

Warcloud, Sleepwalker Drive-In Theater

Artist: Holocaust f/ N3utron, Skarekrow, Vulgar

Album: Smugglin' Booze in the Graveyard

Song: Sleepwalker Drive-In Theater

Typed by: Knowledge God

(Movie Sample)

And as Head of Scotland Yard

I must warn you that there are only two courses

which can be taken

Either I formally charge you with murder

and send you to the galloms

or to have you committed to an institution for the criminally insane

(Chorus x2: Skarekrow)

Feel the energy beyond the galaxy

Skarekrow beats

(Skarekrow)

Black misery, tame grain misery

Miserable suffering and agony

Gonna make it my way 'til the motherfuckin' cemetery

Early in the day I seen an old man pick up a casket

and hurl hearsts by itself, I found myself

I found myself hidin' behind tombstones

I'm tombstoned lookin' for Warcloud Smugglin' Booze in the Graveyard

I pick lots of skeleton bones

(Warcloud)

My raps is Rikers Island, Gino, Sing-Sing and Attica

Alcatraz, dark Christmas club, great gats about to blast

Rinsed in blood, garths and statesmen hold your weight some mo'

Cider house, great war memoirs, avenue of the strongest

Gnomes red, white and blue dragons are in my back yard

Red bats with green wooden eels that's so shiny

Mechanic planet static is clammy down in Miami

The feud is covered with blood but its only the light of sunset

Molecules, bat like biter blue and polished jewels

Dummy, I come from a planet of Algerian mummies

Throwin' crummy dollars at you, slit open tummies

Your whole crew is chummy, I'm tending my vampire bunnies

Bloody, open and exquisite heavy swords

Pick finger, click for demolition

Chorus x2

(Nu3tron)

Nu3trons bind his physics, catch an aneurism

Slip with equal MCs and swear "come prepared!"

With black dairy smile meanwhile slip projectile

Apricots for duck, my Kingdom is low we fuck

Been twisted in the whole night, drunken myself inside of it, rip through the body armour

Drop a dirty blade microphone, I'll save lake man made muddy swamp thing

Ultra jaw breakering chomping, young tiger prouncing and taunting

Add up the blue dark matter, escape with my black ladder

(Vulgar)

Lyricism elevates mental state as it fakes brave and torment

My conscience be a fucked up remake to mystery like the Stone Henge

Don't play me for layin' MC's in glass fence

So you get the clear picture, motherfucker

Of who's dead, type of vocab that pumps lead

Finish scitso face since my name was said

Causing me to be the MC who's sick in the head

Drum kicks like Bruce Lee

Physically parting bones from body like Moses Potty
The red seat, hardcore click monopoly
Monopolising the whole galaxy, elevate on Skarekrow's beats
Elevate on Skarekrow's beats