

Warcloud

"The Dead Man and His Stepson"

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[Intro: Warcloud] Holocaust was hit by a meteorite He is now to be addressed as Warcloud [Chorus 1: Warcloud] "Eighty shots to the mouth and the brain, shouting my name" -> Warcloud Warcloud "Eighty shots to the mouth and the brain, shouting my name" -> Warcloud Warcloud "Eighty shots to the mouth and the brain, shouting my name" -> Warcloud "Eighty shots to the mouth and the brain, shouting my name" -> Warcloud [Warcloud] The Red Sox traded Babe Ruth to the Yankees An ant swimming in orange juice, I'm loose Diabolical, the skeleton makes green Bio-freak out of cell eighteen escape clean An old jagged fence where you hang your clothes to dry Shake the apple tree where the burial grounds fly Never un-clever, smoke goes up the chimney Keep a clenched fist for funny niggas that envy Flick my cigarette in the dirt after I curse Stagger through the street's the worse from the hearse Three revolvers, a strike down at the steel mill Soon comes today spread out because I will kill Paint the cover red, my thoughts from above the sky Follow the shadow of a butterfly while others die Grandfather song skipped to my loo The all station man, sick like the flu Guns are his favourite, meet Skeleton Lowe Wind in the trees, MC's corrode The diabolical Warcloud strikes again Once known as Holocaust who slaughtered men [Chorus 2: Warcloud] "Chump-chump-ass niggas eyeing me temp me I'll break it down simply I'm horrifyingly empty" -> Warcloud Warcloud "Chump-chump-ass niggas eyeing me temp me I'll break it down simply I'm horrifyingly empty" -> Warcloud Warcloud "Chump-chump-ass niggas eyeing me temp me I'll break it down simply I'm horrifyingly empty" -> Warcloud [Warcloud] There's Dead Man's lab out on the breeze Cat at the window, swarm of Killa Beez Wait 'til the daylight, man dressed in brown Killed every MC who spoke in town Tall people, short people, thin people, fat Danced with the monster wearing a hat Straight people, crooked people all fall down I stepped over them and littered the ground Old Warcloud, heavenly diabolical Catch me if you can facing a verbal obstacle Court is adjourned, shake

hands with Mr. Thorn Murdered for the Lindbergh baby
was born Chaos in the ballroom, sprinkling apple seeds
The hanged man's rope twirls in the night When you
standing by lightning run in, go and get your tight
friend Your rhymes like the constitution, written in
water Warcloud slaughtered, save the sons and
daughters Break off your arm and stir my rap stew The
ghost drums bang inside the haunted village You stuck
like an Arctic bird in oil spillage A shoe in the rain, for
veins I got change Strike so quickly that your brain has
no time to register pain [Chorus 2] [Warcloud]
Maniacal intentions, strike a lonely match Your rhyme's
like chicken scratch, the plot hatch Silence in the
gardens, silence on the hill Shadows creep across land
in blood spill Skill from the darkest regions of the earth
And I hold that saying best The world is full of drowsy
things and Dead Men playing chess Up goes my
umbrella then I leap Warcloud smokes his pipe, sips his
tea Alcatraz grimy storybook, my lingo Beat you like
Ringo in a tree of jingle Rain just hasn't been seen,
flowers thirst MC's heads all burst, a rugged church
Just down a lake, pictures in the windows Pistol, pistol,
pistol in the dirt Money truck in the river, the Pisces
Slashing like Nikes, sipping Korean icies Phantom in the
typewriter, sack of wooden nickels Guns drawn on the
culprit Pickles Colonel in the high tower shaving with a
clever Dynamite sticks, a glitch in your receiver Moth in
the closet, stand in the clearing field Leave MCs
slumped, biting into the steering wheel [Chorus 2]
[Chorus 1]

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