

Warcloud, Battleship Starship Warcloud Shake'sp

Artist: Holocaust f/ Juleunique

Album: 'Smugglin' Booze in the Graveyard

Song: Battleship Starship Warcloud Shakespear Cliff

Typed by: Knowledge God

(Intro: Holocaust)

Attention all crew members

Extra helpings of ice cream for the whole crew

Because I'm a pirate (pirate)

(Juleunique)

Yo yo my thought flow like a Naval ship

So stick to your manuscript

Get shot, what you got, acid couldn't handle it

Not once but three times, to understand mine

Detonate like a land mine to blow your franchise

Verbal optimistic, drop jewels like the diamond district

Your backpack will get your spinal twisted

Your shit ain't hot cause this is as hot as it gets

You're having your wack burned your disc

You're lifted off your feet with the Iron Fist

(Hook: Juleunique)

Aiyo, crash through, quick to smash, get your mask on the glass

Stash for a cop like Duke Nukem on your ass

I'm laid back, chilling on fillet, fantastic equality

refined to build born in the sky we blasted

(Chorus: Holocaust)

An alcoholic liquor distilled from wine or fruit

Heavy sterling gat, sour whiskey with bits of fruit

We bust crazy shots, extra on top when pissed

Your bitch caught a disease that's caused by handling fish

(Holocaust)

Exquisite breath taking war axe, flinging birds into trees

It ghosts like the river, some fill it with teas

Like a tropical sea, panoramic mechanic planet

Shiny witchcraft, is split half half-assed punctured channel

Greatest war mechanic, glamorous, navigation of zombies

Captivated zombies flew off like clay pigeons

Pearls stud by to still water from Horror Harbour

Gun water spout is superpatriot century

Brains un-gathered the carriers of violent death

Brains un-gathered the carriers of violent death

Intellect crept like ____ and ____

Challenge every Macy, and slap him out in my after time

Guards playing cards in the garage

Brazilian guards got Christmas fucked

Fixing slugs with the blood niggas, different monks

Angry noble pirates, vampire parrots with ____

Gun a great axe like ____ until I ____

Know you no champ like it was to cost him his life

Flow is gun ____, it was always slugs for both of them

Puffy bogarts, lucky shoes from Casablanca

I rip and shred a path of blood and wash your organs

Like right there, through endless crowds of screaming nightmares

And night flares, Tokyo drifter, the death statue

Laughing as I passed you and smack you, mismatch and blast you

Laughing as I passed you and smack you, mismatch and blast you

Polly state ball is best to warn the sense of me

Pursuing with a ritualistic, feverous villainy

(Juleunique)

My accurate tones throw like a javelin
We build with wise men, never build with no savage
Miss Cypher Divine, pledge remarkably extravagant
Grip microphone. spit accurate
Resurrect mental dead
Lazarus beyond the physical
Kill a rap henchman, walk like an Egyptian
Kill a rap henchman, walk like an Egyptian
Yo Yo Yo (yo yo yo yo yo)

(Chorus)

(Hook)

(Holocaust)

360, we used to use peel bottle caps to play checkers
Cold blooded Miller, lyrical bone chiller
Letters from a Killer', sliding the heavy trunk out
While bitches give me bubbly blow jobs in the bunk house
I got a made name, Old Ghettoicious to Elvis
I crept off school, lick shots into your pelvis
Snuff you like designer fragrance, ancient as cavemen
Black bone haven, grey rose petals on gravestone
Spiral over here as soda, beer and pop off
Looked at by GG, in streets they call me Knock Off
Chop your block off, you shot me and got the hot sauce
Couldn't get the best of me, Cajun Indian recipe
I smoke Newports, you allsorts of madness
Deep like graffiti in Down Town Los Angeles
Hazardous, miraculous, chapters were read
And you got one feather pointed straight down in the back of the head
School room, shadow hall, disco globe, the blood ball
Gun flamed bandit, we oil painting the canvas
We oil painting the canvas

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Holocaust)

Motherfuckers, Los Angeles fabulous
Collaboration
Crash rocks, wax works
Collision centre
Make it cold as the winter in December
Sipping beers for different years
Yo yo yo, like tropical birds and reading the morning's paper
Butterflies as eagles, tropical birds and reading the morning's paper
An ancient paper (microphones)
Baffling House of Horror
Freestyle flows explore the corridor
Bash your head in with a lead pipe in the midnight of the twilight
Hit you with a handstand kick motherfucker
Ha, you can't fuck on us, it's too tropical
Like lullabies, like lullabies