

Warcloud, The Renaissance

Artist: Holocaust f/ Leviathan, Mantra

Album: Nightmares That Surface from Shallow Sleep

Song: The Renaissance

Typed by: Cno Evil

(Intro: Leviathan)

Bless

Ah, West Coast, ah, 'The Renaissance'

It's 'The Renaissance', strangers with candy

Leviathan, Warcloud, Mantra, word

It's 'The Renaissance' ya'll

(Hook 4X: Leviathan)

Those who were blessed in the garden

Shall be, shall be not reincarnated

(Leviathan)

Yo it's the dynamo, body blow specialist, here to twist wrists

Kidnap your mic, take a hike and don't forget this

Broke, you 'bout to learn, hip hop's not always business

'Cause underground authentic linguistics represent ships

That launch missiles at wannabes under siege

Victorious, P.A.C., crossbreeds

Who don't have a clue, stop rhyming like you're brand new

Parallax, we see right through, nobody's fool

Unglue you're molecules then sew you back together

I'm Leviathan, licking shots wit the strangler

We cliff-hangers, unit bangers

Neck an Asian honey lemon, overthrow drop full of nature

The revolution won't platinumized or televised

We third dimension strangers here for you to analyze

In this wilderness, of America-ca-ca

We carry heads and roll them backs of every bloodsucker

'Cause his deadly poem shatter your dome and scatter your bones

You hear the tone dialling you out this combat zone

(Chorus 2X: Mantra)

Poison blood from the 'Bay of Pigs', 'Catcher in the Rye'

Walking dogs to West Asia, kept them in a bind

Retreat to the sea cliff, strength versus weakness

People of the world, let my particles unite

(Holocaust)

Aiyo, 'let the dead bury their dead', 'the wasteful son'

You caught them with a bucket of blood, down in Damascus

Eighty eight back flips, stack chips and write

Though eye is the organ of sight, I cracked it twice

Tripped to oblivious, slaughter you in the rut

While you worship what you know not what, your crew's snuff

I battle 'til my brain shuts off, the street's left you

A strange man kept you, he crept through a can of beats

Bone dust supper, rap's gold teeth forever

And eat through reality, gun you down in a tragedy

Something from the nightmare realm, abnormality

Snap your rib cage out your back, yo call him Warcloud

Red, white and blue werewolf, with sleep technique

Bump you on your head hard with the last baseball

Autographed by Babe Ruth, devil's better respect God

Perplexed odd, flow that was pepper mentionable, injure you

Heavy old sword, that warm body you, smother you

Jockeys in the rain, we rob you and live in luxury

They poison animal eaters, come and try to defeat us

The famous old story of the eight sinister kings

In The Parallax, I'll chop you all up in to stacks

Flapjack bat, they froze a '52 Pickup
Crunchy shots burst then slump you, the bloody hiccups
Battleground sound, Warcloud the dirty Clansman
Wu-Tang soldiers will buzzsaw you with records
Password cryptic, perplexed it by rap embargo
It's like cotton, golf, bird feathers and marbles
Mineral baths, sharp water, save yourself fuckers
You can never buck us, I want you to try to touch us

(Chorus 2X)

(Mantra)

The stigma of a flower pistol in a hairpiece
A static symbol of a mind, that impeach
The legacy on the mound, he was known as Saint Tropez
Struck men out for the effect of oppressive ages
Unstable cages, radicals are restless in the classroom
They shoot off in the black boy jungle
Misty serenades, the bogarts will cook
Pendulum foot, I was in, he didn't look
When Mantra broke out the window, bird became cuckoo
Flew over seesaw, chiefs who come to greet you
Villages concealed in the sounds of the vulture
Crashed on the streets, where my kids got to eat
Lady Vinegar, mopping up the heart spill
Armour shade bias, catch your high tide crescents
Ran from Allah, free cipher for self banishment
Sun spot, rise of the apricot, catch
Twelve trot, understanding hell of happiness
Somebody told me that The Parallax were here
Left hands are diced, then writing on Sheik parchment
Capturing my natives in the straw huts of Saigon
Nature of water comes down from high places
Hard for critics to rate this, solid basement
Mechanize a thought when I walk, gather a witness
Recording ya'll shit, whether people's faces change
Like a scent on the brain, family portrait was hung
A living myth was taken, tunnel to be driven
And subterranean vessels carry the sleeping conscience
Who where trained to mock it, get your hands out my pockets

(Bridge 3X: Leviathan)

Aiyo, yo, reincarnated MC's
Agree to disagree, your style is resting in peace

(Leviathan)

Because...

(Hook 2X)

(Outro: Leviathan)

Not reincarnated, hah, word, not reincarnated