

## **Busta Rhymes**

# **"Intro - There's Only One Year Left"**

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Little girl: daddy, what's it gonna be like in the year  
2000?  
Dad: well sweetheart, for your sake I hope it'll all be  
peaches &  
Cream.  
But I'm afraid the end time is near. the cataclysmic  
apocalypse  
Referred  
To in the scriptures of every hole book know to  
mankind. it will be an  
Era fraught with boundless greed & corruption, where  
global monetary  
Systems disintegrate, leaving brother to kill brother for  
a grain of  
Over  
Cook rice. the nations of the civilized world will collapse  
under the  
Impressive weight of parasitic political conspiracies  
which remove all  
Hope & optimism from their once faithfull citizens.  
around the globe,  
Generations of polluters will be punished for their sins.  
unshilded  
By the o-zone they have successfully depleted, left to  
bake in the  
Cering naked rays of light. wholesale assassinations  
served to  
Destabilize  
Every remaining government, leaving the starving &  
wicked to fend  
For themselves. bloodthirsty renegade cyborgs  
created by tax dodging  
Corporations reek havok. pissed off androids tired of  
being slaves to  
A godless & gutless system, where the rich get richer  
& the poor get  
Fucked over and out, unleash total world wide  
destruction by means  
Of nuclear holocaust, annihilating the terrified masses,  
leaving in  
Its  
Torturous wake nothing but vicious, cannibalistic,

mutating,  
Radiating,

And horribly dis-figured hordes of satanic killers, ?  
begged on  
Revenge,  
But against home? , there are so few left alive.  
starvation reins  
Supreme,  
Forcing unlucky survivors to eat anything & anyone in  
their path.  
Massive earthquakes crack the planets crust like a  
hollow egg shell,  
Causing unending volcanic eruptions. creatures of the  
seven seas,  
Unable to escape the certain death upon land, boil in  
their liquid  
Prison.  
Disease then circles the earth, plagues & viruses with  
no known cause  
Or cure laying waste to whatever draws breath, and  
human-kind having  
Proven itself to be nothing more than a race of ruthless  
scavengers,  
Fall  
Victim to merciless attacks at the hands of  
interplanetary alien  
Tribes who  
Seek to conquer our charred remains. this is extinction  
level event,  
The  
Final world front. and there is only, one, year, left.  
Little girl: wow, that's cool, I can't hardly wait!  
Dad: you don't have to, because here it is.....(echos  
out)  
Busta rhymes: callin all live niggaz!!!!  
Callin all live bitches!!!!  
We got a job for y'all on planet earth  
Flipmode world domination in progress..  
Mutha fuckas!!!!!!.....

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