

Warcloud, Bluntz, Martiniz, Girlz & Gunz

[Intro: Holocaust]

Black Knights...

West Coast, Kill or be Killed

Black Knights, Black Knights

You hear it from the distance

[Holocaust]

Yo, my brain sprouts branches blossoming tragic thoughts

Tape's bully lyrics lunch money, pistol or microphone

Welcome to LA, battle the unexplained

Scarecrows and apples, meet Mr. Constrictus (*evil laughter*)

Concrete knuckles and scuffles, I'll waste groups

Give 'em lumps the size of footballs, bricks and grapefruit

Make soup, blueberry, while dining with classic monsters

Better check my sponsor, chop before you can answer

Brothers in the con slur, bullet holes in the stop sign

Gods in the neighborhood, pistol in the sunset

Lyrics, they bench-press dump trucks with one thrust

Faster than sound, light or speed that your gun bust

Among us, West Coast wreck hopes, infect dope

Whinin' cuz you last Holocaust cassette broke

The Hunchback, Tic-Tac heads come to get you

Nine hundred and forty three missiles made of crystal

Light a match to those, the crowd put all their lighters up

Stomp through the Graveyard in the rain, the Architect

Bricks in the mud, the cold weather and scorch it

For Box Car Children and Orphans, brought a portrait

Chewing on cactus, rappers better practice

Slimy like a catfish, dollars in the mattress

A hand-carved pipe from Baton Rouge, the Cherokee

Grand High Count, feed Macadaemians to Parakeet

French Lemonade, skeletons on the highway

Club gets rowdy, I'll box my way out

Poor Righteous Teacher, Devil's better fear us

So my pistol splatter your brains across the mirrors

[Hook: Holocaust]

Bluntz, Martiniz, Girlz and Gunz

[Holocaust]

Gut 'em like a fish, the man who bled marbles

Bloody Mr. Fix-it, Holocaust and guns

Stumble through the doorway wearing my evening chains

Real as the hallway, red and blue Crayola's

Now leaving stains, Architect from Cali

Rumble through the mist covered valleys, dirty alleys

Crumbs in ya suitcase, ice-fishing with Pelicans

Big old cackling skeleton, you're irrelevant

Riding Jorum Elephants, California horizon

Track mud through the kitchen, murder henchmen

Strange mans pocket, cigarettes and candy

Walk wit a limp, chance of a lifetime

Bandit's swamp, cyborg crank, Tic-Tac

Blow holes through MC's the size of Bowling balls

Briefcase man, champ, my flame is buildin'

Send a fist-full jelly beans out for the neighbors children

Two-fisted brawler, Good Times in the sunlight

Trapped the one night, you crawl, the God's, a gun fight

Holo-Holocaust is sleepy, holdin' microphones

Four dead men in the alley, the butcher

Shirts with the blossoms, West Coast, the gentlemen

Holding a pistol, smoke bluntz for hours

To understand the Language of Flowers

Gritty mug shot, Mr. Arms&Legs, drew up bullets

Bed time, time to turn in, but into what?
A well set table, Third Rock from the Sun
Dead men hung, Cadillacs and dinosaurs
Hot peanuts and fireworks, a Holocaust

[Chorus 2x: Holocaust]

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