

## Good Charlotte "Captain America"

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The Falcon: "I don't know who that cat is, or why he's  
got a hate on for  
Cap'; But I sure aim to  
find out!"

Villain: "So bird man! You sneak up from behind;  
Precisely the sort of  
tactics I should have  
expected from you."

The Falcon: "Save the conversation, for I am not behind  
you now, clay  
face!"

Villain: "Out of my way fool! This is good enough for  
you! And for  
you..."

Del

Flexin' the futuristic style  
That will devastate minds  
As I find more elaborate metaphors  
So meditate  
Think for a second as I beckon  
Abstract thoughts brought to the surface  
Watch as I burst this  
Rhyme flow  
I design slow moving tempos so the simple minded  
foes find my flows  
moving at the speed of light  
I need a tight  
Sample so I can dismantle your cranium  
Play me dumb if you want imbecile  
I can pick your brain  
like a grain of sand  
in an hour glass when its filled  
to capacity Cassidy  
Hop-a-long to the song that is strong  
I'm the massive bee  
with a twelve foot stinger and I wring you're little wet

towel  
Cause I'm getting foul when I'm meddled with  
I settle this  
Violence I silence  
MC's who continue  
when you know you will fail  
Slow snail as I salt ya  
Then watch ya shrivel up and sizzle cause I'm hard like  
Gilbralta  
You're butter-soft so you can park it out ya little  
chauffeur  
Cause I go for the esaphogus when I choke ya  
Broke ya skeletin ya fail again  
And I'm the victa  
You can pick the time and the place  
So you can get a taste of medecin for your medulla  
cause I school a  
Ferris Beulla cuttin class cause your style is butt 'n' ass;  
I pass one to A+  
And I say hush child  
cause your plush style  
Is unstable as a slush pile  
You ain't down with the program  
You snow man  
Me the Homosapien is funky like your toe jam  
So damn enlightenin I'm frightenin allota men  
Open up your shutters let the sunshine in

Simple Simon rhymin' on the airwaves  
So scare slays to the rhythm  
So I give 'em more than a fair trade  
Verbal blades  
Slice humans  
To ribbons cause they're fibbin' so you'll be assumin'  
That I'm the dopest  
I focus on the vibes that I conjure  
Clean up the stains in your brain when I launder  
Now feast upon  
the thoughts like a mental plum  
Maybe you might learn something before I'm done  
Spit out the pits and hit the flows in the nose  
Del lets your sub-conscious be exposed  
Where it like a bullet proof vest upon your chest  
Even the best hollow tip bullet couldn't make an  
impression  
Cause this lesson  
Is invulnerable  
Never dwell on the hellish aspects  
Have fun until you perish  
Cherish your lifetime  
This is why I write rhymes

To illuminate the ones with the tight minds  
Sign on the dotted line  
Spottin fine shelter  
Step to me wrong and I'ma belt ya  
Eye for an Eye  
But you're eye shouldn't cry over spilled milk  
Feel guilt when you know you're wrong  
Never sing the song like you know it better than anyone  
else's  
Cause that's selfish  
Learn to admit mistakes  
Just sit and takes a load off your back  
Don't this acoustic bass on this track  
Pack a wallop  
All up in your face cause I'm the bold kid  
Check out the illogical styles that I molded  
Silly-putty syllables  
That still will pull uplifting  
The masses the higher plateaus of hip-hop listening

Villain: "My red, white and blue foe- I have no desire to  
kill you, not  
now, not when I can make  
you suffer all the more by slaying the one you call the  
Falcon."

Captain America: "No way to reach him in time."

Villain: "So watch, my friend. Watch and greive. Eh? My  
weapon's charge.  
. . Exhausted??!"

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