Apocalypse

The Running Gags

Yeah, I was looking out my window now
When I heard this sounds, looked up into the sky
Saw the moon turn to blood, looked at my little brother
Said, "You high as hell man"Apocalypse, one, two the headlines youths just rolled through
Apocalypse, three, four soldier, a hundred horsemen at your door
Apocalypse, five, six you wanted dead or alive, hit or miss
We, we y'all, yeah, we, we y'all, yeah, we, we y'all, yeah, we, we y'allArrival of the carnival, new beats, I never recycle
While you looking for samples, you might get trampled
Surprise, hey, I'm back with lightning and thunder
I heard you over saying I'm the one year wonderYou dumb or some, went to refugees
Silly felony, when I'm done, collect royalties from record company's
Clouds getting darker, suns getting nearer
I'll turn an atheist into a God fearing believerThe back of a building, your body's found by children
Playin' hide go seek, what we found was his skeleton
In the back of a car, you spawned with the wrong guard
You know my empire strikes back hard missles launchedWar is the day after ashes, projects, cannons
Being launched hit the palace
Vision, revelation, sky wrote apocalypse
Enemy, pilots, kamikaze into the abyssApocalypse, one, two the headlines youths just rolled through
Apocalypse, three, four soldier, a hundred horsemen at your door
Apocalypse, five, six you wanted dead or alive, hit or miss
We, we y'all, yeah, we, we y'all, yeah, we, we y'all, yeah, we, we y'allA yo, back on earth, the party's at the tunnel
On the west side of the river went mad quiver
Rats get fed to the alligator
Gun blast equivalent to the bombs in pearl harborRescue choppers, Brooklyn turn to Hiroshima
I'm driving to Jersey to escape the terror
I was on the highway pushing a black viper
A car pulls up, is he a jack or a sniperA blue range rover, he says pull over
I didn't know he was a DT undercover
I screamed out my lungs, this is discrimination
What's the charge? He said, "You just robbed a gas station"Who me? Not me, it couldn't be
I was at the Grammys with Brandy
Didn't you see me on TV? Bullshit, you're all in the same game
He tried to run me off the road, like he was Rosco P. ColtrainI stayed calm, gave him a hell of a show
'Cause if it's every time to go, all I gotta press is turbo
Heard it on his walkie, road block on two-eighty west
Things got serious, that's when I bust a leftU-Turn, my eyes burned, my concern was a truck coming

Head on collision within a second chase position
Close one, I almost went up in a blaze
Running from what appears to be a masqueradeAt least that's what I thought, it was all in my mind
Reality stuck when I got to the borderline
The headline reads every ghettos sad story
A rookie shoots a boy over mistaken identityApocalypse, we, we y'all, yeah, we, we y'all, yeah
We, we y'all, yeah, we, we y'all yeahApocalypse, one, two the headlines youths just rolled through
Apocalypse, three, four soldier, a hundred horsemen at your door
Apocalypse, five, six wanted dead or alive, hit or miss
We, we y'all, yeah, we, we y'all, yeah, we, we y'all, yeah, we, we y'allThe carnival
No body is protected
Anything can happen
Right

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