

## Warcloud f/ Skarekrow

### "Ghost Pirates"

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[Intro: Warcloud]

You find ya self devoured by woodland creatures  
Lightin' matches under my hat, ghost pirates  
Frosty mug of rum

[Warcloud]

Old Los Angeles, heroin epidemics  
I bust slugs, they love to figure skate through me  
We had a merry war, turn M.C.'s to cannon boys  
I carved Wu-Tang in the tie, you heard the stabbin'  
noise  
Raw head breaks, snake eater of dungeon  
A web of dead bodies in the sewer, underground  
London  
Passion in the desert, my guns'll love backwards  
Just around the royal staircase, he runs laughter  
Just around the royal staircase, he runs laughter  
My forearm is made out of rifles that bust factor  
And pop might murder the woman in the here after  
I laugh cuz I'm a pirate, shot you twice in the abdomen  
Then opened up the back of his head, like a cabinet  
The blood sprained into my face  
And ran down my revolver like the gaze of the next  
victim I slaughtered  
Caught within a second, he wandered down the tunnel  
Feel the ghost of a little boy rammed by, at the end  
I squeeze a trigger violent, Warcloud the tyrant  
All wet wit blood, on Godly assignment  
Slap a whipper snapper, ya's better mount up and  
slither  
I smack you like a bear, watch a salmon out of a river

[Chorus 2X: Warcloud]

Roll him up in the carpet, carry him up the staircase  
Ghost Pirates, Old Los Angeles, and we're fabulous  
Rhyme biohazardous, shot him twice in the abdomen  
Then opened up the back of his head, like a cabinet

[Skarekrow]

My liquids drip through ya storm drains, stained  
window sills

Black feathered birds gathered in the back of the  
cornfield  
Stuck like a quicksand on rich land  
While apostle tried to translate the novels in the palm  
of my hand  
I break training wheels and kick stands  
Produced clones of myself in one hair strand  
Live in stereo, perform miracles at ya burial  
One shot from a crust roll is enough to scare ya sterile  
Mars apply, blank at ya eyes in the skies  
While I'm on the low, tip towin' through the shadows  
Settin' the stage for my entrance  
When I hit the street, smoke leavin' me like incense  
Intense events, shiny instruments  
Got you duckin' my buckin', my introduction is deep  
moans and groans  
Screamin' bone collector, soul resurrector  
Bloody whore show records, swoop down and take ya  
man's hands like checkers  
Ya all left beheaded by the dreaded Skarekrow  
Fiery war chants givin' oak branch elbows  
Stone bones staircase, my home and air base  
You misplaced, now which way do you go?  
Yo, I jump and bite ya Adam's apple  
The air hits thirty three below  
You trapped wit the iceman made of hot snow  
Old clothes, innocent blood, throw in a cemetery club

[Chorus 2X]

[Warcloud]

Trees, whose fruits wither it, without fruit, that art's  
twice dead  
The sleepy old man, who dips his head  
He said "I have a bat in my belt for ya and a baseball in  
my bed"  
A skeleton, loadin' revolver in a snowstorm  
Vampire walk in the studio in my ghost form  
Feet in the mud, my slugs are like thugs  
That get all up in you at twilight, like street serpents  
Gape into the future, wit black markets, ya organs  
Hand the project kid some loot and a pair of Jordans  
Block head niggas, my pawn, ya'll get a hold of that  
In the red rams, red boulders, watch the ogre's hat  
The long shadow, hard rain in America  
Cantaloupes fall out of ya back from cannon raps  
You leave the scene bloody, I'm haywire and nutty  
Warcloud, who bit off them bees and got muddy  
Now I lounge on the track wit the Skarekrow  
Get knuckle sandwich delicacy, and it's real, as the  
hallway

Gats sunk to me, let's murder some more web heads  
An old jagged fence where ya hang ya clothes to dry

[Skarekrow]

Thank God, we bust, blow clutch, put big green in  
unnamed trust  
Miscellaneous, my code name alias  
Word archery, armory, perform tracks surgery  
Givin' you brain strains and lower back pains  
When you talk, I cover ya tongue like fat daddy shoe  
strings  
Blow ya game in the grain wit stainless styles  
Black Angus, stoned off by igneous, enemy lust  
Left them all in the dust, now must  
You keep playin' ya self, and claim you payin' dues  
You the type, go head, rush out, and tell old news  
Wouldn't know the delphonics if I left you clues  
Tangled and strangled in the game of 'snap fool'  
I seen more life in a statue, uh  
And the truth hurts like body piercings and tattoo  
My mental strength is chemically natural, physically  
impossible  
To be recreated, upgraded and duplicated, formats fat  
and saturated  
You must have heard too many shots when the ghost  
pirates raided

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Warcloud]

Immortal battalion wit pirates ship and a ghost crew  
Explosives twisted in my being

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