Tic Toc (Amended Version)

Cham

1... 2... 3...
Yo, Operator jack it up
And make the girls them on de dance floor back it up
Yo, tell the selector fe pull it up
The place hot but a hot girl pull it up
Yo, Operator jack it up
And make the girls them pon de dance floor back it up
Ah what dem think?
Ah what dem feel?
Ah what dem think?
Clean Steel!(chorus)
Tic Toc Tic goes the clock
Informers dance to the sound of my glock
They all get scared when they hear the thing cock
Rude boy there and we have the place lock
Tic Toc Tic goes the clock
Blaze up the fire make the fussy dem drop
Chilling in the club
Champagne a pop
Getting that money and we ain't gonna stopWe gonna party like we never had a party yet
She get scared cause she never had a yardie yet
Tipsy because she never drink Bacardi yet
She never get it 'til she sing a Bob Marley yet
I like the way she keep it tight like she celibate
She have me acting like a bedroom degenerate
Turn on the charm and me get her whole body wet
Off the bed, on the floor, pon the laminate
I hear the enemies ah call out meh name
Them act like them think it is a game
Let them know when we roll we roll deep
Bad man put them to sleep! Bad a week!(chorus)She's all over me that is so ironic
Rockin' them sevens and brown man hold a blonic
Whisper in my ear she wha fly supersonic
Vitamin S - she want the natural tonic
Real street hustler we grow hydroponic
Jamaican niggas doh live without chronic
Snitches and rats make me get demonic
Run up in the club and make the whole place panic
Never trust a rat cause dem love chat ya heard

Snitch will always be a snitch mark meh word
Flex like a fool get caught like a nerd
Go jail and go sing like bird(chorus)Cho! Raise ya glass make a toast to the dapper dem
Ah wanna big up all the champagne popper dem
The ones who live the lifestyles of the rapper dem
And all the girls dem wit de biggest set a knocker dem
Ya gotta love it when ya see a whole flock a dem
Up in the club and ya boys taking stock a dem
Am feeling one but the rest a cock blocker dem
That's how you know you gotta bring ya game proper then
Don't hate the informers and the clocker them
The news carriers the baby mother tracker dem
Big up the big money spenders and the shopper dem
And all the ladies in the club they ass clapper dem
Scream, if you looking fat like de whopper dem
Make a nigger bust quick show a flop a dem
Woman a request the real toppa top a dem
Where they bounce news stopper dem! Come again!(chorus)(repeat first verse)

Songwriters
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