# Final Hour

## Bedlam

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
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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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