

## **Florian Feat. Enter The Tainment**

### **"Shock of the Hour"**

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(CHORUS)

Rumdidditty dum dum, rum didditty dum dum

Rum didditty dum dum dum

The shock of the hour, Armageddon

Judgment day has come

(Laywiy)

Now it license lights with million knights the divides  
and canyon

The shock of the hour has come to devour the evil,  
deceivers, and satan

Among shin, among men, you wicked, whisperin' devil

Get deep in the flames of hell for the lies you babble

6 6 6, the mark of the beast and the number of man

Is S, see yes you just confessed the antichrist is  
caucasian

'Cause you made from God and God is man, created  
on six

The art deceivers made believers outta my people and  
the crucifix

The symbol of death, the sign of Christ, and christa  
was weak

He came from Krishna, God of the Hindies, so get  
weak for your black feet

Now call on your false God, from Zeus to Borta

To Armen, Diana, I call on Ela

You wastin' for peace for a feast on the blood of Kings

You ancient Babylon, America, all form in griefs

As the apocalypse, spits your eclipse, engulfed  
darkness

The dragon is bound in a bottom less pit

Now fear the doom of death, from the tune of Ruffiah's  
trumpet

The return of Esop is the legion, the Messiah is coming

The angles over hell will chastise with pain

Those who worship deplicit darkness and kept his  
name

Blesses to the seven souls, 'round the throne from El  
Villione

And pieces how you take this to the prophets and the  
puzzled

So devils, run here we come, ready to fight  
The shock of the hour is power when the clock strikes  
midnight

(CHORUS)

(MC Ren)

In the twinklin' of an eye, motherfuckers gonna die  
Watchin' baby bomber planes rip across the sky  
Fallin' on your Jesus, comin' for the pork chop  
Wake ya out your sleep, shit is deep, about to wreck  
shop  
Bombs goin' down a mile deep, pushin' up a mile high  
Nigga ain't allowed to cry while they disbelieve his God  
Fakin' with your Malcolm X picture on the wall  
Motherfuckers shoulda listened when you got your final  
call  
Think your doin' the brothers a favor by buyin' a paper  
Shoulda read your paper, it tells ya the devil raped ya  
Stripped ya of the scripture, blood ya then he crypt ya  
Gave you a corner, some bitches, and called you that  
nigga  
And then he pimped ya  
You're mind is a waste, so now you got a taste  
The chastise bitch ya shoulda took heed of what the  
wise said  
Now you're bent outta shape with no power  
Fuck up and waited for the shock of the hour

(CHORUS)

(KAM)

What's the whole comin' to for someone who was  
snakes?  
Just a gang a rain, hail, snow, and earthquakes, makin'  
milk shakes  
Vanilla killa, 'cause it's Judgment Day  
The kinda shit that turn your baby's hair gray, so you  
pray  
That it stop before you drop, for goodness sake  
Damn I'm seein' shit that make pregnant women's  
water break  
Oughta make a run for it but you can't move  
You terrified of somethin' that a law had to prove  
So there you lie motionless and gave up the ghost  
You finally arrived at the day you dreaded most  
It's the shock of the hour

(CHORUS)

