## Warcloud, Bluntz, Martiniz, Girlz & Gunz

[Intro: Holocaust] Black Knights... West Coast, Kill or be Killed Black Knights, Black Knights You hear it from the distance

[Holocaust]

Yo, my brain sprouts branches blossoming tragic thoughts Tape's bully lyrics lunch money, pistol or microphone Welcome to LA, battle the unexplained Scarecrows and apples, meet Mr. Constrictus (\*evil laughter\*) Concrete knuckles and scuffles, I'll waste groups Give 'em lumps the size of footballs, bricks and grapefruit Make soup, blueberry, while dining with classic monsters Better check my sponsor, chop before you can an-swer Brothers in the con slur, bullet holes in the stop sign Gods in the neighborhood, pistol in the sunset Lyrics, they bench-press dump trucks with one thrust Faster than sound, light or speed that your gun bust Among us, West Coast wreck hopes, infect dope Whinin' cuz you last Holocaust cassette broke The Hunchback, Tic-Tac heads come to get you Nine hundred and forty three missiles made of crystal Light a match to those, the crowd put all their lighters up Stomp through the Graveyard in the rain, the Architect Bricks in the mud, the cold weather and scorch it For Box Car Children and Orphans, brought a portrait Chewing on cactus, rappers better practice Slimy like a catfish, dollars in the mattress A hand-carved pipe from Baton Rouge, the Cherokee Grand High Count, feed Macadaemians to Parakeet French Lemonade, skeletons on the highway Club gets rowdy, I'll box my way out Poor Righteous Teacher, Devil's better fear us So my pistol splatter your brains across the mirrors

[Hook: Holocaust]

Bluntz, Martiniz, Girlz and Gunz

## [Holocaust]

Gut 'em like a fish, the man who bled marbles Bloody Mr. Fix-it, Holocaust and guns Stumble through the doorway wearing my evening chains Real as the hallway, red and blue Crayola's Now leaving stains, Architect from Cali Rumble through the mist covered valleys, dirty alleys Crumbs in ya suitcase, ice-fishing with Pelicans Big old cackling skeleton, you're irrelevant Riding Jorum Elephants, California horizon Track mud through the kitchen, murder henchmen Strange mans pocket, cigarettes and candy Walk wit a limp, chance of a lifetime Bandit's swamp, cyborg crank, Tic-Tac Blow holes through MC's the size of Bowling balls Briefcase man, champ, my flame is buildin' Send a fist-full jelly beans out for the neighbors children Two-fisted brawler, Good Times in the sunlight Trapped the one night, you crawl, the God's, a gun fight Holo-Holocaust is sleepy, holdin' microphones Four dead men in the alley, the butcher Shirts with the blossoms, West Coast, the gentlemen Holding a pistol, smoke bluntz for hours To understand the Language of Flowers Gritty mug shot, Mr. Arms&Legs, drew up bullets

Bed time, time to turn in, but into what? A well set table, Third Rock from the Sun Dead men hung, Cadillacs and dinosaurs Hot peanuts and fireworks, a Holocaust

[Chorus 2x: Holocaust] Bluntz, Martiniz, Girlz and Gunz Bluntz, Martiniz, Girlz and Gunz Bluntz, Martiniz, Girlz and Gunz Girlz and Gunz Girlz and Gunz