

## **Boogie Monsters**

# **"The Beginning Of The End"**

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[ CHORUS 2X ]

Livin in these last days and times, check yourself  
And what you feed your mind, I know you  
Can't be blind livin in the future

[ VERSE 1: Vex ]

I got Armageddon weaponry like the 7th Seal  
Jahwe send me soundwaves (sshaa-sshaaa) that you  
feel  
Hail and fire, a burning mountain, it's on  
In one line, a 3rd of earth and waters are gone  
Check my vocal, more hotter than sun in Alcapulco  
Normany inequite splitter, and ignorance get rid of  
I spitter, start into space, it's like the moon and sun  
How many worthy of Heaven? No, not one  
Throw the devil in a bottomless pit, judgment begin  
Angel from the Euphrates killed a 3rd of his men  
Then I change form, bustin in abnormal type tactics  
Flippin styles like acrobatics  
So who can do what he do, flip a style that's free too  
With more fat formulas techniques than T2  
See through falacy with my x-ray vision  
Wreckin raps inside my derby like demolition  
Style switch, envision my brain-splittin atoms in the  
track  
I'm beyond critical mass, feel the lyrical blast, black  
It's the P.O.W. in the lyric-proof jacket  
My quicker spray ricochet your racket out my bracket  
From the attic of the Boogiemonsters shack  
It's the revolutionary black hole sun on attack  
Bring it back

[ CHORUS 2X ]

[ Mondo ]

???? is pro-black and to my folks it sound silly  
But it's lockdown straight from Rhode Island to Philly  
As the crackdown begins, intensity reaches to the  
maximum  
And you really get to see who is your friends  
The same sneakers angle from the telephone cable  
Five-o forever patrollin, my neighborhood is never

stable

These days, this appears to be a concentration camp  
Eliminatin welfare and still fishin for a victim  
Cause from 200 down to 95th Street is all blackly  
populated

Then go further downtown, it ain't debated  
Who inhabitates the best, come on, we segragated  
But that's aight, somebody's comin like a thief in the  
night

The police state technique is to practice on the cattle  
On the humble for that worldwide battle  
Illest when I feel this, yo Domingo, slide the faders on  
the bass

And I'ma lay it all out in they face  
Most of the Presidents was Masons with one thing in  
mind

To keep it in the family they must elimiate the swine  
And the swine is us, and whose God do +you+ trust?  
It's gettin realer by the second in the future

[ CHORUS until end ]

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