

Warcloud, Vicious Killer Beez

(Intro: Holocaust)

North Stars, North Star, North Star, Cha-Cha-Cha-Cha-Cha
Warcloud

(Holocaust)

Flame tanks, stealth tanks, mammoth tanks, and hover tanks
Cargo planes and gun boats, I smother banks
Helicopter landing, step off and then shoot standing
And blow you into five with a particle beam cannon
Skiing off a snowy slope on fire
And it's still snowing, the 'Big Wolf on Campus'
Shots run rampid, their bodies are now my canvas
Hot chain gun your soldiers fell in the sandpits
At my weapons factory I am the new prototype
If you're like me you're at the repair facility
Warcloud, day at the power plant, the War Hawk
To ladies Mr Chair-Hands blow a hole through your store lock
Bank heist in Kathmandu, it was a slaughter
The day Buddha was born it rained tea instead of water
Old toys in the 'Old Toy Room' cock revolvers
I camouflage in rocks with guns and crystal armours
An old man and his wife wrecked their car in the mountains
And wandered up 3 miles then to their surprise
They found a ghost army hazy in their cataracts
And at the tip-top Warcloud threw his battleaxe

(Chorus 3X: unknown reggae artist)

This Killa Bee, gun shot it by the rain
This Killa Bee, yes, you know a blood stain

(Christbearer)

Christbearer be your vital information
Grab the microphone and make something out of nothing (what?)
With nodulation, my gestation, germination
An Emancipation Proclamation win the vindication
MC, MC Freemasonry with the gavel, mystery unravelled (God in the flesh)
God in the being, y'all niggas still can't see Jeanie
With a flow so dreamy, it's the phenomenally, phenomenal, phenomenon
Young Genghis Khan is designed to be on, tip-toe onto the set
with my gods in the flex for Tyrannosaurus Rex
I gets hotter than the hair on the gazelle
Then through the death jail with my style unveiled, off the chain
It ain't hard to tell, Christbearer done cracked the scale
With Coolie Mack and L (North side)
I never let the truth in the false of jail
All hail bearer, of the thunder Christbearer

(Chorus 3X)

(Meko the Pharaoh)

Fuck it, let's tear the world up
Since everybody motionless and don't give a fuck
Moving like an SUV truck, rolling on the right side high
Y'all niggas can't fuck with this Long Beach mind
Tear down your city make everybody cry
And it's a shame how the world's been tricked
I move across the nation with my global black fist
'Cause niggas out here is like terrorists
We'll blow your whole Ave. up with one stick (Wu!)
And I ain't talking 'bout sherm
I'm talking 'bout shit to blow your whole damn firm
Acting like you concerned about me? (What?)
You get dropped G, moving with your paparazzi (nigga)
You taking chances like you playing Yahtzee

You could never fuck with me, North Star (Yeah)

(Mikey Jarrett)

Run out of luck, you know them run out of luck fool
Run out of luck, you know them run out of luck fool
Run out of luck, you know them run out of luck
Say when them check it out the Killa Bee them buck off
Say when them check it out the Killa Bee them buck off
Killa Bee and North Star, we done heard them step up
So listen and your lyrics when the God gonna spit
Say two shots are now suck up ina your hip
So listen and your lyrics when the God gonna spit
Say two shots are now stuck up ina your hip
So listen and your lyrics will pick up on the spliff
We no business if you a Blood and nah care if you a Crip
Say when we come through, you know strictly street sweep
Say when we come through on the crib, we a creep
Boy, you better go and go back down beneath

(Outro: Mikey Jarrett)

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Word up, man, Killa Bee, North Star
It's how we do it, blah blah
One, niggas