

Warcloud, The Dead Man And His Stepson

Artist: Holocaust

Album: Smugglin' Booze in the Graveyard

Song: The Dead Man and His Stepson

Typed by: Knowledge God

(Intro: Holocaust)

Holocaust was hit by a meteorite

He is now to be addressed as Warcloud

(Chorus 1: Holocaust)

"Eighty shots to the mouth and the brain, shouting my name" -> Holocaust
Warcloud

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(Holocaust)

The Red Sox traded Babe Ruth to the Yankees

An ant swimming in orange juice, I'm loose

Diabolical, the skeleton makes green

Bio-freak out of cell eighteen escape clean

An old jagged fence where you hang your clothes to dry

Shake the apple tree where the burial grounds fly

Never un-clever, smoke goes up the chimney

Keep a clenched fist for funny niggas that envy

Flick my cigarette in the dirt after I curse

Stagger through the street's the worse from the hearse

Three revolvers, a strike down at the steel mill

Soon comes today spread out because I will kill

Paint the cover red, my thoughts from above the sky

Follow the shadow of a butterfly while others die

Grandfather song skipped to my loo

The all station man, sick like the flu

Guns are his favourite, meet Skeleton Lowe

Wind in the trees, MC's corrode

The diabolical Warcloud strikes again

Once known as Holocaust who slaughtered men

(Chorus 2: Holocaust)

"Chump-chump-ass niggas eyeing me temp me

I'll break it down simply I'm horrifyingly empty" -> Holocaust
Warcloud

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(Holocaust)

There's Dead Man's lab out on the breeze

Cat at the window, swarm of Killa Beez

Wait 'til the daylight, man dressed in brown

Killed every MC who spoke in town

Tall people, short people, thin people, fat

Danced with the monster wearing a hat

Straight people, crooked people all fall down

I stepped over them and littered the ground

Old Warcloud, heavenly diabolical

Catch me if you can facing a verbal obstacle

Court is adjourned, shake hands with Mr. Thorn

Murdered for the Lindbergh baby was born

Chaos in the ballroom, sprinkling apple seeds

The hanged man's rope twirls in the night

When you standing by lightning run in, go and get your tight friend
Your rhymes like the constitution, written in water
Warcloud slaughtered, save the sons and daughters
Break off your arm and stir my rap stew
The ghost drums bang inside the haunted village
You stuck like an Arctic bird in oil spillage
A shoe in the rain, for veins I got change
Strike so quickly that your brain has no time to register pain

(Chorus 2)

(Holocaust)

Maniacal intentions, strike a lonely match
Your rhyme's like chicken scratch, the plot hatch
Silence in the gardens, silence on the hill
Shadows creep across land in blood spill
Skill from the darkest regions of the earth
And I hold that saying best
The world is full of drowsy things and Dead Men playing chess
Up goes my umbrella then I leap
Warcloud smokes his pipe, sips his tea
Alcatraz grimy storybook, my lingo
Beat you like Ringo in a tree of jingle
Rain just hasn't been seen, flowers thirst
MC's heads all burst, a rugged church
Just down a lake, pictures in the windows
Pistol, pistol, pistol in the dirt
Money truck in the river, the Pisces
Slashing like Nikes, sipping Korean icies
Phantom in the typewriter, sack of wooden nickels
Guns drawn on the culprit Pickles
Colonel in the high tower shaving with a clever
Dynamite sticks, a glitch in your receiver
Moth in the closet, stand in the clearing field
Leave MCs slumped, biting into the steering wheel

(Chorus 2)

(Chorus 1)