

Clock Strikes

Timbaland & Magoo

See, them other crews could not figure me
It's the Mag and double-oooh, got that fat CD
Buck a crystal, hit a nigga with my blunt Philly
Fake MC's getting assed like they eatin chili
Only way they seem to rap is if they got a Philly
Maybe I'm Nicole Brown, cause you really kill me
Got away with hittin me, but you ain't O.J.
I'm bout to shake up the world like Cassius Clay
When I bumble watch your back cause I sting like bee
This ain't the Wild Wild West and you ain't Kool Moe Dee
Watch a movie now you think that you really Joe Pesci
You don't want beef with me, like a diaper I'm messy

I'm that laid back brother they call Timbaland
I drive a 850 sometimes a 3-2 Mazda van
You can catch me standin in my b-boy stance
Or catch me at home watchin Who's the Man?
They call robber, cause I pack much heat
Don't call me now, because they dig the way I speaks
I'm like a genie, because I've been trapped in a bottle
I've got more stunts, than that nigga Desperado
Come follow, a mad brother where'll there be no sun
no sun tomorrow, you be sayin, when can we meet? Uhh uhh
My offices hours are nine to five
Ain't that right Maganoo, Maganoo? Right... right

When the clock strikes, half past two, yeah
They'll be dancin, through the night
Da-da-da, da, da (HEY!)
Da-da-da, da, da (AHH!)
Da-da-da, da, da (HEY!)
Da da daahhhhhh! (AHH!)

Now gimme that...
And run with the... (AHH)
Party people are you ready for Tim and Maganoo
As we come, rum & coke, won't you kick a verse too

Yo I'm bout to get it started like I'm Hammer then I farted
You retarded if you thinkin Brandy really broken hearted
I departed doin dirt, lookin up your girl's skirt
Keep it Steve Martin style, bustin loose like jerk
I get Up like -town, gimme don't say no more
Got them scars on my face cause my health be poor
You Milli Vanilli, I'm Kurtis Blow like eighty-fo'
No I don't want your girl she be suckin my big toe
You get death like row, I take a beanie then I jet
Peace to Tupac, cause he was dope as it get
Twisted but you ain't Keith Sweat and shit got hot
Make a block then make a circle then I rock that spot
The rappin Don, I make a dyke go straight
If you think I'm cute, then you up too late
Make no mistake, I'm a question with no answer
Riddle me like the Joker get burnt like JoJo dancer

[Chorus 1/2]

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