Clockwork

Blackalicious

We getting' ready, to start the setIt's clockwork, got work, put it in like doctors with awkwardness

Mopped your whole flock up, and walked toward ya

Scattered all up on the chalkboard, Socrates self is thoughtless

From farmers to metropolis, I get these process all twistedForm mental visual optics, my job description rock

wiz

Clock ticks, I'm toxic giving oxygen to the thoughtless
Intoxicant knocking the planet off it's axis, like oxes chappin'
Boxing compin up out though, peepin' it loose
Seeped in to you, begin' in to the outro
MC is what I be about though

The freshest widow without thoughI can outflow, any little doubt

Your little mouth throw out so, take it out though

So I'm a gardener, I'm a chef eatin' all you carnivores

I'm an ancient Zen master philosophic thought

Comin' like the art of war, handyman with lyrical hardware

And my house ain't made a ginger

But its made of an array of pages that'll slay ya like a Ninja Unemployed, noI got work, and my job description

A rap technician

From sun up to sun down

And it's clockworkCan you understand?

Every beat be made with sucker DJ's plus scissors and tape

Can you understand?

Lyrics that I write will put you in sound out of sightCan you understand?

Master of scratching yes is he the one slippin'

Or is he the real captain?

Can you understand?

The way we rock keep runnin' for a record around the blockGrabbin' the mic and unravelin' with, the force of a javelin hit

Travelin' gift of gab and I'm it, MC's are havin' a fit
A man and a myth with a hat of magical tricks stored in my cabina net
Jamming and rippin' the average listener cramming in it like a sandwich

A bit at a time

This critical rhyming individual will shine your pitiful kind

It's little so little that I will be little your mind

Nigero tearin' yo ego and spiritual flows, divine imperialSigned and delivered, so take time rewind and give it

all

Your undivided attention, divide is in division Subtraction in addition, see I'm like a mathematician

Egyptologist wisdom

Hip hop holy man submerging you all in my baptism

Security guard of the rap prison, slap rhythms into newborns

And birth rap ism into blunts from sacks hittin'

Get 'em off and make fat dividends, now that's livin'See I got work, and my job description

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The way we rock keep runnin' for a record around the blockOne two, one, two

This is my mic, my rhyme, my beat and my crowdDo I have to give up my signature? To get ya to figure it out

I'm walking the path that Allah had planted

Or jah, whoever you give your shout to

If your doubts rip you out your physical watch your spiritual drift up out

Floatin' up on your way to infinity, kiss the clouds

Just about, when you get to the point where the alien ships are outTell 'em I sent you to help ya and give ya

directions

Wherever you're going so that you don't miss the route

See, I send you traveling far, unadulterated cleverness

And you'll never catch a flaw, I'm a hip hop astrologist

And my raps a shooting star, I'm a bartender all into your mental

Sittin' at the bar ventures force injureMore injure pretenders the inventor of plenty other dullage

Your loving buzzin' at your door like

Jehovah Witnesses is in the fall

If I was your landlord you wouldn't need to pay the rent at all

Just give me applause whenever I floss that'll be the only costSee my occupation

A rap technician

From sun up to sun down

And it's clockwork and it don't stopCan you understand?

Every beat be made with sucker DJ's plus scissors and tape

Can you understand?

Lyrics that I write will put you in sound out of sightCan you understand?

Master of scratching yes is he the one slippin'

Or is he the real captain?

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The way we rock keep runnin' for a record around the block

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