

## Warcloud

### "9 Days of Wine & Roses"

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[Intro: movie sample] Get out of here you dig old  
bastard Go on get your ass out of here \*machine gun  
fire\* \*man panting and moaning\* \*baby crying\*  
[Chorus 2X: Warcloud] I love rap like the young lady  
over laughing I watch a cockroach on the white door  
frozen daiquiri athlete [Warcloud] Aiyo, I Charley  
twenty seven of you raps soldier's torpedoes Gun  
flame Banditos, leak you, slump you finito Chronicles  
and memoirs, coconut Pontremolli man Like a dead  
horse pump a Tomahawk 'til the drama stop Then I'ma  
walk, yo everything is yo Exotic, bionic like 'Winter of  
Red Snow' Library of old maps, radios and Nik Naks  
Drink of spring water, the King slaughtered in horror  
Pocket full of trail mix, apple chips and naval ships  
Gave a girl a wink and went upstairs to drink Call them  
Alcatraz, Big Warcloud, Alcatraz, Alcatraz Shuffle gun  
powder barrel but furrow Hit by a thousand dipped  
arrows and million spears Died standing up, he  
appears to swig beers Clap and overlap you Cash Rules  
I stash jewels Read books like Matthew's, shatter you  
like glass statues Baffling whores is in this healthiest  
caper It's like tropical birds and reading the mornings  
paper The news is printed on cheap wood So you don't  
have to pay very much for your paper At sunrise, eighty  
eight shots that bust your gut with one rhyme Medicine  
balls, gymnasium rap is bloody fun time [Chorus 2X]  
[Warcloud] Aiyo, 'The Long Walk Home', haywire, bent  
over elderly Hammerhead Shark Men, Tiger Men, my  
Bible pen Floats a bloody spiralling nightmare,  
prescribe you gin Blend like Biggie, Iguanas, blues and  
reds All shades of grey, crystal waters, my pistol  
slaughters Missiles auto crash your shack this time  
tomorrow Horror show flow, swivel nose dough that's  
part cheesy Tear you spine out then climb out the bar  
as easy See we like to murder rappers, drink heavy  
liquor and fall out Bad Brooklyn bitches, them chicks  
stay in the door house Brawl out, L.A. coke sniffing the  
greediest Rhymes are like elephant graveyards,  
mischievous I keep you with a heart full of slugs like a  
Low Life Catch me getting drunk on the hood of a  
Classic Chevy Cruising, I keep your eye bruising You

get pummelled in the tunnel when we rumble then I  
stumble swigging my booze in Bounce over here  
'cause everyday is \_\_\_ 1313 Mockingbird Lane  
Chronicles of beautiful musicals try to disarm me I  
stomp through your Gingerbread Army, \_\_\_ choppy  
Classic old Chevy's we sky lining like Speedball I feed  
my battle raps a velvet box of Lady Fingers

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