

## **Timbaland % Magoo**

### **"Clock Strikes"**

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[Magoo]

See, them other crews could not figure me  
It's the Mag and double-oooh, got that fat CD  
Buck a crystal, hit a nigga with my blunt Philly  
Fake MC's getting assed like they eatin chili  
Only way they seem to rap is if they got a Philly  
Maybe I'm Nicole Brown, cause you really kill me  
Got away with hittin me, but you ain't O.J.  
I'm bout to shake up the world like Cassius Clay  
When I bumble watch your back cause I sting like bee  
This ain't the Wild Wild West and you ain't Kool Moe  
Dee  
Watch a movie now you think that you really Joe Pesci  
You don't want beef with me, like a diaper I'm messy

[Timbaland]

I'm that laid back brother they call Timbaland  
I drive a 850 sometimes a 3-2 Mazda van  
You can catch me standin in my b-boy stance  
Or catch me at home watchin Who's the Man?  
They call robber, cause I pack much heat  
Don't call me now, because they dig the way I speaks  
I'm like a genie, because I've been trapped in a bottle  
I've got more stunts, than that nigga Desperado  
Come follow, a mad brother where'll there be no sun  
no sun tomorrow, you be sayin, when can we meet?  
Uhh uhh  
My offices hours are nine to five  
Ain't that right Maganoo, Maganoo? Right... right

Chorus: Magoo

When the clock strikes, half past two, yeah  
They'll be dancin, through the night  
Da-da-da, da, da (HEY!)  
Da-da-da, da, da (AHH!)  
Da-da-da, da, da (HEY!)  
Da da daahhhhhh! (AHH!)  
(repeat with hey's and ahh's added in regularly  
throughout)

[Timbaland]

Now gimme that...

And run with the... (AHH)

Party people are you ready for Tim and Maganoo

As we come, rum & coke, won't you kick a verse too

[Magoo]

Yo I'm bout to get it started like I'm Hammer then I  
farted

You retarded if you thinkin Brandy really broken  
hearted

I departed doin dirt, lookin up your girl's skirt  
Keep it Steve Martin style, bustin loose like jerk  
I get Up like -town, gimme don't say no more  
Got them scars on my face cause my health be poor  
You Milli Vanilli, I'm Kurtis Blow like eighty-fo'  
No I don't want your girl she be suckin my big toe  
You get death like row, I take a beanie then I jet  
Peace to Tupac, cause he was dope as it get  
Twisted but you ain't Keith Sweat and shit got hot  
Make a block then make a circle then I rock that spot  
The rappin Don, I make a dyke go straight  
If you think I'm cute, then you up too late  
Make no mistake, I'm a question with no answer  
Riddle me like the Joker get burnt like JoJo dancer

Chorus 2X

(hey's and ahh's continue for a bit without Magoo)

Chorus 1/2

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