

The Final Hour

King Geedorah

"The final hour is approaching for the people of Earth, hear this!" She said "Excuse me"

And you be illin with the wordplay

He said "Thank you very much I'm billing till Thursday"

Once heard a beat drum it sounded like a sloppy knock

Whoever was on the mic speech is pure poppy cock

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 3 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 "Ah!"

Songwriters

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