

Warcloud f/ Juleunique

"Battleship Starship Warcloud Shakespear Cliff"

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[Intro: Warcloud] Attention all crew members Extra helpings of ice cream for the whole crew Because I'm a pirate (pirate) [Juleunique] Yo yo my thought flow like a Naval ship So stick to your manuscript Get shot, what you got, acid couldn't handle it Not once but three times, to understand mine Detonate like a land mine to blow your franchise Verbal optimistic, drop jewels like the diamond district Your backpack will get your spinal twisted Your shit ain't hot 'cause this is as hot as it gets You're having your wack burned your disc You're lifted off your feet with the Iron Fist [Hook: Juleunique] Aiyo, crash through, quick to smash, get your mask on the glass Stash for a cop like Duke Nukem on your ass I'm laid back, chilling on fillet, fantastic equality refined to build born in the sky we blasted [Chorus: Warcloud] An alcoholic liquor distilled from wine or fruit Heavy sterling gat, sour whiskey with bits of fruit We bust crazy shots, extra on top when pissed Your bitch caught a disease that's caused by handling fish [Warcloud] Exquisite breath taking war axe, flinging birds into trees It ghosts like the river, some fill it with teas Like a tropical sea, panoramic mechanic planet Shiny witchcraft, is split half half-assed punctured channel Greatest war mechanic, glamorous, navigation of zombies Captivated zombies flew off like clay pigeons Pearls stud by to still water from Horror Harbour Gun water spout is superpatriot century Brains un-gathered the carriers of violent death Brains un-gathered the carriers of violent death Intellect crept like ___ and ___ Challenge every Macy, and slap him out in my after time Guards playing cards in the garage Brazilian guards got Christmas fucked Fixing slugs with the blood niggas, different monks Angry noble pirates, vampire parrots with ___ Gun a great axe like ___ until I ___ Know you no champ like it was to cost him his life Flow is gun ___, it was always slugs for both of them Puffy bogarts, lucky shoes from Casablanca I rip and shred a path of blood and wash your organs Like right there, through endless crowds of screaming nightmares And night flares, Tokyo drifter, the death statue Laughing as I passed you and

smack you, mismatch and blast you Laughing as I
passed you and smack you, mismatch and blast you
Polly state ball is best to warn the sense of me Pursuing
with a ritualistic, feverous villainy [Juleunique] My
accurate tones throw like a javelin We build with wise
men, never build with no savage Miss Cypher Divine,
pledge remarkably extravagant Grip microphone. spit
accurate Resurrect mental dead Lazarus beyond the
physical Kill a rap henchman, walk like an Egyptian Kill
a rap henchman, walk like an Egyptian Yo Yo Yo (yo yo
yo yo yo) [Chorus] [Hook] [Warcloud] 360, we used to
use peel bottle caps to play checkers Cold blooded
Miller, lyrical bone chiller 'Letters from a Killer', sliding
the heavy trunk out While bitches give me bubbly blow
jobs in the bunk house I got a made name, Old
Ghettolicious to Elvis I crept off school, lick shots into
your pelvis Snuff you like designer fragrance, ancient
as cavemen Black bone haven, grey rose petals on
gravestone Spiral over here as soda, beer and pop off
Looked at by GG, in streets they call me Knock Off
Chop your block off, you shot me and got the hot sauce
Couldn't get the best of me, Cajun Indian recipe I
smoke Newports, you allsorts of madness Deep like
graffiti in Down Town Los Angeles Hazardous,
miraculous, chapters were read And you got one
feather pointed straight down in the back of the head
School room, shadow hall, disco globe, the blood ball
Gun flamed bandit, we oil painting the canvas We oil
painting the canvas [Chorus 2X] [Outro: Warcloud]
Motherfuckers, Los Angeles fabulous Collaboration
Crash rocks, wax works Collision centre Make it cold as
the winter in December Sipping beers for different
years Yo yo yo, like tropical birds and reading the
morning's paper Butterflies as eagles, tropical birds
and reading the morning's paper An ancient paper
(microphones) Baffling House of Horror Freestyle flows
explore the corridor Bash your head in with a lead pipe
in the midnight of the twilight Hit you with a handstand
kick motherfucker Ha, you can't fuck on us, it's too
tropical Like lullabies, like lullabies

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