' this reminisce and get misty

We shine even with the lights off and

Everybody listen like we're Frank White talkin'

Meet me at the Plaza Hotel, you're all welcome

First one crossin' the line, Lord help 'em (CZARFACE)

We kick 'em out the easy way

Make 'em scream like Zhané, like, "Hey, Mr. DJ"

You ain't heard what the people say, D-E-C-K

Got 'em lovin' hip hop more than Stevie J (CZARFACE, CZARFACE)