

# Warcloud, Shuffle Heavy Gun-Powder-Keg

(Intro: Holocaust)

Yo

Gun! Powder! Keg!

Warcloud, Professional, Vulgar

Aiyo, it's how we rock-rock it

It's how we rock yo yo

It's how we rock-rock it

It's how we rock it, yo yo

Warcloud, aiy

(Chorus: Holocaust)

The art of mic rocking, the art of turntables

Graffiti train yard like waxworks that's fatal

Trouble is my business, flier raps then box kites

Bump into and slump you with heavy pistols, we rock mics

The art of mic rocking, the art of turntables

Graffiti train y'all like waxworks that's fatal

Welcome to the bunk house, pin ball, you age

While I gun rappers down in arcades, come with the page

(Holocaust)

Soap box races the Ghost of Dragstrip Hollow'

Lounging in the back with the chief streak of water fire

Catch a pretty chick spring fruit juice, I'm cluck

Niggas wanna be criminals but they ain't smart

You could never ice me, I'm too ice and dice

British selling cheap shirted guys them gritty flies

Ever since an unruly kid boggled a great

Took a snap shot in the tree at Will Rogers's estate

Right by the polo fields, Zorro the Fox

Toto while the moral is hot, smoulder with pox

Roll them in the box, drop rocks then cock glocks

Clock you out your socks with the ox, the knot props

Under Old Lady's house banging pans and pots

You caught us on the block, Hopscotch, we Hot Jocks

Guns at thirty mobs for dirty cops that shot

We bob for Blue Apples on yachts with a lot of wop

Champagne tops pop in a dark spot in watts

Ride a lot, niggas sleep on cots, you caught the knots

I bought a nice watch, got hype thoughts and mot's

Know you want to jot, like pops you got thought

Tart, what you saw too colonial down in Lexington

Tart, what you saw too colonial down in Lexington

Biker hitchhiker chick had you hold in the wind

She's full of problems that she likes to make, I'm breaking cake

Jolly break your face with a paper mate, we church mice

Starving like an old fat man, my gats jam

Dead mans game, I'll murder you 'til I'm sleepy

Then pay my \_\_\_\_\_ on the outside of my tepee

(Professional)

Yo I sleep with conviction, hit you where your bone will rubble

And I want it susceptible to disease, the art of mic rocking

Turntables, graffiti and weed

Mics, turntables, graffiti and weed

How you supposed to see me with your vision impaired?

I shot your tongue out of your mouth and leave you dead on the stairs

Chorus