

## Warcloud f/ N3utron, Skarekrow, Vulgar "Sleepwalker Drive-In Theater"

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[movie sample] And as Head of Scotland Yard I must warn you that there are only two courses which can be taken Either I formally charge you with murder and send you to the galloms or to have you committed to an institution for the criminally insane [Chorus 2X: Skarekrow] Feel the energy beyond the galaxy Skarekrow beats [Skarekrow] Black misery, tame grain misery Miserable suffering and agony Gonna make it my way 'til the motherfuckin' cemetery Early in the day I seen an old man pick up a casket and hurl hearsts by itself, I found myself I found myself hidin' behind tombstones I'm tombstoned lookin' for Warcloud Smugglin' Booze in the Graveyard I pick lots of skeleton bones [Warcloud] My raps is Rikers Island, Gino, Sing-Sing and Attica Alcatraz, dark Christmas club, great gats about to blast Rinsed in blood, garths and statesmen hold your weight some mo' Cider house, great war memoirs, avenue of the strongest Gnomes red, white and blue dragons are in my back yard Red bats with green wooden eels that's so shiny Mechanic planet static is clammy down in Miami The feud is covered with blood but its only the light of sunset Molecules, bat like biter blue and polished jewels Dummy, I come from a planet of Algerian mummies Throwin' crummy dollars at you, slit open tummies Your whole crew is chummy, I'm tending my vampire bunnies Bloody, open and exquisite heavy swords Pick finger, click for demolition [Chorus 2X] [Nu3tron] Nu3trons bind his physics, catch an aneurism Slip with equal MCs and swear "come prepared!" With black dairy smile meanwhile slip projectile Apricots for duck, my Kingdom is low we fuck Been twisted in the whole night, drunken myself inside of it, rip through the body armour Drop a dirty blade microphone, I'll save lake man made muddy swamp thing Ultra jaw breakering chomping, young tiger pronting and taunting Add up the bluie dark matter, escape with my black ladder [Vulgar] Lyricism elevates mental state as it fakes brave and torment My conscience be a fucked up remake to mystory like the Stone Henge Don't play me for layin' MC's in glass

fence So you get the clear picture, motherfucker Of  
who's dead, type of vocab that pumps lead Finish  
scitso face since my name was said Causing me to be  
the MC who's sick in the head Drum kicks like Bruce Lee  
Physically parting bones from body like Moses Potty  
The red seat, hardcore click monopoly Monopolising  
the whole galaxy, elevate on Skarekrow's beats Elevate  
on Skarekrow's beats

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