

Holocaust

"No Image"

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[Chorus: Nina Simone "No Images" sample]
But there are no palm trees (on the street)
No palm trees, on the street, and dishwater gives back
no images

[Holocaust]
According to some stories, I am asleep in an
underground tomb
Waiting to resume, the scientists is still unsure exactly
How, I will bring about doom, they know that all it takes
is a microphone
Torn like the poor old bones of M.C.'s, I scattered
throughout the centuries
There is no life on Earth to save you, and your hip hop
fall injury
You'd have to be crazy to mess with the tarantula, try
and get me, nope
I turn into smoke and go under the door, like Dracula
The werewolf coyote, raining forest, roaming in his
mouth is half a dove
Hate on display like burning eleven feet, crossing a
day
You wanna rhyme, but that's enough, in this powerful
action packed struggle
It hurts, I burst your large floating bubble
At night, throw dirt in your face with a shovel
And later blast an agrocrafft, bombard and bury your
crew
In a shocking delius' of rocks and rubble
Watch soon, late night, the Holocaust cartoon
Can plot, leave you shocked, after a lot noise
They don't want you to know my dark void
See, I escape the mic like the explosion at the end of
Predator
And we sleep upside down in the cave to Lost Boys

[Chorus]

[Holocaust]
Some people are often afraid of being buried alive
A rap Babe Ruth terrorize pictures in his time, I carry

you wide
Through the river, get the picture? I'm the pain giver
Hit you with a scripture, I leave you lost
Like back in the middle age, a dark Paris diet winner
The flu virus kill 'em on a substance, for up to two days
Your sudden death with my tomb blades, my sound
crash on rocks like blue waves
You're trapped in a large wooden house on the hill
In a total war of vampires, until the end still
You've been fighting in one, for months
With from in the inside, to windows watered up
In the day, they go away, but at night, they're all over
One you know, yelling out your name at night colder
They want you to come out, so they can haunt you with
a bout
You try to fight them with constructive weapons and
bless them
Though at night, they're finding new ways epic
To send you soon a death message, the house is
encrypted
They wanna teach you a lesson, a bloodthirsty
unrested method
And when you creep out of the boarded up windows
They are vampire women who show leg with their
dresses

[Chorus]

[Holocaust]

Strike anywhere it matches, in hip hop, the God of War,
you better practice
Like the apache indian on the ridge, you fought for a
hundred years with axes
And hatchets, bionic six, lyrical acrobatics, it's tragic
You hide away like a kid behind the cactus
I fell in love, with a woman who dance at night with
black magic
When a crocodile attacks, it's almost never predictable
My lyrics, are the spirits of mythical serial killers turned
physical
What do you think, I came here to kiss you?
My long feathered tassel tomahawk, throw 'em, slit
splits the moon
Hangs your boomerangs back to Earth, it rips through,
your crew
Then you, like tissue, then some one holding the issue
I load my Skeletor revolver pistol
A man, he works all day, and at night, he hung his skin
Peace, why don't you sit down, friend
In the forest hunted by a bear alone, I climb up a tree
And fall down upon him, with a long thick branch and

grim
My pocket knife tied to the end...

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Nina Simone sample]
She thinks her brown body has no glory..
If she could dance naked, under palm trees...
And see her image in the river, she would know...
But there are no palm trees, on the street...

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