

Warcloud f/ The Parallax

"Mics, Turntables, Spray Cans & Records"

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[Intro: Warcloud]

Aiyo g, we gon' bong, pinball over here, down the street

Yo, the Los Angeles fabulous

Yo, Warcloud, the Skarekrow, Leviathan

The Great Chiefs, yo, it's how we rock it

Yo, yo, go how we rock it

[Hook 2X: Warcloud]

Mics, turntables, spray cans and records

Mics, turntables, spray cans and records

[Warcloud]

Aiyo, my pen is a merciless sword that burns you open

Throw ya arms and legs in a big barrel of vinegar

Puny little men in green uniform, want to hurt Warcloud

Warcloud smash, the planet crash

Deep in the Sun, I'm awfully unstable

Spin like a quarter on the edge of a coffee table

Sterling rap cap muthafuckas like AK's

For decades, I infect AIDS to rap brigades

A mutated stranded, swell up ya head and burst it

Hideous by pitiless greed, hits on a prettiest

Eat through the walls, and I look at ya girls skirt, cuz

Cambodian dirt buzz, waffle chromes and soap suds

Helicopter fire power shower you after April

Warehouse machinery, heavy bionical chronicle

Old abominable super sonical, metropolitan

Metacarpals, pop orchestra, run away ya vertebrae

Swamp voice, in for thick natures, raise ya flexures

Bitter bone lecture epics, holdin' cryptic

Down in the hollow, men crumble when I mumble

Underwater cyber jungle, lyrics tumble

[Hook 2X] *same time as the chorus*

[Chorus 2X: Leviathan]

Great Chiefs, we slaughter, clobber all impostors

Urban legends stalkers, fresh off the meat locker

Urban legends stalkers, Great Chiefs, we conquer

Clobber all impostors, fresh off the meat locker

[Leviathan]

Drunk off the Lager, slobber, speech improper
Zoomin' past coppers, renegade hip hoppers
Shake, rattle or shatter, mirrors to windows
Hench those, ears and cannons, drums explode
The verter-breaker, homes, Holmes, we got you done
Out, Great Chief scout, muzzle ya snout dog
It's turbulence, turbulence, else swift
Knuckle uppercut, detachin' the fence
Scars are, permanent, permanent
Parallax crack backs, on wax, smack ya brats
Trapped in a torture rack, we torture tracks
Sure son release the Mantra, asthma, microphone
basher
Answer for ya cancer, tomahawk slasher, yo, causin'
disaster

[Chorus/Hook 2X]

[Leviathan]

Fresh off the meat locker...

[Skarekrow]

Lyrics leave you wit more knots than spots on a leopard
The crocodile shepherd, leave teeth marks in records
And bend microphones, form funeral homes
That's right boy, you in the danger zone
I hook up wit M.C.'s, make love to M.P.'s
Half natural laborer, give birth to C.D.'s
Drop niggas on they heads like careless baby-sitters
You can throw ya best verses, and I'll, flush 'em down
the shitter
Tear out ya tongue and feed us to the scavengers
Carve a mark on my chest, for every wanted challenger
Who died on this mission and got malnutrition
Went up against drive, and then survived the collision
My hands swoop from my pockets, evil plotter eye
socket
Couldn't block it, broke his forearm tryin' stop it
My comment, ripped his veins to his arm pits
And dragged the flag, puffin' through hot car pits
Hard hits to the head, make the genius retarded
Flip confidence like the Red Sea garden
Bear trap raps, snapped on his back from the black
man
Tryin' to grow on site, take the flight on the demise

[Chorus/Hook 2X]

[Leviathan]

Fresh off the meat locker

[Unknown singer]

We can be, we can be, we can be...

[Hook 2X]

[Outro: Warcloud (unknown singer)]

Great Chiefs (We can be, we can be, we can be,
everything...

We can be anything...)

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