

Warcloud

"America"

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[Intro: Warcloud]

Yo, what's the deal champs?
Muthafuckas, this is Warcloud
West Coast Wu-Tang Killa Beez, representin' for the
underground
For the main spade style is architect tile
Bionic, it's like we done unfinished cathedrals
Item number productions, it's gon' be repercussions
Smack niggas faces

[Chorus 4X: Warcloud]

War, War, Warcloud

[Warcloud]

Aiyo, you get strangled in burgundy velvet ropes
Stained wooden floorboards, sleepin' on the ceiling I
murder warlords
Fever dreams, sling bean, gun, lead blow
The jury let me walk, I laughed and spat at patrol
And crushed ya dirty smiles while I was eatin' tiles
And farted out twenty beach balls, bounced down the
aisle
The vibes of great film, though my cane is stuffed in
the wastebasket
Pop a cucci, sizin' them tits, so they can taste magic
Casket face miraculous, murder you while I'm kneelin'
Where's Warcloud? I heard he sleeps on the ceiling
You move like snails, arsenic and old lakes
House of Frankenstein, slow hand lays down the cold
ace
Murder you on 7th Street, merciless Jack Frost
Left bit, cast on, while playin' wit Adam's rib
Still ride a Harley through cop-land, wit Digit
I howl, and shatter the moon, send you a postcard
Chicky-chicky, boom-boom, now they call you broken
face
Heard your rib cage healed up and I hope it breaks
Open case, glance two times, while others glare
A ghost wrapped in bandages laughed his way up the
stairs

[Chorus 4X]

[Warcloud]

You'll find stepping stones along the way, through the
streams

Run silent, run deep, you're now surrounded by misfits

Twelve angry men like angels wit dirty faces

Armed to the truth, you couldn't move many paces

Blood hits

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