Warcloud, On The High Side Of The Sky

Artist: Holocaust f/ Road Block Album: Smugglin' Booze in the Graveyard Song: On the High Side Of The Sky Typed by: Knowledge God, Tha Masta

(Ninja Scroll sample)
{*horse neighs then gallops past*}
{*smash followed by man groaning*}
Jubei : No! I know the way now
So leave me alone alright?
Stoneface : Not quite the right direction
The way to Hell is right here!
{*fighting noises in the background*}

(Intro: Holocaust) Battle shades of cyber space, intergalactic war zone Warcloud rest.. bloody on the streets In the fire escape Robo-Warcloud meets Robo-Soul Brady L.A. MC's love to smack you in hip hop Vocal bio-tape with war stories that's sold to enemies LA niggas love to smack you in hip hop American muscle rap, American muscle rap Swamp wars in a poetic nexus, heavy metal plexus Trade raps, bionic glumps Crash that phat war chant Ghostly war machines, flightless tyrants with battle raps Smoke, smoke, smoke Since I handled that Haha

(Holocaust)

Hey! The sound of storm troopers, solar panel mechanical grammatical units That rips flesh from BONES, atomic wavelength shatters tones Warcloud, crooked clutch, cobbles, stones, purple, cream crystal Capone Bone beach sticks, built in Indian brick hits Shiny apples and bananas, break lenses of an ignoramus Then I slap you like the stooges, you run like the little rap kids I'm the HOLD of the Twilight Zone from Spanish castles Call me chainsaw hand, thump cyborgs with tank parts Escape from the weapon world, robo-gangster who bank NARC's Smoke stack back, haywire bent over elderly A crocodile learned to jump from tree to tree I rap like machinery, rappers all catch and brainwashed Those techno mics can only be found with gamma rays My suitcase BOMBS, Stone Roses at the Olympics CHAMP, figure neighbouring move points eternally For DAYS, I ice skate on a man-made lake from posing MC's Filled with a very large number, like guns Eat right through you like a fancy Easter cake Scary rumble forest, half mountainside, half lumber Thunder broke The High Side of the Sky When the microphone was placed in my icy grip Beneath a hallway, tall wall brawl, y'all fall, I maul all And crawl out the blood wall hall to call a doll On the ceiling sideways, break a couch on a rapper's back Heavy shiny pistols surprise you like box of Cracker Jacks Force like Jacker smack, laid a hat like a batter's stack Warcloud, butcher bone network like when the hackers hack Each data macca that, clack gats all through the slackest rap Some steep and some unseen some and somewhere famous like old Hakers Stat He drops the classic facts, strongmen, soldiers and acrobats I monkey-wrench the backup TAPS, dustingly take a lacker nap Bloody like the clappers tap, baffle caps, with shackle raps

Chewing rosebuds, Adam's Apple crack guns and raffle brats Tabernacle chaps stack jewellery, candy and black Heaterz Master the nap, these angry men PACK JURASSIC RAPS Toxic acid laps, gat bags with gat quacks Loud flame scatter raps cutter hats, my pattern spat Shatter cracks when Big Warcloud flaps with a hundred bats Sleeps behind a sliding map, batter chaps with scanner lacks Latter axe, flashback cats grasp my pistol yap Murder caddy shack saps in horror fog so relax I attack, Braveheart bone scratch, my track is phat I laugh at rapper's chat, splatter cats and scatter splatter Bloody money stacks, mummy hatch the dummy raps CHAPTER HATCH BATTLE TRACKS, pinball per battle-axe

(Chorus: Holocaust)

Shades of Technológy, intergalactic war zone Psycho tropic crab backlash, shotguns blast (battle axe) Shades of Technology, cannons and missile shaft blast Star Wars clash backlash, shotguns blast (battle axe) Shades of Technology, war machines future, past Bang cyber chick fast, backlash, shotguns blast (battle axe) Shades of Technology, intergalactic war zone Shatter stars flash backlash, shotguns blast (battle axe)

(Break: Holocaust) Fuckers, kapow Clack clack kapow

(Road Block) Voltron form fair

Voltron form fair warn', MC's get scorn Warn, bled alarm sound oblivious Toy MC's flow but they style is quite ridiculous Def come to these Jam rappers Kicking rhymes, life is like cadavers To unemployment, whack MC's get flushed like a toilet We look and dunk and spoil it We in terminal hunting season Never commit treason to the King without reason Running' from the poets, wheezing, heavy breathing Our elite fleet won the battle Laid you in the gravel Unravelled your Adam's Apple, forcing' me to grapple Un-float to the next mode, MC's is mouldy With RCA cables, beat machines control me Back track and burn you, kick flow and serve you Behind building people, grab and sleep redeem you Destroying, defeating, hanging upside-down from the ceiling Real troops revealing, hands in the pockets, lethal weapons concealing

(Chorus)

(Holocaust)

I caught grammar cadaver in a bush, gravestone crossing Every brain vessel bursting your offspring Battle-axe costing, vine of roses, my thorn swings Slow hands, arms explode, laughing at darkness Heartless darts cartridge, shoppers turn hard marksmen Cut the dark monkey part shot, my dark carpet Cribs and catapults, and cans stand in the splatter Bones shatters, streets are latter, scatter brain matter on platter Cranberry Splash Mountain, my gun lead spit in spines Bloodthirsty Warcloud, yo I caught the champ sniffing' lines Dine on weak minds like limes and apple wine The perfect crime to devour planets in time Nine little Indians teach you their departure Beware of hidden archers, pyramid on the hill Stomach organs spill, cyber-tropic metropolis Necro plastic operatives hold presidents hostages Take me to the button magisterial righteous glutton I bludgeon your platoon, mayhem the dirty dozen Drifting living weapons, outer space war zone legends Ghastly arithmetic in motion from Heaven Chunks bitten out of the head of the anti-Christ Old liquid foot, powder foot chopped up the body Clack clack kapow, hit you behind a sandwich truck Shuffle with the gauge to an alley and body slide Back To The Future, prevents the ransom for rocking' mics Power in the present war ghost, I blast the shocking light Talking hype, no champ lovers smack you in hip hop Warcloud productions we bang broads 'til Easter The American poet Soul Brady will keep you ducking hard Violent robo-feds will leave crews bloody construction yards

(Road Block)

Universal Soldiers tortured and Iron Maidens Intergalactic battleship sink, fight like Ravens Pestilence controls the galaxy, life short of immortality Burn you up like calories, causin' mass fatalities Think fast, blast, you might not last You might even end up in a full body cast Break backs, tied to train tracks, synapse I see red, the battle just took place and everybody's dead Bare knuckle boxing, check my entourage Killa Bee behind me, full body camouflage Brain busting bullets, barrel through your body Hit you with Tommy Gunn's from the closet of John Gotti

(Chorus)

(Outro: Warcloud) Knowledge is the foundation of all things in existence Wisdom is the manifestation Understanding is the best part Psychotropic war zone, battle shades in cyber space Warcloud.. Soul Brady Wu-Tang Clan is luxuriant The American Poets They never caught me Sleepy Horse; they never caught me Sleepy Horse They'll never catch you Sleepy Horse They never catch me Sleepy Horse