

Ka-Bang! (feat. MF DOOM)

Czarface

Freddie, hey whats wrong with ya?
Oh no, gas!
Behold, the Armored One!|1st MF DOOM|
A grown ass man, mind from a trash can
And he kept his rhymes as aligned as a Tascam
Whoosh! Like a flash bang crash the Shazam Van
Made it with the stashed cash, and his black ash hand
Bring on the last man standing, he can hang
Did the Shang-A-Lang then caught him, Ka-Bang!
Drone flown pass, blam, ping on the dash cam
Known as a king who do rings on a mass scam
Overthrow a vast plan, shown a unmask fam'
Rock it like a sun's splash jam
She had the color, came first place on the can-can band stand
Face like Ann Landers, ask my man man-man
Bitter than a batch of tan bran from Pakistan
Don't get smacked with the practice hand
Not one to grand stand, get it on a low-low gram
Ampersand handstand gas can
|Bridge|
For every super menace there seems to be, a super hero!
To rise in fearless challenge|2nd Inspectah Deck|
I'm in the mosh pit, wilding with goth chicks
Fire, and desire, call it water for chocolate
The spark in the darkness, marvelous hard shit
Bump you off like a small part in a mob flick
Arson artist, tough customer to bargain with
No discussion, nor argument
No trust, no partnership
Respect, get me 'spect but the rest get hardship
My bars get, funky like a playoff armpit
You living in your mom's crib, driving your broad's whip
I'm on it, strong grip holding my fork with
I'm on it, strong piff, floating my thoughts with
Nah I ain't feeling what y'all spit
All of 'em talk shit, call a coroner for this corpses
Warriors I walk with, all in the conflict
Live from the battlefield swords, and horses
|Bridge|

Seconds later the villain was in the cockpit|3rd Esoteric|
Break out the fine china, tired of dining on a garbage rhymers
Quick on the draw like an art designer
Filthy like a carpet miner, masked men not from comic con
I'm hungry like Olajuwon, playing through Ramadan
Phenomenon, one stun gun for the unsung
Run run, 'fore I come undone and eat her lung lung
Um um, stuck in '95 like Rust Cohle, bust souls
Punch sneaker heads through their gum soles
Holding 'em, and folding 'em a tough soul controlling them
Emo rappers cry along like there's no Rust-Oleum
The flow is fire dog, no dalmatian, no salvation
Shall take place, this Czar with the Metal Face
Rebel based, mayday mayday
I'm out for that JJ Abram style pay day
I catch deer on foot, snatch eagles mid flight
Crashing through your skylight with Scott Summers eyesightEasy Scott baby, don't lose control
Gotta' focus all my power, into one tiny beam
Hold steady, steady
If I can't blast through, I'll burn through!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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