

Warcloud, The Ocean

The Ocean

(Intro: Holocaust)

The Holocaust check out my rhymes

I recorded half of an album in the same studio where 2Pac got shot the first time

(Holocaust)

Punk, I rain today construction vehicles in your parade

I cut like a propeller blade

Dialect your computer RAM or cause the death of Superman

City wide pride, I paint my brave _____ on the outside of my tepee

Walking when I'm sleeping, you pitiful fucking weakling

The bleeding shaman this evening, passageway revealed, proceeding

Lost a zombie called Momin, a nickel plated gat will spray

By our time calculations in fact today

Intriguing believing a soldier was an incantation of foul magic

See I am a large denial giant hawk salt water crocodile

Back snap who captures, abandoned tragic before rap bastards

I'm hazardous and Jerusalem's missing the back of it, a vast ship

I'm outlandish faggot or perhaps

In fact my axe melts through your skull is made of plastic

I drink Seagram's, a vindicators kingdom, now that's a nasty gun

Grandpa Sacrilege, Concrete Island', NASA diagnostic

And vodka was made from and sold to a man who brings them disasters

A rap Quasimodo indeed who they feed bony fish

He's a fight louse and when sacrament attacks your lighthouse master

Ghost like Casper my machete turn you white as alabaster

A river church just afar from highlander

(Break: Holocaust)

The Holocaust, check out my rhymes...

(Chorus: Holocaust)

Ritually I injure thee; I Crash' fast and simply

sink you halfway into The Ocean' like Italy

Yo, ritually I injure thee I Crash' fast and simply

sink you halfway into The Ocean' like Italy

(Holocaust)

Tonight gunfight

There's a prize-fighter who rapped himself up in bandages because he was invisible

Six feet in a box is a criminal, a gun march in a citadel

All your feathers have notches in them, the future emblem and general

The modern sovereign look at the problem danger and useless oxygen

I take shots of gin, hound we get down with a few men

Before we leave here like Batman and Robin

Beneath today the street way lucrative, the dark Superman of rap

Kangol hat, spin hazard wooden

The Green Lantern, I get a lap dance from Wonder Woman

From the sarcophagus knights and holes in the wall

Something that couldn't be captured, you want it

The damn Saint rough streets from the Indian paintbrush retreats

I'm as big as Great Britain

Hold my rib up to the sun, like a girl I bought candy and a kitten

Oh shit in a barrier, I hit like an explosion in the area

The bed ridden unforgiving

Beneath the earth there is a land that is black

Facts I exact come to my dark king of chainsaws habitat

Chorus x2