

# Shock of the Hour

MC Ren

(chorus)

Rumdiditty dum dum, rum didditty dum dum

Rum diddity dum dum dum

The shock of the hour, armageddon

Judgment day has come

(laywiy)

Now it license lights with million knights the divides and canyon

The shock of the hour has come to devour the evil, deceivers, and satan

Among shin, among men, you wicked, whisperin' devil

Get deep in the flames of hell for the lies you babble

6 6 6, the mark of the beast and the number of man

Is s, see yes you just confessed the antichrist is caucasian

'cause you made from God and God is man, created on six

The art deceivers made believers outta my people and the crucifix

The symbol of death, the sign of christ, and christa was weak

He came from krishna, God of the hindies, so get weak for your black feet

Now call on your false god, from zeus to borta

To armen, diana, I call on ela

You wastin' for peace for a feast on the blood of kings

You ancient babylon, america, all form in griefs

As the apocalypse, spits your eclipse, engulfed darkness

The dragon is bound in a bottom less pit

Now fear the doom of death, from the tune of ruffiah's trumpet

The return of esop is the legion, the messiah is coming

The angles over hell will chastise with pain

Those who worship deplicit darkness and kept his name

Blesses to the seven souls, 'round the throne from el villione

And pieces how you take this to the prophets and the puzzled

So devils, run here we come, ready to fight

The shock of the hour is power when the clock strikes midnight

(chorus)

(mc ren)

In the twinklin' of an eye, motherfuckers gonna die

Watchin' baby bomber planes rip across the sky

Fallin' on your jesus, comin' for the pork chop

Wake ya out your sleep, shit is deep, about to wreck shop

Bombs goin' down a mile deep, pushin' up a mile high

Nigga ain't allowed to cry while they disbelieve his god

Fakin' with your malcolm x picture on the wall

Motherfuckers shoulda listened when you got your final call

Think your doin' the brothers a favor by buyin' a paper

Shoulda read your paper, it tells ya the devil raped ya

Stripped ya of the scripture, blood ya then he crypt ya

Gave you a corner, some bitches, and called you that nigga

And then he pimped ya

You're mind is a waste, so now you got a taste

The chastise bitch ya shoulda took heed of what the wise said

Now you're bent outta shape with no power

Fuck up and waited for the shock of the hour

(chorus)

(kam)

What's the whole comin' to for someone who was snakes?

Just a gang a rain, hail, snow, and earthquakes, makin' milk shakes

Vanilla killa, 'cause it's judgment day

The kinda shit that turn your baby's hair gray, so you pray

That it stop before you drop, for goodness sake

Damn I'm seein' shit that make pregnant women's water break

Oughta make a run for it but you can't move  
You terrified of somethin' that a law had to prove  
So there you lie motionless and gave up the ghost  
You finally arrived at the day you dreaded most  
It's the shock of the hour  
(chorus)