

Warcloud, Ghost Pirates (Old Los Angeles)

(Intro: Holocaust)

You find yourself devoured by woodland creatures
Lighting matches under my hat, 'Ghost Pirates'
Frosty mug of rum

(Holocaust)

Old Los Angeles, heroin epidemics
I bust slugs that love to figure skate through meat
We had a merry war, turned M.C.'s to cabin boys
I carved Wu-Tang in its hide, you heard the stabbing noise
'Rawhead Rex', snake eater from dungeon
I web up dead bodies in a sewer, underground London
'Passion in the Desert', my guns will love backwards
Just around the royal staircase, he runs laughter
Just around the royal staircase, he runs laughter
My forearm is made out of rifles that bust faster
And pop might murder the woman in the hereafter
I laugh cause I'm a pirate, shot you twice in the abdomen
Then opened up the back of his head like a cabinet
The blood sprayed into my face
And ran down my revolver like the gaze of the next victim I slaughtered
Caught within a second, he wandered down the tunnel
'Til the ghost of a little boy ran by at the end
I squeeze the trigger violent, Warcloud the tyrant
All wet with blood, on Godly assignment
Slap a whippersnapper, ya's better mount up and slither
I smack you like a bear swat a salmon out of a river

(Chorus 2X: Holocaust)

Roll him up in the carpet, carry him up the staircase
Ghost Pirates, Old Los Angeles, and we're fabulous
Rhyme biohazardous, shot him twice in the abdomen
Then opened up the back of his head like a cabinet

(Skarekrow)

My liquids drip through your storm drains, stained window sills
Black feathered birds gathered in the back of the cornfield
Stuck like a quicksand on rich land
While Apostle tried to translate the novels in the palm of my hand
I break training wheels and kick stands
Produced clones of myself with one hair strand
Live in stereo, perform miracles at your burial
One shot from my crossbow is enough to scare you sterile
Mars applies, blanket your eyes in disguise
While I'm on the low, tiptoeing through the shadows
Setting the stage for my entrance
When I hit the street, smoke leaving me like incense
Intense events, shiny instruments
Got you ducking my bucking, my introduction is deep moans and groans
Screaming bone collector, soul resurrector
Bloody horror show records, swoop down and take your man's hands like checkers
You're all left beheaded by the dreaded Skarekrow
Fiery war chants giving oak branch elbows
Stone bones staircase, my home and air base
You misplaced, now which way do you go?
Yo, I jump and bite your Adam's Apple
The air hits thirty three below
You trapped wit the Iceman made of hot snow
Old clothes, innocent blood, throwing a cemetery club

(Chorus 2X)

(Holocaust)

"Trees, whose fruits withereth, without fruit, that are twice dead"

The sleepy old man, who tips his head
He said "I have a bat in my belfry and a baseball in my bed"
A skeleton, loading revolver in a snowstorm
Vampire Wolf in the studio in my ghost form
Feet in the mud, my slugs are like thugs
That get all up in you at twilight, like street surgeons
Gape into the future, we'll black market your organs
Hand the project kid some loot and a pair of Jordan's
Block head niggas, my poem, you'll get a hold of that
In the Redlands, red boulders, watch the ogres hatch
The long shadow, Hard Rain' in America
Cantaloupes fall out of your back from cannon raps
They leave the scene bloody, I'm haywire and nutty
Warcloud, who bit open beats and got muddy
Now I lounge on the track with the Skarekrow
Give knuckle sandwich delicacies, and it's real as the hallway
Gats sunk to me, let's murder some more web heads
An old jagged fence where you hang your clothes to dry

(Skarekrow)

'In God We Bust', blow clutch, put big green in unnamed trust
Miscellaneous, my code name alias
Word archery, armoury, perform track surgery
Giving you brain strains and lower back pains
When you talk, I cover your tongue like fat daddy shoestrings
Blow your game in the grain with stainless styles
Black Angus, stoned off by igneous, enemy lust
Left them all in the dust, now must
You keep playing your self, and claim you paying dues
You the type of head, run out, and tell old news
Wouldn't know The Delfonics if I left you clues
Tangled and strangled in a game of Snafu
I seen more life in a statue, uh
And the truth hurts like body piercing and tattoo
My mental strength is chemically natural, physically impossible
To be recreated, upgraded and duplicated, formats fat and saturated
You must have heard two millions shots when the 'Ghost Pirates' raided

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Holocaust)

Immortal battalion with pirate ship and a ghost crew
Explosives twisted in my beer