

# Final Hour

## War Hungry

I treat this like my thesis  
Well written topic  
Broken down into pieces  
I introduce, then produce  
Words so profuse  
It's abuse how I juice up this beat  
Like I'm deuce  
Two people both equal  
Like I'm Gemini  
Rather Simeon  
If I Jimmy on this lock I could pop it  
You can't stop it  
Drop it  
Your whole crew's microscopic  
Like particles while I make international articles  
And on the cover  
Don't discuss the baby mother business  
I've been in this third LP, you can't tell me, I witness  
First handed, I'm candid  
You can't stand it  
Respect demanded  
And get flown around the planet  
Rock hard like granite or steel  
People feel Lauryn Hill from New York to Israel  
And this is real  
So I keep makin' the street's ballads  
While you lookin' for dressin' to go with your tossed salad  
You could get the money  
You could get the power  
But keep your eyes on the final hour  
You could get the money  
You could get the power  
But keep your eyes on the final hour  
I'm about to change the focus  
From the richest to the brokest  
I wrote this opus  
To reverse the hypnosis  
Whoever's closest  
To the line, gonna win it

You gonna fall, tryin' to ball  
While my team win the pennant  
I'm about to begin it  
For a minute  
Then run for Senate  
Make a slum Lord be the tenant  
Give his money to kids to spend it  
And then amend it  
Every law that ever prevented  
Our survival since our arrival  
Documented in the Bible  
Like Moses and Aaron  
Things gonna change, it's apparent  
And all the transparent gonna  
Be seen through  
Let God redeem you  
Keep your din true  
You can get the green too  
Watch out who you cling to  
Observe how a Queen do  
And now I remain calm  
Readin' the seventy third psalm  
'Cause with all this going on  
I got the world in my palm  
Now you could get the money  
You could get the power  
But keep your eyes on the final hour  
You could get the money  
You could get the power  
But keep your eyes on the final hour  
Now I'll be breakin' bread sippin' Manichevitz wine  
Pay no mind party like it's nineteen ninety nine  
But when it comes down to ground beef like Palestine  
Say your rhymes, let's see if that get you out your bend  
Now I'm a get the mozzarella like a rocker feller  
Still be in the church of Lalibela  
Singing hymns like a cappella  
Whether posed in Maribelle in couture  
Or collectin' residuals from off the score  
I'm makin' sure  
I'm with the hundred and forty four  
I've been here before this ain't a battle, this is war  
Word to Boonie  
I makes a lot like a Sunni  
Get diplomatic immunity in every ghetto community

Had opportunity went from  
Hood shock to hood-chic  
But it ain't what you cop  
It's about what you keep  
And even if there are leaks  
You can't capsize this ship  
'Cause I baptize my lips every time I take a sip  
You could get the money  
You could get the power  
But keep your eyes on the final hour  
You could get the money  
You could get the power  
But keep your eyes on the final hour  
You could get the money  
You could get the power  
But keep your eyes on the final hour  
You could get the money  
You could get the power  
But keep your eyes on the final hour  
You could get the money  
You could get the money  
You could get the money  
Final hour  
Keep your eyes  
Keep your eyes  
Keep your eyes on the final hour  
Now, you can get the money  
Okay, you can get the power  
But just keep your eyes on the final hour  
Final hour  
Final hour  
Final hour  
...

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