The Final Hour

MF DOOM

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

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

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!