

Clockwork

Rapsody

Don't it sound so marvelous?

Yeah

World famous DJ Clue Desert Storms

I took (Vegas Jones)

I took, I

I took flight and I can't come down now (The Nation)

Reached new heights, I'm high above the ground now

Penthouse views, my jewels lit like a lighthouse

Oh, we gotta roll one

And I got enough bricks to build a White House

D'Useé pouring, ace of spades popping

From the sidelines they hate, but they watching

I don't got time to wait, I stay plotting (Stay plotting)

'Cause the time is money, you can't clock it

Yeah, hit the scene, I'm on my Mr. Clean

I took the top off, I'm whipping cocaine

All white with off white to me's the 23's

Getting all this paper from these similes

Where I been? I been in the gym, I'm doing 10 a week

A pad and pen, it's all I really need to rewrite history

Boy, you're DNA, don't need expensive jeans

I'm the designer brand that all you niggas need

Knew I would live the dream when I was sixteen

On big screens, I got it out the mud, but now my shit clean (Clean)

Pristine

Big dreams

Rich dreams

I'm about to (Uh, yeah)

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And I got enough bricks to build a White House

D'Useé pouring, ace of spades popping

From the sidelines they hate, but they watching

I don't got time to wait, I stay plotting (Yuh)

'Cause the time is money, you can't clock it

Niggas waste time, my mama ain't waste a belt

She beat my ass, I beat this beat, you beat your dick

They say pussy sells, successes tell me I did well, it's something else

Thinking 'bout the stories Biggie didn't tell

The drug cartel, my cartel got 4 rings without the dope

Cocaina

I'm so dope you'd think my head would be big as Gina's

Niggas gotta stand on they toes to see me like ballerinas

Couldn't waste time if I was Flava Flav's clock swinging

That's a waste line

Some people hip to me, some people not

Some people turn corners, some still on the block

Waiting on the coroners

Bullets hot

I'm in the field shooting for the stars like I own Amazon

Wasting tears, families mourning you

Don't waste your life, on god

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Reached new heights, I'm high above the ground now
Penthouse views, my jewels lit like a lighthouse
And I got enough bricks to build a White House
D'Useé pouring, ace of spades popping
From the sidelines they hate, but they watching
I don't got time to wait, I stay plotting
'Cause the time is money, you can't clock it

Ooh
I'm on that D'ussé
I'm in the duvet
I got the blue face
These bitches do what I say
They on
I did some shit
We on
Take off and we gone till the morn'
Aye, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Hmm, popping bottles
Get money, get money, and more

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