

Warcloud, Mad Axes

Artist: Holocaust

Album: Nightmares That Surface from Shallow Sleep

Song: Mad Axes

(Intro: Holocaust)

'Mad Axes'...

Silver ants and golden beetles crawling throughout my paragraphs

Chief Warcloud, to peel a lemon and share a drag

Wu-Tang Clan, West Coast, so carry torch

Throwing 'Mad Axes', bad apples at dead whores

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(Chorus 2X: Holocaust)

Throwing 'Mad Axes', heavy sawed-off shotty

Old Liquid Foot, Powder Foot chopped up the body

Great Warcloud who cracked you mighty hard

I watch the children chasing chickens off in the yard

(Holocaust)

I crash through the door and 'Motorhead' through the window

With a heavy pistol, Warcloud the Champion

Victory bourns freedom, the universe can't defeat him

Crash you with the Seagram's, ooh-yah

Chop your head in half with the heavy old sword from Old Asia

Sick man amaze you, dark 'Castle Fantasia'

Shot you in the early life, throw your arms in the garbage bin

Records will retard the spin, lay my gats on wax

Slit your belly open and stash a hammer in the back

Warcloud don't play Sleepy Horse, clack-clack

Slumped on a horse with a creepy torch and black gats

If one cannot speak wisdom about his or her culture

Therefore, they cannot deal equality

Barbaric policies, slaughter you in the odyssey

Crack you like a policy, make your organs come out of thee

Shot him barefoot in the dark, he was a tyrant

Fiasco pop violent, I smoke jump like a giant

And escape the deep end, my deadly maze of clues

We smoke motherfuckers like Army and Navy news

A hall full of dinosaurs heads, hear the best tune

You were mangled by a madman inside a wet room

Cut you at the knee wit the shotgun, it's hurtful

You's like blind fish that swim in lazy circles

Gun him so swiftly, fired my Smith & Wesson

He tried to escape but stepped on his own intestine

Throw you in the shredder for pleasure and live to tell

Old war ghost, they cannonball in their well

(Chorus 2X)

(Holocaust)

Sunburst, shotgun, drop son, and scotch run

Down the dirty staircase, clatter like when the cops come

Warcloud, you punk crews, never started

It's like someone took human skins and filled them with garbage

You'll find your ass back in the dumpster from heavy gats

Baptism of blood, I'll leave you with flies and gnats

I stalk wit a sawed-off shotgun and an axe

All wrapped in bandages, coat was long and black

Spark it in the darkness, we rich men and hunchback

Shovel through the portal with cyber gats for asking

School of Assassins, stashing your body fragments

Just behind eight big crates we drunk laughing

Heavy swords, axes and hammers are my brigade

I'll cut you men down with the gauge and flip the page

Stumble off the ripple, 'cause everyday is New Year's
Sick like the green coyote, I drink a few beers
Lift that brick, grab that gat, paintings in the stack
I bump you and slump you on every track
It's that Warcloud rap, we desperate desperados
Machine junky crunchy with shots to pop the lotto
Swigging dusty bottles, the strongest will sing the longest
Throw you in the hells of hells from marking zombies
Rap creature land, beware mechanical animals
Warcloud stretching the daisies with revolvers
Drunk like thieves, take it just like the breeze
Now look at all the clowns there, sleeping up in the trees

(Chorus 2X)

(Holocaust)

It's way past your curfew, I came here to unearth you
Heavy old sword from Jerusalem, splattered Jews from them
Red Bangladesh murder stupid men, peep my future pen
Hear from the roof, the grim records, poet salute the spin
Cave where Medusa went, troops were been, I shoot the lead
And let loose the hen, quite close to where the fruits were rents
Fry your brain, boots and grim, Louis spent, thy scoops of mints
Pick a ___ and then strangle, mangle and slaughter you
Storm dream marauder who meat markets you artists
A large scholastic lesson from Butcher College
Tear your gut open, out gasses, liquids and solids
They'll be astonished, how I left the whole place polished
Carry mad knowledge, for those who wrestle with concepts
Warcloud, outsiders, wanderers and conquerors
Warriors, angry men, warmongers, barbarians
Holy men, crusaders, face huggers and space truckers
Brake fuckers backs, your spines were made of Lego
I laugh like a merchant whose teeth were made of Play-Do
Champ send your broad out, I snatched the bitch by them jaw out
Hacksaw your legs, it's evening at the raw house
Warcloud, don't play monologue, pleasure ships
Slumped on a horse with a tomahawk, and desert mints
Gallop through snowflakes, test him and catch a broke face
Razorblade tropical snowstorm, that slopes waste
Tatter rappers to form, holy lyrics you torn
Fly like a diamond winged unicorn, beyond the norm'

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Holocaust)

Wu-Tang Clan, West Coast Killa Beez

'Mad Axes', 'Mad Axes', 'Mad Axes'

'What do you call yourself, politically and how do you define it?' - sample