

Warcloud

"Fever Dream"

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[Chorus 2X: Warcloud]

You're stuck on a ship in a bottle, quite unique
You live inside my painting and move once a week
I switched the art around, my friends are gettin'
suspicious
I switched the art around, my friends are gettin'
suspicious

[Warcloud]

The ballot of Mr. Edward Hyde, crook as Scrooge
Hooligans and scallywags, crickets and ice cubes
Shiny red tricycle, a rhinoceros skull
Old captain flag, standin' in the hole
M.C.'s is dull, phantom in the steam
Brought the engine clean, world ain't what it seems
Slinky falls down the stairs, can't forget that
Chase you wit a pink axe, bullets, you get gift wrapped
Mud crew over the house, hot moistures
Found a black wallet in a bucket of blue oysters
I'm in the air like the ozone, bubble gum snow cones
Raccoon in the yard, layin' wit drug bones
That's how I roll palms, Godsy wit the drug lord
Off wit the soldier's daughter, swallow the love nun
It's no jive, Warcloud has arrived
The reflection of guns in his eyes, we all lie
And this is Wu-Tang, cargo wit my hook hand
L.A. story, flip a nickel, the book stand
It's full of crooks and dry host to sells
Say giants swift bitin' a whale in the hail

[Chorus 2X]

[Warcloud]

Pistol in your face, skeletons in the wires
We move like new vampires, meet your desire
Walk wit a monkey wrench, body inside the lake
We swung off cake like slugs and earthquake
Mics in decay, my rhyme is violent, goofy
I laugh like he threw money bags in a silent movie
Seven stone cozy, vodka in the jukebox
One heavy pistol came from the nut house

Pineapple soda pop, knock you off porches
Village swift portrait, thrown to death on your horses
Mean Warcloud, break you into powder
Who put the poison in Mr. Sledge's chowder?
A weasel fell out of his hide, death was holdin' ya'll
Who group the crew? A roaster in a bowling ball
Gun you down on the street, bullets that hit you through
trucks, don't even argue
So stuck up that niggas just might rob you
I laid in bed next to her black cat
Warcloud, Warcloud, Warcloud...

[Chorus 2X]

[Warcloud]

Aiyo, thanks for go pumpin' tonight, my rap embargo
Is like cotton dolls, bird feathers and marbles
Diamonds and sea shells, sown the size of cartwheels
Throwin' large portraits of Maharaja you walk
Suzy got shot in the sternum, watch the spear
Stab you wit a 12 inch knife, behind the ear
Then leave the scene in slow motion, one red
Sasquatch, Yeti, battalion wit one head
Stash of cloth, bits of paper, pieces of string
Mighty long carrots in the spring
Recite on the new brick stones, steel and concrete
The weakest of gun fights like the last days of Long
Beach
A jewel don't match, a helmet full of gold dust
You got, people blast me wit rose
Flie out bones, they scatter and grow wit molds
The honest man, is the cookie man and his clothes
Lay bitches splat in a circle around the war hawk
Stir fried vegetables, marshmallow's cloakin' it
Crops meant to hurt you, eight sugars, snap peas
While I crept up on the ribs to buy a deed
Wack, wack, wack, wit arrows I came to waste y'all
Now you look cheap, my cry rattles the great wall
A dirty old baseball rolled in Polly-O, aiyo...

[Chorus 2X]

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