

# Warcloud, 9 Days Of Wine & Roses

Artist: Holocaust

Album: Smugglin' Booze in the Graveyard

Song: 9 Days of Wine & Roses

Typed by: Knowledge God

(Intro: movie sample)

Get out of here you dig old bastard

Go on get your ass out of here

\*machine gun fire\*

\*man panting and moaning\*

\*baby crying\*

(Chorus x2: Holocaust)

I love rap like the young lady over laughing

I watch a cockroach on the white door frozen daiquiri athlete

(Holocaust)

Aiyo, I Charley twenty seven of you raps soldier's torpedoes

Gun flame Banditos, leak you, slump you finito

Chronicles and memoirs, coconut Pontremolli man

Like a dead horse pump a Tomahawk 'til the drama stop

Then I'ma walk, yo everything is yo

Exotic, bionic like Winter of Red Snow'

Library of old maps, radios and Nik Naks

Drink of spring water, the King slaughtered in horror

Pocket full of trail mix, apple chips and naval ships

Gave a girl a wink and went upstairs to drink

Call them Alcatraz, Big Warcloud, Alcatraz, Alcatraz

Shuffle gun powder barrel but furrow

Hit by a thousand dipped arrows and million spears

Died standing up, he appears to swig beers

Clap and overlap you Cash Rules I stash jewels

Read books like Matthew's, shatter you like glass statues

Baffling whores is in this healthiest caper

It's like tropical birds and reading the mornings paper

The news is printed on cheap wood

So you don't have to pay very much for your paper

At sunrise, eighty eight shots that bust your gut with one rhyme

Medicine balls, gymnasium rap is bloody fun time

Chorus x2

(Holocaust)

Aiyo, The Long Walk Home', haywire, bent over elderly

Hammerhead Shark Men, Tiger Men, my Bible pen

Floats a bloody spiralling nightmare, prescribe you gin

Blend like Biggie, Iguanas, blues and reds

All shades of grey, crystal waters, my pistol slaughters

Missiles auto crash your shack this time tomorrow

Horror show flow, swivel nose dough that's part cheesy

Tear you spine out then climb out the bar as easy

See we like to murder rappers, drink heavy liquor and fall out

Bad Brooklyn bitches, them chicks stay in the door house

Brawl out, 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, \_\_\_\_\_ choppy

Classic old Chevy's we sky lining like Speedball  
I feed my battle raps a velvet box of Lady Fingers