

Warcloud f/ Northstar, Mikey Jarrett "Vicious Killer Beez"

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[Intro: Warcloud]

North Stars, North Star, North Star, Cha-Cha-Cha-Cha-Cha
Warcloud

[Warcloud]

Flame tanks, stealth tanks, mammoth tanks, and hover tanks
Cargo planes and gun boats, I smother banks
Helicopter landing, step off and shoot standard
And blow you into fly with a particle beam cannon
Skiing off a snow slope on fire
And it's still snowing, The Big Wolf on Campus
Shots run rampid, their bodies are now my canvas
Hot chain-gun your soldiers fell in the sandpits
At my weapons factory I am the new prototype
If you're like me you're at the repair facility
Warcloud, day at the power plant, the warhawk
To ladies Mr Chair-hands blow a hole through your store lock
Bank heist in Kathmandu, it was a slaughter
The day Buddha was born it rained tea instead of water
Old toys in the "Old Toy Room" cock revolvers
I camoflaue in rocks with guns and crystal armor
An old man and his wife wrecked their car in the mountains
and wandered up 3 miles then to their surprise
they found a ghost army hazy in their cataracts
And at the tip-top Warcloud threw his battle-axe

[Chorus 3X: unknown reggae artist]

This killa bee, gun shot it by the rain
This killa bee, yes, you know a blood stain

[Christbearer]

Christbearer be ya vital information
Grab the microphone and make somethin' outta
Nathan (what?)
With no jilation, my justation, germination
An Emancipation Proclamation in a rhythm vindication
M.C., free-mason degree with the gavel, mystery

unravelled (God in the flesh)
God in the being, y'all niggaz still cant see
Jeanie/Genie
with a flow so dreamy, it's the phenomeonally,
phenomenal, phenomenon
Young Genghis Khan is designed to be on, tip-toe onto
the set
with my gods in the flex for Tyrannasaurus-Rex
I gets hotter than the hair on the gazelle
That, that threw the death deal with my style unveiled
It aint hard to tell, Christbearer done cracked the scale
with Coolie Mack and L (North side)
I never let the truth and the false of the jail
All hail bearer, of the thunder Christbearer

[Chorus 3X]

[Meko the Pharaoh]
Fuck it, let's tear the world up
since everybody motionless and don't give a fuck
Movin' like an SUV truck, Rollin on the right side high
Y'all niggaz can't fuck with this Long Beach mind
Tear down your city make everybody cry
And it's a shame how the world been tricked
I move across the nation with my global black fist
Coz niggaz out here is like terrorists
we'll blow your whole Ave. up with one stick (Wu!)
And I ain't talkin' 'bout sherm
I'm talkin' 'bout shit to blow your whole damn firm
Actin' like you concerned, about me? (What?)
You get dropped G, movin with your paparazzi (nigga)
You takin' chances like you playin yahtzee
You could never fuck with me, North Star (Yeah)

[Mikey Jarrett]
Run outta luck, you know them run outta luck, ooh
Run outta luck, you know them run outta luck, ooh
Run outta luck, you know them run outta luck
Say when them check it out the killa bee dem buck off
Say when them check it out the killa bee dem buck off
Killa Bee and North Star, we done heard them step up
So listen and your lyrics when the God gonna spit
Say two shots are now suck up ina ya hip
So listen and your lyrics when the God gonna spit
Say two shots are now stuck up ina ya hip
So listen and your lyrics will pick up on the spliff
We no business if you a Blood and nah care if you a
Crip
Say when we come through, you know strictly street
sweep
Say when we come through on the crib, we a creep

Boy, you better go and go back down beneath

[Outro: Mikey Jarrett]

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Word up, man, Killa Bee, North Star

It's how we do it, blaw! blaw!

One, niggas

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