

Warcloud, Howling Wolves

Artist: Holocaust f/ Black Knights, ShoGun Assason

Album: Smugglin' Booze in the Graveyard

Song: Howling Wolves

Typed by: Cno Evil

(movie sample)

We're arriving, there's a weird bloody air hovering around here
No help around here... {*keys jingling*}
Every master said this mist could help us
{*keys jingling*} {*attack sound followed by screams*}
□Hey! Where'd he go to?
{*gasping in pain*} Stinking god foresaken mist
Ahhh.. {*attack sounds*}

(Intro: Crisis (ShoGun Assason))

Wu-Tang trumps, sit around the round table
Straight lyrical jewels, sippin' on black label
Black Knights, Killarmy (all is one, in suspicion, yo, yo, yo, yo)

(ShoGun Assason)

I strike first, for my fangs got a blood-thirst
Eject to redempt the potion, low tux' wit hemo' tucks
Based on the circulatory, respiratory, and ya heart functions
Disruptin' ya nerve pathways, in the power of blood clottin'
Proteins that make ya heart burst, and the shittin' gets worse
And this shit gets worse, cuz ya under attack
By a lone wolf and his pack of hungry wolves
Rippin' flesh off the bone, crushin' a microphone
And suck out the marrow, we been around longer than the pharaohs
From alpha to omega, y'all X niggaz analog like Sega
Sixteen bit computer chips
While I be movin' digital, online, downloadin'
My words be wearin' out ya brain like erosion
I got you trapped, surrounded, closed in
Usin' my senses, to smell the chemical
That seep through the pores of ya skin
Like Jacobson's organ, you better beware of this lyrical horseman
M.C.'s is gettin' tossed in, this rap rumble royal
Cuz our styles is scorchin', I'm champion, no one can contend
When I grab the pen and make my words blend
As I solicit syllables, drop jewels
Actual facts that leave full states cracked
I hit him wit the truth so hard, I knocked his melanin off his skeleton

(Monk)

The rugged one out the pack, Mighty Bomb Jack in combat
Don't ask that, question: did we win or lose that?
Black Knights, black kings, the massive, cypher, Now King
Fatal stings wit punishment, Mike Tys' style is ruggedness
Hit the undergrounds hard wit the industries harder
The process of life, will bring the ghost right to a fight
To ya beginners, Black Knights creep like Supa Ninjaz
Lethal swordsmen slangin' all weak contention
Wit my razor sharp projectile, watch how I Black style
Always crack smiles and show my fangs
Blood drains down the bottom of my fangs
Lookin' for clues, the wolf pack was to blame

(Interlude: Doc Doom)

Aiyo, so stop smilin' (it's how it go)
M.C.'s stop smilin' (if you livin' in the ghetto)
Black Knights, Killarmy (nawhatimean?)
Presents the house, how it go down, aiyo

(Doc Doom)

My darts travel at the speed of light
So son take heed before you grab a mic
Doc Doom is dangerous and dangerously lyrics strike
Throughout the dungeon pit, spic niggaz be lovin' it
Vow to never ever break the covenant
Black Knights, West Coast Killa Beez, Bobby Digital
Nowadays, rappers in this industry so trivial
That means materialistic, bring that shit through my district
And get ya top twisted like a Mystic
You midget, you talk shit and niggaz live it, for real it's
'Bout as real as it's ever gonna get, right here, right now
Bang the underground sound that's world reknown
I'm like a pitcher on the mound, throwin' strikes to these rap clowns
So back down, Black Knight brigade, we bust like four round
Only faggots pushin' my button like when phones dial (muthafucka)
Now I'm the greatest sound that's world renown
I'm like a pitcher throwin' strikes -- aww! (yo)

(Crisis)

When I penalize I paralyze, commercial niggaz terrified
My peeps on the streets of Long Beach can verify
And we terrorize different divisions and never blast to scare niggaz
Black Tec niggaz, match the rap wit hand triggers
Easy access, you faggot niggaz be theatric actin' in the gat fest
Use that ass as target practice, blast liquid from a solid and
Then return you back to gases
Sharpshooters, sniper accuracy is what I mastered
Slugs leave you broken up, got that ass open up
You talk all that, you're jaw jabbin' once ya dopened up
Scopin' us my rhymes blow minds like Cocoa dust
We the drinkers, we connect like Pebble Beach Scar' flicks
It's hard to think that sound of war got ya seekin' a shrink
Make big cats shrink, sit back and watch the Empire sink
As Black Knights and Killarm' get out the round table
Every swing from the sword's fatal, leavin' the industry disabled
Muthafuckas, get ready for this, we don't stop... (yo)

(Holocaust)

In the back, shootin' the pistols, return marsupial tissues
My brain is a computer, which launch nuclear missiles
That split you into halves, blood-baths, the first to last
When I walk into the room feel a draft, I'm cursed and mad
Hurt ya staff wit a verse from the past, I'm Killgrave
Wander court fields in midnight and drill pains
Still slaves in this drunken parade, blunts in the rain
Realizin' I got nothin' but change, dumpin' ya frame
Over waterfalls, you spin on ya side like Neptune
Gun you down in restrooms, M.C.'s catch flesh wounds
On their ear lobes, sip my beers cold, sometimes appear old
Carryin' seven scrolls, peg-legged in Musketeer robes
And fear shows, dirty black pirate, the rap tyrant
Scientist psychiatrist, drink and attack clients
Track 'faints when I step to the mic, weapon of light
Holocaust, you regrettin' ya life, steppin' to fight
Wit the humble young merchant, eighty minds in one person
They hop in and out time to time, that's why I'm cursin'
Who the fuck chump punks catch lumps and slump bunk?
Dumb struck, bench press dump trucks wit one thrust
Run just because you witnessed the scene, spit kerosine
That ignites on sight, War Machine, the terror fiend
Now the feast from the mind and the body, we still hungry
Watch my tongue bleed, blunt seeds, I'm real ugly
And twisted, artistic, bizarre, I've travelled far
Walk L.A. wit an eye-patch, braids and battle scars

.. Muthafuckas