

Warcloud, The Trap Door

(Intro: Holocaust)

Little bitch ass niggas, don't want to see the bracelet
Ice parlour raps
Geologic time, Comedy of Errors'
Arguments over of a poor resort, medallions
Gun solid as a guard at fucking Buckingham Palace
In the graveyard
Water, symmetry, balance and harmony

(Chorus x2: singer)

Deep in the graveyard, the poppies blow
All the crosses, row and row
They are the dead short days ago
They live, felt dawn, saw sunset glow

(Holocaust)

Don't cry, like olive, silk and cotton, tobacco, cake and wine
My gats will break your spine, Casanova/Frankenstein type rhyme
Of central nature, flier raps then box kites
Entire raps that rock mics
Like a blue stoplight, Buffalo Soldier' vulture
Smack a wine opener then approach a prospector mulcher
Rage sugar snap peas, gun pop cans with ease
Tin can telephones exploring the razor war zone
From cryptic corridor thrones, beat your shovels or swords
Beat your swords into shovels
I chuckle with a couple of foolish kids
Region of a body of water that is not reached by sunlight
Music escapada with one mic
Radios and Knick-Knacks, nostra Roby
Like a love story, quite likely erodes inside me
Saint John wrote the Book of Revelation' in the _____ Islands
Little kids smiling, climb off from Taiwan
He snatched a mother, guard his purse like heroes
Stone gat, the Hospitallers making Clearose, you _____
Your so ferocious, dope-ish lyrics like Warcloud, fuck look
Gut your brain relish with a duck hook
Go in there, construct book, 9 milli's, Perilly
That's how the wind write, next right, Mexican windpipe
Tilt my hat brim like, blow you off
Sterling gat, vital collateral force
Stone cross, broke your fucking corpse
Chump ass boys, you better learn how to handle mics
Miniskirt model spasm my cocker spaniel twice
Too many guns, too many guns
This is the face breaker caper

Chorus

(Juleunique)

Yo, I move like Maximus, across Roman land
With plans of revenge to avenge his dead fam'
The war warrior, moving in galactic like solar works
I blast off nuclear missiles 'til my shoulder hurts
Flaming bow and arrow, pierce you then it sparks you
For those that spit flame, I fight fire with fire
Wild like Brownsville, cocktail to blow your cartel
Pierce you with a dart, it's sharp so it'll spark well
My head swell from infinite thoughts that I develop
Geppetto/Stromboli stash jewels cause Cash Rules'
Read books like Matthew's, shatter like glass statues
Get hit with ballistic missiles after you're gunning
Chopped the head of your men and the horse was still running
Chopped the head of your man and the horse was still running

In the graveyard

Chorus x2

(Holocaust)

Additional reporting the city of a million voices
The echoes died in the vast bloody expanse
I'll lead the Great Chiefs to many harvests of victories
Throughout generations dark apocalypse to your populous
Grab your binoculars, axes hit you like oxygen
Seven digit locks and them Chiefs straight from the boxing gym
Leaving missing chunks from heads, of course though
Heavy hatchet capable of piercing a human torso
Rearrangement, your God sheltered the injured
Candy in them bitches like whirl the fuck, the pearl is stuck
Fish roses, native with suit intelligence
Dark brain water, outstanding, scattered, irrelevant
New modern development, black gold and red roses
Weasel bats, squeeze all gats at you evil cats
Triple nocturnal, old and crooked Scrooge's
It will be a mistake however to gun fight with losers
Grasp at the shadow of losers, substance be hype
But curious child is a teacher's delight
Ignite like knife fights in the nightlight
I'm twice nice now fight slugs
The dark cliffs and branches of the trees were drenched in blood
Moonflower love, like vampire bat mythology
And five volume chronicles so abominable
And the wolves turned away fearfully
And all the dead ladies in the lake cheered for me
Known as Warcloud, platoon will bring doom
That will appear in the circle around the Dark Side of the Moon'

(Juleunique)

Thought flow like a nautical, cold like Antarctica
Hot like Veronica, smooth like a harmonica
Step in and I'll conquer your, boy you can't come to this
I draw a line and dare your to step in my circumference
Gradually you suffer a MechWarrior's casualty
Tragedy, Geppetto Stromboli roaming the galaxy
From all degrees I blow your set, fatal blow to your solar plexus
Wrecked you in a quarter sec' or 2k like an army vet'

Chorus x2