

# 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 hay  
Went 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 him  
No 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>