

# Warcloud, On The High Side Of The Sky

Artist: Holocaust f/ Road Block

Album: Smugglin' Booze in the Graveyard

Song: On the High Side Of The Sky

Typed by: Knowledge God, Tha Masta

(Ninja Scroll sample)

{\*horse neighs then gallops past\*}

{\*smash followed by man groaning\*}

Jubei : No! I know the way now

So leave me alone alright?

Stoneface : Not quite the right direction

The way to Hell is right here!

{\*fighting noises in the background\*}

(Intro: Holocaust)

Battle shades of cyber space, intergalactic war zone

Warcloud rest.. bloody on the streets

In the fire escape

Robo-Warcloud meets Robo-Soul Brady

L.A. MC's love to smack you in hip hop

Vocal bio-tape with war stories that's sold to enemies

LA niggas love to smack you in hip hop

American muscle rap, American muscle rap

Swamp wars in a poetic nexus, heavy metal plexus

Trade raps, bionic glumps

Crash that phat war chant

Ghostly war machines, flightless tyrants with battle raps

Smoke, smoke, smoke

Since I handled that

Haha

(Holocaust)

Hey! The sound of storm troopers, solar panel mechanical grammatical units

That rips flesh from BONES, atomic wavelength shatters tones

Warcloud, crooked clutch, cobbles, stones, purple, cream crystal Capone

Bone beach sticks, built in Indian brick hits

Shiny apples and bananas, break lenses of an ignoramus

Then I slap you like the stooges, you run like the little rap kids

I'm the HOLD of the Twilight Zone from Spanish castles

Call me chainsaw hand, thump cyborgs with tank parts

Escape from the weapon world, robo-gangster who bank NARC's

Smoke stack back, haywire bent over elderly

A crocodile learned to jump from tree to tree

I rap like machinery, rappers all catch and brainwashed

Those techno mics can only be found with gamma rays

My suitcase BOMBS, Stone Roses at the Olympics

CHAMP, figure neighbouring move points eternally

For DAYS, I ice skate on a man-made lake from posing MC's

Filled with a very large number, like guns

Eat right through you like a fancy Easter cake

Scary rumble forest, half mountainside, half lumber

Thunder broke The High Side of the Sky

When the microphone was placed in my icy grip

Beneath a hallway, tall wall brawl, y'all fall, I maul all

And crawl out the blood wall hall to call a doll

On the ceiling sideways, break a couch on a rapper's back

Heavy shiny pistols surprise you like box of Cracker Jacks

Force like Jacker smack, laid a hat like a batter's stack

Warcloud, butcher bone network like when the hackers hack

Each data macca that, clack gats all through the slackest rap

Some steep and some unseen some and somewhere famous like old Hakers Stat

He drops the classic facts, strongmen, soldiers and acrobats

I monkey-wrench the backup TAPS, dustingly take a lacker nap

Bloody like the clappers tap, baffle caps, with shackle raps

Chewing rosebuds, Adam's Apple crack guns and raffle brats  
Tabernacle chaps stack jewellery, candy and black Heaterz  
Master the nap, these angry men PACK JURASSIC RAPS  
Toxic acid laps, gat bags with gat quacks  
Loud flame scatter raps cutter hats, my pattern spat  
Shatter cracks when Big Warcloud flaps with a hundred bats  
Sleeps behind a sliding map, batter chaps with scanner lacks  
Latter axe, flashback cats grasp my pistol yap  
Murder caddy shack saps in horror fog so relax  
I attack, Braveheart bone scratch, my track is phat  
I laugh at rapper's chat, splatter cats and scatter splatter  
Bloody money stacks, mummy hatch the dummy raps  
CHAPTER HATCH BATTLE TRACKS, pinball per battle-axe

(Chorus: Holocaust)

