

Clockwork

Blackalicious

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 (?) it up out though
Peepin it loose
Seeped in to you
Begin in to the

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 clock
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-ne

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>