

Ticking Away

D.J. Taylor

Clock on the wall keeps ticking away
I've got to go, but I'd love to stay Yo I've been walkin' round in the streets of these cities
I've flipped a few whiskies, I've rode a few kitties
I made a few dollars, I bought a few bottles
I popped a few collars then rocked a few models I've pushed a few buttons, left all you cats guessing
It's Whedo Garcia, bia, who you stressin'?
I'm effervescent, 'bout to drop blessings
I had to kill Whitey, word to the almighty I'm tailor made and I'm custom fitted
Can't none of y'all cats do it like I did it
I might come sing it, I might come spit it
And if you wanna take it, try to come get it
You'll get your wig splitted, get your grill busted
I'm crazy like the Beastie Boys were still dusted Clock on the wall keeps ticking away
A tick tock and you don't stop
I've got to go, but I'd love to stay
A tock tick and you don't quit, hit it Clock on the wall keeps ticking away
A tick tock and you don't stop
I've got to go, but I'd love to stay
A tock tick and you don't quit, hit it Yo, off the dummy's instrumental, I spit heavy metal
Never been from the ghetto, keep it mad fundamental
Caninite devil, Cockazoid rebel
Add some bass, add some treble, and pump up my level 'Cause mad motherfuckers done bit my steeze
And the game has got biters like dogs got fleas
And all you dick riders get up off your knees
Drinkers turn your bottles up, smokers burn your trees Learn your A B C's, mind your P's and Q's
Fuck around, get shot up, wind up on the news
Yo, it's Whedo Garcia, he a singin' the blues
Rockin' shiney jewels and some brand new shoes I love my mama 'cause she ain't raised no fools
My golden rule is stay holdin' the tool
What you doing to your people's comes back on you
Don't know when the grim reaper wants to rendezvous, it's like Clock on the wall keeps ticking away
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I've got to go, but I'd love to stay
A tock tick and you don't quit, hit it I hear mad motherfuckers say they're ready to die
Acting like they don't care but I swear they lie
Tell you now if they had to look death in the eye

They beg and they plead and they scream and they cry
When the reaper calls, ya all will fall
Ya all will fall when the reaper calls
When the reaper calls, ya all will fall
Ya all will fall when the reaper calls
I hear a lot of motherfuckers say they down for the kill
Most of them are just clowns but they swear they will
Spend a lot of time being down, keepin' it real
But I pay more attention to the ones that keep still
Ya all will fall when the reaper calls
When the reaper calls, ya all will fall
Ya all will fall when the reaper calls
When the reaper calls, ya all will fall
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