

Warcloud

"Island Of Dr. Warcloud"

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[Intro: Warcloud]

Mad axes...

Silver ants and golden beetles, crawlin' throughout my paragraphs

Chief Warcloud, to peel a lemon and share a drag

Wu-Tang Clan, West Coast, so carry torch

Throwin' mad axes, bad apples at dead whores

Throwin' mad axes, bad apples at dead whores

[Chorus 2X: Warcloud]

Throwin' mad axes, heavy sawed-off shotty

Old liquid foot, powder foot, chopped up the body

Great Warcloud, who cracked you mighty hard

I watch the children chasin' chickens off in the yard

[Warcloud]

I crash through the door and motor head through the window

Wit a heavy pistol, Warcloud the Champion

Victory born freedom, the universe can't defeat him

Crash you wit the sea grams, ooh-yah

Chop ya head in half wit the heavy old sword from Old Asia

Sick man amaze ya, dark castle fantasia

Shot you in the early life, throw your arms in the garbage bin

Records will retard the spin, lay my gats on wax

Slit your belly open and stash a hammer in the back

Warcloud don't play Sleepy Horse, clack clack

Slumped on a horse wit a creepy torch and black gats

If one cannot speak wisdom, about his or her culture

Therefore, they cannot deal equality

Barbaric policies, slaughter you in the odyssey

Crack you like a Polly seed, make your organs come out of thee

Shot 'em barefoot in the dark, you was a tyrant

Fiasco pop violent, I smoke jump like a giant

And escape the deep end, my deadly maze of clues

We smoke muthafuckas like Army and Navy news

A hall full of dinosaurs heads, hear the best tune

You were mangled by a mad man inside a wet room

Cut you at the knee wit the shotgun, it's hurtful
You slight blind fish that swim in lazy circles
Gun 'em so swiftly, fired my Smith

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