

Warcloud, Bloodline

Artist: Holocaust f/ Leviathan, Onslot
Album: Smugglin' Booze in the Graveyard
Song: Bloodline
Typed by: Cno Evil

(Intro: Holocaust)

First time I seen you in a Babe Ruth zone with a baseball bat
Yo, dog, you know I don't like you, don't let me see you
When I come around, don't let me see you
Cuz we gon' get it on like that, youknowwhatimsaying
I'mma break, next time, I'ma break your legs in the back, knowwhatimsaying
Straight up and down, straight up and down, straight off, youknowwhatimsaying
Everytime I see you, you know we have problems so it's gonna be like that
Forever, youknowwhatimsaying, don't let me catch you around
Man, I told you what I was fucking gonna do

(Leviathan)

Aiyo, I highjack the book for my nigs, and hit the hostages
Soldiers, red hook grenades, of the young Metropolis
Who gon' try and stop, and think twice, before we might just
Choke they esophagus, til brains curl like cottage
You want quick, chop them off, bows is here
Eyes bloody red, cuz it's time to get fed
My page is mis-fed, that gon' pass a real hip hop
Don't call us hot, when you hear it, the shit is ill
Display mad skill, without, a witty deal
My chain might cost a mill, but I'm Leviathan
Still bring torture to the airwaves, nation, across the wall
Like a cannonball stuck to your chest, boy, you'll resolve

(Holocaust)

Bike spider inside of it, cycle diver when blasted
Picture you just lose, before picture this murder mission
Stab propeller, clever and never happened, red spinning cobra
I stab you in the eye, and rise high, clips run as high ride
A firearm at whoever, spy die in the spines
No, owe the hero anti, buzz like a flatline
Alcatrazo, ahhhhhhhhhhh
I battle fakes and bite your hand like a rattlesnake
Or hornets, Queen Cleopatra died on the 30th of August
Corner markets, I just tap your jaw, kids
It goes like the river, gun shiver me timber
Old woman gang land September, the man of splinter
Hype fister, drink your English, Ivy type liquor
Alcatraz, tired innocent, to your stupid parrots
Wired, expired, barrocks, gun fire
They're vampire birds in the Galapagos, not West Coast
Hip hop's is close, hand shot glock to post
Start with the angel with the gun, kill fucking emotions
Fall on me, only pandemonium, I'm unholy with that mask
Like a goalie, yo, ya'll die like Juliet and Romeo
So in fact, just try to act like ya'll niggas don't row me, yo

(Chorus 2X: Onslot)

Our rhymes bite down like Kujo, fall out like Pluto
Jack you like Russo, know how this shit goes
Monstas and Skarekrows, hide when your eyes closed
See we gon' clock those, show them my motto

(Onslot)

Yo cuts like Shinobi, niggas don't know me
Cuz I'm clutch like Kobe, taking shots from my lonely
Hey money, never give the middle of my paper
Start acting funny, bout to hit you with them lazer

Beams, my st-team, escapes, crystal plan gun
Rubber undercover, full tank of gasoline
Supreme, cut from when black weedle's dine me
Sierra Leone, burn tell Paula and Simon
This is a new artist climbing, ain't singing, ain't signing
Shitty contracts, knowing labels always lying
Trying to control you, coniving, but that's old news
Leaders of this new school, bitch we too cool
Changing all the rules, from, this point on
Alcatraz, Onslot, Skarekrow, come on
Yeah, we changing all the rules, from, this point onn
Alcatraz, Onslot, Skarekrow, come on