Warcloud, The Persistance Of Memory

Artist: Holocaust Album: n/a

Song: The Persistence of Memory

Typed By: Knowledge God

(Intro: Stand By Me sample (movie samples))
You guys want to go and see a dead body
(Come on over, I got)
(Let me out of here, let me out of here)

(Let me out of here, let me out of here)

(Holocaust) L.A. coke sniffing the greediest Rhymes are like elephant graveyards, mischievous I keep you with a heart full of slugs like a Low Life Catch me getting drunk on the hood of a Classic Chevy Cruising, I keep your eye bruising You get pummelled in the tunnel when we rumble Then I stumble swigging my booze in Bounce over here cause everyday is 1313 Mockingbird Lane Chronicles of beautiful musicals try to disarm me I stomp through your Gingerbread Army, Classic old Chevy's we sky lining like Speedball I feed my battle raps a velvet box of Lady Fingers My raps is like zoo books in the dark with misfits Twist tank barrels in the bowl, send them for Christmas My raps is like zoo books in the dark with misfits Twist tank barrels in the bowl, send them for Christmas Pistol pop your head, you'll never catch me Sleepy Horse Pistol pop your head, you'll never catch me Sleepy Horse L.A. coke sniffing the greediest Rhymes are like elephant graveyards, mischievous I keep you with a heart full of slugs like a Low Life Catch me getting drunk on the hood of a Classic Chevy Cruising, I keep your eye bruising You get pummelled in the tunnel when we rumble Then I stumble swigging my booze in Bounce over here cause everyday is 1313 Mockingbird Lane Chronicles of beautiful musicals try to disarm me I stomp through your Gingerbread Army, Classic old Chevy's we sky lining like Speedball I feed my battle raps a velvet box of Lady Fingers My raps is like zoo books in the dark with misfits Twist tank barrels in the bowl, send them for Christmas My raps is like zoo books in the dark with misfits Twist tank barrels in the bowl, send them for Christmas Pistol pop your head, you'll never catch me Sleepy Horse Pistol pop your head, you'll never catch me Sleepy Horse He likes to drink, he likes to wink He likes to drink and drink and drink The thing he likes, to drink is ink The ink he likes to drink is pink He likes to wink and drink pink ink He busses his gun, all day and night From right to left, and left to right Warcloud out of the savage L.A. streets, motherfuckers (Outro: movie sample) And is convincingly pompous and incurably insane

in an institution for the criminally insane

Your Honour,

for the rest of his natural life