

## The Final Hour

MF DOOM

"The final hour is approaching for the people of Earth, hear this!"

She said "Excuse me, villain, you be illin' with the wordplay"  
He said "Thank you very much, I'm billin' 'till Thursday"  
Once heard a beat drum it sounded like a sloppy knock  
Whoever was on the mic, speech is pure poppycock  
These go back to the days of pop lock  
Even back to rumors that Mikey died off pop rocks  
Where the girls wore jellies and played hop scotch  
Older broads used to wear tennises and sloppy socks  
APB, the three-headed with the fancy crown  
Last seen headed towards a city in shanty town  
All of a sudden can't be found  
Safe and sound, mouth on the nipple, panties down  
Put a choke hold on the monster from Ogopogo  
Whoever did they vocals and also they so-so logo  
That's a no-no  
Through the wheels of steel, phono  
Geedorah, no deals pro bono