

Warcloud, No Image

(Chorus: Nina Simone "Images" sample)

But there are no palm trees (on the street)

No palm trees, on the street, and dishwasher gives back no images

(Holocaust:)

According to some stories, I am asleep in an underground tomb waiting to resume

And scientists are still unsure exactly how I will bring about doom

They know that all it takes is a microphone

To enlighten the poor old bones of emcee's I've scattered throughout the centuries

There is no life alert to save you in your hip hop fall injury

You'd have to be crazy to mess with the tarantula

Try to get me, nope, I turn into smoke and go under the door like Dracula

The werewolf coyote, rainy forest, roaming in his mouth is half a dove

Hate on display like burning eleven feet cross in a day

You wanna rhyme but that's enough in this powerful action packed struggle

It hurts, I burst your large floating bubble

At night, throw dirt in your face with a shovel

And later blast an Agro Crag, bombard and bury your crew

In a shocking deluge of rocks and rubble

Watch soon, late night, the Holocaust cartoon plot

Leave you shot after a loud noise

They don't want you to know my dark void

See, I escaped the mic like the explosion at the end of Predator'

And we sleep upside down in a cave, The Lost Boys' (The Lost Boys')

(Chorus)

(Holocaust:)

Some people are morbidly afraid of being buried alive

A rap Babe Ruth terrorize pitchers in his time, I carry you wide

Through the river, get the picture? I'm the pain giver

Hitler with a scripture, I leave you lost

Like back in the Middle Ages, dark bear diet winner

The flu virus can live on a substance for up to two days

Your sudden death with my tomb plays

My sound Crash' on rocks like blue waves

You're trapped in a large wooden house on the hill

In a total world of vampires, until the end still

You've been fighting in one for months

Look from in the inside, the windows are boarded up

In the day they go away but at night they're all over

One you knew, yelling out your name at night, colder

They want you to come out, so they can haunt you with a bout

You try to fight them with constructed weapons and bless them

Though at night, they're finding new ways epic

To send you sooner a death message, the house is decrepit

They wanna teach you a lesson, a bloodthirsty unrested method

And when you creep out of the boarded up windows

There are vampire women who show leg with their dresses

(Chorus)

(Holocaust:)

Strike anywhere a match is, in hip hop, the God of War, you better practice

Like the Apache Indian on the ridge you fought for a hundred years with axes and hatchets

Bionic six, lyrical acrobatics, it's tragic

You hide away like a kitten behind a cactus

I fell in love with the woman who dance at night with black magic

When a crocodile attacks it's almost never predictable

My lyrics are the spirits of mythical serial killers turned physical

What do you think, I came here to kiss you?

My long feathered tassel tomahawk, thrown swift, splits the moon

Hangs and boomerangs back to Earth, and rips through your crew

And then you like tissue, then someone holds it an issue

I load my skeleton revolver pistol
A man, he worked all day and at night he hung his skin
Please, won't you sit down, friend?
In a forest hunted by a bear alone, I climb up a tree
And fall down upon him with a long thick branch and grim
My pocket knife tied to the end.

(Chorus x2)

(Outro: Nina Simone sample)
She thinks her brown body has no glory..
If she could dance naked under palm trees...
And see her image in the river, she would know...
But there are no palm trees, on the street...