

## Warcloud f/ Juleunique

### "Smuggling Booze in the Graveyard"

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[Sample: The Untouchable's "Mr. Postman"] Wait, oh yes, wait a minute Mr. Postman Wait, wait Mr. Postman I think Mr. Postman looked at me Woah yeah, you got a letter in your bag for me Please please Mr. Postman Oh yeah [Scooby Doo sample] Shaggy : Like what do we do now? Fred : Well, there's no doubt in my mind that that hermit's the Creeper Daphne : Let's get back to the Mystery Machine and go for the Sheriff Shaggy : Boy am I glad we've see the last of that creeper Scooby : Me too Velma : The Creeper! Shaggy : Zoiks! It's him!

[Intro: Warcloud] Warcloud, Unique, yeah Beat City, verbal warriors Observe, call the corridor warriors Yo yo [Warcloud] Unmarked graves, bone havens, jaw breaker tycoon Choke sleeper Porsche from the land fields, my jam kills Rusty iron giant who razzmatazz the world Smash a champ soda, took his bike, left him his girl Candy her phalanges, we smuggle booze in the graveyard Lush vine of roses, I pop shots ferocious And rewire your faulty brain circuitry as a courtesy If you cop the drop, emergency home surgery From the mandibles of a mechanical cannibal A titanical, grammatical mosaic dismantled you And snapped three million bare skeletons, creatures rotting In the museum I put bodies upon bodies Ultimate heavy cannon, seven ships and seven hats Victorious stoned by raved Arian, followed by eleven bats Off to my moon base, one of the moons of Pluto Then back to blast the city, Sneaky Pete and Black Bart Six finger gem wine opener, the train Through the desert on the 'Horse With No Name' and heavy fame Green hunting hawk, hunting swan, atomic pesticides I burst through your Great Wall of China , you demolecularise Grail jail crushing creepers A bribe in the hand betrayals mystic Van Hart They who enter at the backstairs, expect to get shown out out the window Yo yo yo, expect to get shown out out the window [Chorus x2: Warcloud] Walnut jelly pool shark, welcome to the lighthouse Pistol in a bread box, one flew over cuckoo Zombies cooped up in a cottage smoking cigars Pipe bomb at the Olympics, Stone Roses [Juleunique] We be the undercover specimen, phenomenal mind explosive

Bomb your landmark with a charge of nitroglycerin  
convulsive Resource for resources, those who  
contradict I speak against We attack with forces, the  
thunderous thunderstorm Me and my swarm we way  
above the norm' I snatch your mics so hard that it  
dislocate your arm Y'all niggas ain't knowing about the  
360 divine Tragedy, the last paragraph, get to the  
bottom line Cats' minds that I build with, they be the  
solid kind 'Cause they spark in my projects they be the  
same kind Who dare come amongst us and lend more  
jewels for battling My nitroglycerin charge leave your  
database shattering Regurgitate rhymes, speed on  
your head, brain battering Fantastic rap mic fabulous  
Cipher niggas grab microphones, spit hazardous  
Resurrect the mental dead like Lazarus Catch me up  
north chilling up in Club Cannabis Me and Warcloud  
knock your dome rocky like the Grand Canyon is Cipher  
niggas flip the format in your manuscript You can't  
handle it, get smashed like a sandwich is [Break:  
Warcloud] We flat house floozies, floozies The Jakes  
stay in the door house yo Yo yo yo yo yo [Chorus x2]  
[Warcloud] I'm like a '57 Chevy Christine, so pristine On  
the candy apple sweet cream sixteen peep My raps are  
the front runners of land creatures like the cola can  
Heavy heavy hollow spine fish, the line was crisp  
Deadly game show and behind tomb number three Is  
the imperial eating eyeball serial 'Letters From a Killer',  
I gulp your brains down with Miller Dark side tiller, I stab  
you in the chest with a pillar That collapse the Greek  
monument, Great Chiefs conglomerate Shadow circle  
the hall with swords, bloody astonishment Faces slide  
across walls, off y'all so grand We sent two groups,  
one the foot and one the hand Wu-Tang Clan,  
barbarians and iron samurais Whisper battle cries that  
shatter skies and planets die World eaters and y'all  
termites in the canister Code of soldier janitor, horror  
flicks over the banister Alleyway butcher, eight spirits  
that nurture This rap's the dead body of a sewer  
maintenance worker [Chorus x2]

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