

Warcloud, Door Gunner

Artist: Holocaust f/ N3utron, The Professional

Album: n/a

Song: Door Gunner

Typed by: VoooO_36

(Intro: Holocaust)

One, two (one, two), stranger at the door

One, two (one, two)

Alcatraz, some kind of maniac

A pyromaniac, 'Door Gunner'

(Chorus x2: Holocaust)

'Midnight Rambler'

Icy night, Jack the Ripper knife handle

A 'Purple Rose from Cairo'

They hurt your nose, blood, but why though?

The 'Killer Moth', a moth that bites you and you fucking die

You cant stand to hurt me my gun filthy blaze

You cant beg for mercy for none will be saved

(Holocaust)

I seen the look in some of your eyes you have been wounded

Hurting worst of all disappointed, assassin union

Perhaps someone betrayed your trust, their blade of rust

Or said things that stab like daggers in your fragile heart

After dark I spark a glass like sharks

Why would a loving God do this, he laughs and remarks

Some of you have held the hands of loved ones as they passed

From this warped time and space are people gunning the place

Unmasked and blast

You were with him as he suffered, you heard him gasp for a final breath

Perhaps someone's carelessness on road put him there, it wasn't fair

You say as you shake your fist towards the sky

Couldn't he stop the madness we experience wondering why

Perhaps your last visit to the doctor brought the blues of devastating news

Procedures and options view were laid out before you like a menu

As I continue unwelcome statistics and visions of treatment and suffering dance across your mind

Like flames in a fire blind

(Chorus x2)

(The Professional)

The extortionist, Cuckoo the 'Midnight Rambler'

It ain't nothing for me to throw an ill verse at you

Smash you in your face with a brick

It'll do more than stand you

Yeah, matter-of-fact, leave you fucking laid out

The hypno rhyme Pro, I'm thin to mash out

How you gonna be the life of the party, you're passed out

I'll raise my fist, the fucking hand of Thanos

Crack you over the head with a bottle of Grey Goose

I hate you crews, hate to lose

Psychotic rhyme addict, yeah, addicted to ill beats

Watch me transform and mutate into a new species

Come and gaze and behold what I have become

And through this transformation

Run the next patient, Pro the Leader half pace

Stand on stage, fucking disappear and vanish

(Chorus x2)

(N3utron)

We soldiers stomping through the Holocaust graveyard

All is lost but a Molotov 'Braveheart'

Who came here to save the art and blow you into pieces
Slide through the sonar, roam through the creases
This infinite sufficient octane when it bottles
What the Bermuda Triangle contains to swallow ships
So I've fastered and mastered bone crushing rhyme patterns
Squeeze your fucking brains, until your eyes splatter
Size matters, you know you talking to a grown man
Do it with my own hand, Conan
Pressure 'til the vein pops
A lyricist on the block with a stainless
This is not a thought this is dangerous
And who's making changes to the playlist without consulting the sensei
I'll blast you in the chest and pour salt in your ribcage
You might as well be leeches, bitches
Sleeping with the sea creatures, bitches