

Clockwork

Blackalicious

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

We getting' ready, to start the set
It'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 twisted
Form 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 though
I 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, no I got work, and my job description
A rap technician
From sun up to sun down
And it's clockwork
Can 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 sight
Can 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 block
Grabbin' 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 imperial
 Signed 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
 A rap technician
 From sun up to sun down
 And it's clockwork
 Can you understand?
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 The way we rock keep runnin' for a record around the block
 One two, one, two
 This is my mic, my rhyme, my beat and my crowd
 Do 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 out
 Tell '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 injure
 More 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 cost
 See my occupation
 A rap technician
 From sun up to sun down
 And it's clockwork and it don't stop
 Can 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 sight
 Can you understand?
 Master of scratching yes is he the one slippin'

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