

Super Soldier Serum

Ghostface Killah

What then?
Can I help?
Holdin' it down

Check me out, yo
The first hundred thousand, I'm fast to go shoppin'
Blow stacks, no ho hoppin', my flag, she show stoppin'
Tag poppin', no cold rocks in the Goldschläger
Persona so proper, not even the stove hotter
After the bankrolls no chasin' the rainbows
Whips and the chains glows, you know how the game goes
The Czar synergy, ten volts of energy
Benny Blanco from the Bronx, I make 'em remember me
Let your hands hit the ceilin', your mans with the dealings
Old habits like Hank Williams, they mad, they in their feelings
I'm beasin', they hardly eatin' when I'm speakin'
Shine like MJ, spotlight beamin' off the sequins
Deeper than Shaq pool, you feelin' that track too?
Czar, Ghostface, main reason they act fool
The flow so sick I wrote it in Cedars-Sinai
Bomb thrown, blow 'em sky-high, leave 'em wide-eyed

It's like that, son
Ah, an asset to the rhymin' biz
No, I don't believe we've been introduced

I'm back, to a nice ovation
Shine like a diamond by myself, call it isolation
Words be crusty, beats be dirty and dusty
Girls be flirty and lusty, dirty and busty
Yo, the flow real, like human interaction
Yours predictable like rappers movin' into fashion
My style Battlecat, you a Cringer, just a coward
You take the largest L 'cause loser's hard to spell without it
I'm part sleek and fly, part geeky guy that likes CGI
Part smack you, I don't need a reason why
He could lie on your sweetie pie, thinkin' Caesar five
Fuck with Czarface, now that's how people die
Hey mark, my fade sharp, my stage smart
Braveheart, back from the dead like Ray Park
I mean, Darth Maul for y'all, you wanna step, too?
Your bars trash, need your own tapper to the rescue

How can I help?
How'd he get in there?
Never mind that! How'd he get out?

Yeah, yo, yo, yo
I'm low key like a government official
Deep under the surface like a piece of bone gristle
No keys to the entrance, just facial scannin'
And 2.6 chandeliers with cameras
And the bearskin rug programmed to attack
Sharks in the crib, no coordinates on the map
Off the grid, Maxwell Smart is how I live
Daniel Craig, Casino Royale, I'm so slick
Armani suits, the linen is flame resistant

Which means I can't be scorched or burnt up in it
My glasses x-ray, my phone got a mind of it's own
Authorities can't monitor tone
On the real, I can't be bugged, jailed or prosecuted
Permanently terminated, my data file secluded
Eighty passports with multiple visas
New face, that came as a gift from Egypt

Holdin' it down