Clocks

Kat Dahlia

Black night, white lane
Free up, make rain, oh
We so about it
Sun down, gold chain
My cup, my Jane, oh
We so about it
We live up in the jungle,
We're cocky, but humble
You don't wanna rumble,
Speak up, bitch! Don't mumble!
You want it you got it,
Supply for the party
Bitch, I'll be your preacher,
I get this shit starteDChorus:
When the clock strikes twelve
I'mma set it off just like I wanna
Oh baby, when the clock strikes twelve
We gonna turn it up
Don't tell your mama!
Yeah, yeah, yeah!White noise, propane
Black doors, no name ohhh
We so about it!
Red lips no taste,
Red eyes no hey, oh
We so about it!
I don't got pajamas,
I do want I wanna!
I'm all for the night yea,
I'll sleep in the corner
I live in these streets,
I don't care if they're haunted
It's hot on my block
If you slip you're a gonerWhen the clock strikes twelve
I'mma set it off just like I wanna
Oh baby, when the clock strikes twelve
We gonna turn it up
Don't tell your mama!
Yeah, yeah, yeah!
Yeah, yeah, yeah!Cause when the clock strikes twelve

All the freaks come out and play, heyyy!
And when the clock strikes twelve
We gonna ride it like a train hey, hey, hey
Oh, you wanna ride with me hey, hey
Come baby ride my train
You wanna ride with me hey, hey, heyCause when the clock strikes twelve
I'mma set it off just like I wanna
Oh baby, when the clock strikes twelve
Yeah, we gonna turn it up
Don't tell your mama!
Yeah, yeah, yeah!
Yeah, yeah, yeah!
We so about it!here...

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