

Warcloud, Strawberry Crème (Champagne)

(Intro: Holocaust)

All you mad babies out there
You beautiful young ladies, this one's for you
Go out and shake your little fanny, you fancy fuck

(Chorus 2X: Holocaust)

'Strawberry Crème' Champagne's her last name
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'Strawberry Crème', strawberry crème
'Strawberry Crème' Champagne's her last name

(Holocaust)

Liquorice and ice cream, chocolate chip cookies
She moves like the Enchantress, vixens and belly dancers
Nah, playboy, that's you, I'm cruising
With a big bottle, cigarettes and grooving
Watch her sly movement, chicks can suck my boing-boing
When we gonna join-join, back flipping the coin-coin
Keep the pistol tuck-tuck, slap it like a truck-truck
Glance at an elegant broad, with a yuck-yuck
His dirty luck-luck, pair her neck, the groovy
I might go up to the roof wit pretty Suzie
Or another cutie, keep my music spoosy
We touching mad tropical fruit, cold and juicy
Watermelon waterfalls, teeny bikini bitches
Silly, silly, silly, ice sunken treasure and riches
Give a champ stitches, turn the place into 'Fight Club'
How many French maids does it take to screw in a light bulb?
Classy model chicks, and apple martinis
I pour my champagne in a wine glass, wit peony
L.A. hustle, might greet you with a knuckle
And tongue kiss an actress, making the place buckle
Malt shots and roller-skates, caterpillars on mint leaves
Malt shots and roller-skates, caterpillars on mint leaves

(Chorus 2X)

(Holocaust)

The bouncers give respect to the Black Knight vet
Might rock the whole party wit a mic and cassette
Apple stems and cherry pit, sweat a strawberry bitch
Shaped like a vase full of Indigo pearls
Pistol walks with me, ice cream on her pantyhose
Ask me to dance, I drank and dropped a sandy rose
Bowl of Cherry Cola, evening at the club house
Black Knight berserkers, crowds is giving love out
Might just rub out, some that look thugged out
Deep in the party, knuckles on the bar
Ice cold drinks, chewing Malaysian bubble gum
Miniskirt moms, lyrics, oh they was troublesome
Bodies lay in the hall, a bloody ball
The flying birds now all fall, I stand tall
Cashews and walnuts, lounging lavender lime light
An apple full of sour gummy worms, you couldn't rhyme right

(Chorus 2X)

(Crisis)

Sexy bitch, yo, you beautiful, do you know what I'd do to you? (What?)
All the above, you incredible, looking edible (for real?)
Girl you look like a meal in small bills
That's my brother Monk, maybe him and your girl can build

(Monk)

Casually step this, splashing, I the rugged Monk-Monk
This fine bitch glance, while dance, she backed it up-up
Amazed by my swift high pitch, she got stuck-stuck
Henny off the breath from the bar, fo' sho, I'm drunk-drunk (so what's cracking?)

(Crisis)

Beds and backboards, whatever you ask for
Except kisses, hay and cash, what more can you ask for?
Oh yeah, only time I go raw is the jaw (where we about to go?)
Well shit, we rolling wit ya'll

(Monk)

So what's your name? (Champagne)

(Crisis)

And yours (Elaine)

(Monk)

You're a fly dame (hop in)
We popping, I got the black box, gold raps, let's go to Compton
Mistress crack a travel live, room 212, my entourage
It's waiting

(Crisis)

Patiently, damn this Remy Martin's making me see double
That and the weed made me stumble out the vehicle
Didn't let the ho see it though
And that nigga Monk, rolling up some more weed to smoke