

## Warcloud f/ Road Block

### "On the High Side Of The Sky"

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[Ninja Scroll sample] {\*horse neighs then gallops past\*} {\*smash followed by man groaning\*} Jubei : No! I know the way now So leave me alone alright? Stoneface : Not quite the right direction The way to Hell is right here! {\*fighting noises in the background\*}

[Intro: Warcloud] Battle shades of cyber space, intergalactic war zone Warcloud rest.. bloody on the streets In the fire escape Robo-Warcloud meets Robo-Soul Brady L.A. MC's love to smack you in hip hop Vocal bio-tape with war stories that's sold to enemies LA niggas love to smack you in hip hop American muscle rap, American muscle rap Swamp wars in a poetic nexus, heavy metal plexus Trade raps, bionic glumps Crash that phat war chant Ghostly war machines, flightless tyrants with battle raps Smoke, smoke, smoke Since I handled that Haha [Warcloud] Hey! The sound of storm troopers, solar panel mechanical grammatical units That rips flesh from BONES, atomic wavelength shatters tones Warcloud, crooked clutch, cobbles, stones, purple, cream crystal Capone Bone beach sticks, built in Indian brick hits Shiny apples and bananas, break lenses of an ignoramus Then I slap you like the stooges, you run like the little rap kids I'm the HOLD of the Twilight Zone from Spanish castles Call me chainsaw hand, thump cyborgs with tank parts Escape from the weapon world, robo-gangster who bank NARC's Smoke stack back, haywire bent over elderly A crocodile learned to jump from tree to tree I rap like machinery, rappers all catch and brainwashed Those techno mics can only be found with gamma rays My suitcase BOMBS, Stone Roses at the Olympics CHAMP, figure neighbouring move points eternally For DAYS, I ice skate on a man-made lake from posing MC's Filled with a very large number, like guns Eat right through you like a fancy Easter cake Scary rumble forest, half mountainside, half lumber Thunder broke The High Side of the Sky When the microphone was placed in my icy grip Beneath a hallway, tall wall brawl, y'all fall, I maul all And crawl out the blood wall hall to call a doll On the ceiling sideways, break a couch on a rapper's back Heavy shiny pistols surprise you like box of

Cracker Jacks Force like Jacker smack, laid a hat like a  
batter's stack Warcloud, butcher bone network like  
when the hackers hack Each data macca that, clack  
gats all through the slackest rap Some steep and some  
unseen some and somewhere famous like old Hackers  
Stat He drops the classic facts, strongmen, soldiers  
and acrobats I monkey-wrench the backup TAPS,  
dustingly take a lacker nap Bloody like the clappers  
tap, baffle caps, with shackle raps Chewing rosebuds,  
Adam's Apple crack guns and raffle brats Tabernacle  
chaps stack jewellery, candy and black Heaterz Master  
the nap, these angry men PACK JURASSIC RAPS Toxic  
acid laps, gat bags with gat quacks Loud flame scatter  
raps cutter hats, my pattern spat Shatter cracks when  
Big Warcloud flaps with a hundred bats Sleeps behind  
a sliding map, batter chaps with scanner lacks Latter  
axe, flashback cats grasp my pistol yap Murder caddy  
shack saps in horror fog so relax I attack, Braveheart  
bone scratch, my track is phat I laugh at rapper's chat,  
splatter cats and scatter splatter Bloody money stacks,  
mummy hatch the dummy raps CHAPTER HATCH  
BATTLE TRACKS, pinball per battle-axe [Chorus:  
Warcloud] Shades of Technology, intergalactic war  
zone Psycho tropic crab backlash, shotguns blast  
(battle axe) Shades of Technology, cannons and  
missile shaft blast Star Wars clash backlash, shotguns  
blast (battle axe) Shades of Technology, war machines  
future, past Bang cyber chick fast, backlash, shotguns  
blast (battle axe) Shades of Technology, intergalactic  
war zone Shatter stars flash backlash, shotguns blast  
(battle axe) [Break: Warcloud] Fuckers, kapow Clack  
clack kapow [Road Block] Voltron form fair warn', MC's  
get scorn Warn, bled alarm sound oblivious Toy MC's  
flow but they style is quite ridiculous Def come to these  
Jam rappers Kicking rhymes, life is like cadavers To  
unemployment, whack MC's get flushed like a toilet We  
look and dunk and spoil it We in terminal hunting  
season Never commit treason to the King without  
reason Running' from the poets, wheezing, heavy  
breathing Our elite fleet won the battle Laid you in the  
gravel Unravelled your Adam's Apple, forcing' me to  
grapple Un-float to the next mode, MC's is mouldy With  
RCA cables, beat machines control me Back track and  
burn you, kick flow and serve you Behind building  
people, grab and sleep redeem you Destroying,  
defeating, hanging upside-down from the ceiling Real  
troops revealing, hands in the pockets, lethal weapons  
concealing [Chorus] [Warcloud] I caught grammar  
cadaver in a bush, gravestone crossing Every brain  
vessel bursting your offspring Battle-axe costing, vine  
of roses, my thorn swings Slow hands, arms explode,

laughing at darkness Heartless darts cartridge,  
shoppers turn hard marksmen Cut the dark monkey  
part shot, my dark carpet Cribs and catapults, and cans  
stand in the splatter Bones shatters, streets are latter,  
scatter brain matter on platter Cranberry Splash  
Mountain, my gun lead spit in spines Bloodthirsty  
Warcloud, yo I caught the champ sniffing' lines Dine on  
weak minds like limes and apple wine The perfect  
crime to devour planets in time Nine little Indians teach  
you their departure Beware of hidden archers, pyramid  
on the hill Stomach organs spill, cyber-tropic  
metropolis Necro plastic operatives hold presidents  
hostages Take me to the button magisterial righteous  
glutton I bludgeon your platoon, mayhem the dirty  
dozen Drifting living weapons, outer space war zone  
legends Ghastly arithmetic in motion from Heaven  
Chunks bitten out of the head of the anti-Christ Old  
liquid foot, powder foot chopped up the body Clack  
clack kapow, hit you behind a sandwich truck Shuffle  
with the gauge to an alley and body slide Back To The  
Future, prevents the ransom for rocking' mics Power in  
the present war ghost, I blast the shocking light Talking  
hype, no champ lovers smack you in hip hop Warcloud  
productions we bang broads 'til Easter The American  
poet Soul Brady will keep you ducking hard Violent  
robo-feds will leave crews bloody construction yards  
[Road Block] Universal Soldiers tortured and Iron  
Maidens Intergalactic battleship sink, fight like Ravens  
Pestilence controls the galaxy, life short of immortality  
Burn you up like calories, causin' mass fatalities Think  
fast, blast, you might not last You might even end up in  
a full body cast Break backs, tied to train tracks,  
synapse I see red, the battle just took place and  
everybody's dead Bare knuckle boxing, check my  
entourage Killa Bee behind me, full body camouflage  
Brain busting bullets, barrel through your body Hit you  
with Tommy Gunn's from the closet of John Gotti  
[Chorus] [Outro: Warcloud] Knowledge is the  
foundation of all things in existence Wisdom is the  
manifestation Understanding is the best part  
Psychotropic war zone, battle shades in cyber space  
Warcloud.. Soul Brady Wu-Tang Clan is luxuriant The  
American Poets They never caught me Sleepy Horse;  
they never caught me Sleepy Horse They'll never catch  
you Sleepy Horse They never catch me Sleepy Horse

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