Shades of Technology, intergalactic war zone  
Psycho tropic crab backlash, shotguns blast (battle axe)  
Shades of Technology, cannons and missile shaft blast  
Star Wars clash backlash, shotguns blast (battle axe)  
Shades of Technology, war machines future, past  
Bang cyber chick fast, backlash, shotguns blast (battle axe)  
Shades of Technology, intergalactic war zone  
Shatter stars flash backlash, shotguns blast (battle axe)

(Break: Holocaust)

Fuckers, kapow  
Clack clack kapow

(Road Block)

Voltron form fair warn', MC's get scorn  
Warn, bled alarm sound oblivious  
Toy MC's flow but they style is quite ridiculous  
Def come to these Jam rappers  
Kicking rhymes, life is like cadavers  
To unemployment, whack MC's get flushed like a toilet  
We look and dunk and spoil it  
We in terminal hunting season  
Never commit treason to the King without reason  
Running' from the poets, wheezing, heavy breathing  
Our elite fleet won the battle  
Laid you in the gravel  
Unravelling your Adam's Apple, forcing' me to grapple  
Un-float to the next mode, MC's is mouldy  
With RCA cables, beat machines control me  
Back track and burn you, kick flow and serve you  
Behind building people, grab and sleep redeem you  
Destroying, defeating, hanging upside-down from the ceiling  
Real troops revealing, hands in the pockets, lethal weapons concealing

(Chorus)

(Holocaust)

I caught grammar cadaver in a bush, gravestone crossing  
Every brain vessel bursting your offspring  
Battle-axe costing, vine of roses, my thorn swings  
Slow hands, arms explode, laughing at darkness  
Heartless darts cartridge, shoppers turn hard marksmen  
Cut the dark monkey part shot, my dark carpet  
Cribs and catapults, and cans stand in the splatter  
Bones shatters, streets are latter, scatter brain matter on platter  
Cranberry Splash Mountain, my gun lead spit in spines  
Bloodthirsty Warcloud, yo I caught the champ sniffing' lines  
Dine on weak minds like limes and apple wine  
The perfect crime to devour planets in time  
Nine little Indians teach you their departure

Beware of hidden archers, pyramid on the hill  
Stomach organs spill, cyber-tropic metropolis  
Necro plastic operatives hold presidents hostages  
Take me to the button magisterial righteous glutton  
I bludgeon your platoon, mayhem the dirty dozen  
Drifting living weapons, outer space war zone legends  
Ghastly arithmetic in motion from Heaven  
Chunks bitten out of the head of the anti-Christ  
Old liquid foot, powder foot chopped up the body  
Clack clack kapow, hit you behind a sandwich truck  
Shuffle with the gauge to an alley and body slide  
Back To The Future, prevents the ransom for rocking' mics  
Power in the present war ghost, I blast the shocking light  
Talking hype, no champ lovers smack you in hip hop  
Warcloud productions we bang broads 'til Easter  
The American poet Soul Brady will keep you ducking hard  
Violent robo-feds will leave crews bloody construction yards

(Road Block)

Universal Soldiers tortured and Iron Maidens  
Intergalactic battleship sink, fight like Ravens  
Pestilence controls the galaxy, life short of immortality  
Burn you up like calories, causin' mass fatalities  
Think fast, blast, you might not last  
You might even end up in a full body cast  
Break backs, tied to train tracks, synapse  
I see red, the battle just took place and everybody's dead  
Bare knuckle boxing, check my entourage  
Killa Bee behind me, full body camouflage  
Brain busting bullets, barrel through your body  
Hit you with Tommy Gunn's from the closet of John Gotti

(Chorus)

(Outro: Warcloud)

Knowledge is the foundation of all things in existence  
Wisdom is the manifestation  
Understanding is the best part  
Psychotropic war zone, battle shades in cyber space  
Warcloud.. Soul Brady  
Wu-Tang Clan is luxuriant  
The American Poets  
They never caught me Sleepy Horse; they never caught me Sleepy Horse  
They'll never catch you Sleepy Horse  
They never catch me Sleepy Horse