

Powers And Stuff

Ghostface Killah

Your best shit ain't better than his worst verse, and
CZARFACE a triple threat, he rhyme in first person
And he's a cannibal, about to eat his third person
You as genuine as "Pony," the karaoke version
Now you're 'lone, don't give a fuck if we connect
I'll bet you with a dying phone, I dust brothers like early Beck
I'm comfy on my iron throne
Word on the street that the god you pray to
And kneel to's an Esoteric clone, but I feel you
If he tax human, education against lies
Do it in here, you shot the K, harass you
The more Supreme made his Mona Lisas
CZARFACE loyal, stick to my guns like Batista
PTSD 'cause my son writes my features
I'm kidding, settle down, but up the bidding
I'm wig splitting, I'll chop your head quicker than troop does
You're washed up like bedtime kids, you're useless
Electric toothbrush, the level your buzz be
I do it on my own, you need a clique like Buzzfeed (CZAR)

Be up in the house like domestics
I wreck shit, then shit on shit that's your best shit
(CZARFACE, Ghostface, CZARFACE, Ghostface)
Yo, man, yo, man
Oh, yo

Ready for action like I was shootin' a movie scene
Rebel lyin' at your highness, star of your groupie dream
Fire fighters struggle to put my flames out
Murder verse workin' your head like takin' braids out
More smoke than the weed man, indeed, man
Even Doc Strange fascinated with these hands
My alma mater from the school of hard knockers
Today's special, grilled medulla oblongata
Like Harold Melvin, I'm always with them blue notes
Rappers get exposed to the waves from standin' too close
When I spray the gift, the pavement split
Such an anomaly, I'm still bein' chased by Agent Smith (Praise God)
Still major in this, still dangerous
Still get the bills in the mail, y'all still paperless
No need for mollys and Percs 'cause I'm already gone
Peakay blinder on, a born soldier like Freddie Thorne

(CZARFACE, Ghostface, CZARFACE, Ghostface)
Yo, man, (CZARFACE) yo, man
(CZARFACE, Ghostface, CZARFACE)
(CZARFACE has got the powers and stuff)

Son, I walk through the night with a cat-like vision
Precision, you get smashed like a head-on collision
Only division starts, enterprise, you built machinery
Woo Goo pharmacy, burnin' that greenery
Check the scenery, one point five at the jeweler
Slick like Rick, Rick slick like the Bueller
Chain is off the cooler, charm look like a shrunken head
X-rayed your cheap ass chain, it came out lead
Code red, we settin' off alarms, verbal bombs

First bitch is a floozy, second's a charm
We bear arms, burners like Battlestar Galactica
Prison mentality, we do more dirt than (Attica)
Rahway, Sing Sing, Auburn, Mohawk
Loudmouth niggas get murdered over a phone call
Still gettin' our burgundy and gray on
We colorful like that box of 64 crayons

CZARFACE, Ghostface, CZARFACE, Ghostface, CZARFACE
It's a small island
CZARFACE, Ghostface, CZARFACE
He's here somewhere
CZARFACE has got the powers and stuff
He could be anywhere on the island or in the island
But I'm going to find him
What happened? He slapped me in the face