Bomb Thrown

CZARFACE & MF DOOM

Break out the fine.- Villain!I warm it up like Kane in his prime
Fuck with us, you insane in the mind
You cowards way out of line
Money talk, boy you wastin' my time
You don't want to put the work in
You just want a taste of the shine
Real talk, so it's hard to trust
I'm in it for the long ride, like I drive a charter bus
Scars and blood, from the deadly bars I bust
In Czar we trust, the army buy they bombs off us
Blog about it naysayer, you can hardly doubt it
Who's the best? Who's the worst? We could argue hours
Runnin' through soldier field, I'm Jordan Howard
Nowadays they respect money more than power
Money, power, respect, we all want some
I ain't waitin', I needed it, one lump sum
Made men trade hands with young guns
They stopped manufacturin' the cloth that I'm cut from
I be laughin' at the beef as though I'm body-shamin' exes
Only time you set-trip is when you binge on Netflix
Reckless, run it up like, "Eso, listen please
Alright I like the beat except the snare, kick and keys"
Geez, I teach but I kill them when the class on
So I got no pupils like Spidey with the mask on
Generally speaking, each rhyme is five star
Split personality, I ride with a side car
I can't think of the rhyme, it must be misplaced
It's on the tip of my tongue like Stan Smith's face
Hold on - hmm, something 'bout a fly sound
And how you got no bars like a dry town, so pipe down
The beat bumps like bad skin
"Captain gonna teach stuff", shout to Kraglin that's the line, yo
Let the mind take you where the cameras can't
It's very necessary like a Q-Tip Grammy rant(DOOM was imminent)
Due to jet lag, good afternoon or is that night?
Militants speak proper, some airheads said he act white
Catch flight, bread good so he tends to pack light
Got jokes, but usually don't engage in no snap fight
Could be considered a waste confrontin' snakes on the back bite
Detrimental to culture that they lack sight, ass-wipe
Catch him on stage, mad hype, with a trashed mic
Month later, in the gutter, glass pipe and a flashlight

Lookin' 'round for something, he still scurry
Bewilder, incite riots, the mind's gone blurry
There wasn't really shit to say, much to they chagrin or dismay
The licks had 'em on the ropes,
then he made a big mistake and hit the hayWent home and hit the day
Burn the midnight oil and freak the shit a different way
Disaster, time is a component
Settin' fire to rappers in a monumental moment
And the game's potent, it's like a never-ending quotient
A minute ago it was smiles and
hugs, now where the fuck the dough went?He so bent it's like he set the shit straight again
Bombs fittin' to drop and he ain't even close to sayin' when
(V-V-Villain) Nothin' ever stolen
Was given as a blessin', think the Universe owe him
Got faith in the vessel but know when to keep rowin'
Yeah and get up out your own way when deliverin' a poem
Those who think they do, don't know himNo different than a squad of birds ready to blow him
Sorry Charlie, get back up on your Harley
Win, lose or draw, plus beat you at Atari
Drop they ass deep in some far-off Safari
And prob'ly even got the answer to, "Who the hell are we?"
Metal Face squad drone, tell the real ones, "Shalom"
In a calm tone, bomb thrown
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/