

60 Second Assassin "Clockz N' Kingz"

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[Chorus x2: 60 Second Assassin]

60 Sec. in your gut, what, nigga, what
It's the last second, and who tares it up?
The fuck, nigga, what? Save all that bluff
You're on life support, and I'm the mack truck

[60 Second Assassin:]

From the F.A. block to Putnam, until
Rockaway, Gladiator, I'm hard to kill
From the Desert to Medina's how I'm gon' scar your grill
Somebody, God is real, let him know God is real
Amen, with rhymes that build, more
Gold in your steals, I'm too outspoken for real
It's summertime, I breathe in so deep I can smell a vine
I'm all up in your gut, in this rhyme
60 Sec. rap, stand the test of time
I keeps it real in the grind
And yet never in between my teeth with the swine
Take a hook, chain it down, to shock it

[12 O'Clock:]

It's big 12 from the Cuffie Family
Should he cop empty m's, thanks for having me
I rock stages, any mic that's hand to me
So "follow the leader" like the Rakim said to me
I'm in the club and these girls keep watching me
It's Brooklyn Zu, nigga, from the Wu-Tang Killa Beez
(Huh, you did it
Homey)
And all you dudes that be hating on this G
I got the desert eas', pull it out and squeeze
I'm from Putnam and Franklin, so nigga, please
I bare arms like a shirt with the short sleeves
I like it raw like on a plane with four ki's
It's 12 O'Clock with the O.G.

[Chorus x2]

[Chi-King:]

Aiyo, heavy lies the crown, my flow cold like Aspen
Muay Thai elbow and jaws cracking
So you dissing? Homey, listen, yeah, you go the mic

It's the skills that you missing
Shoot your ass, push the learning in your walk
You can't talk and listen, so listen before you talk
Time for new lessons, yo, time is of the essence
Come correct first and leave the joking for the jesters
Brooklyn bring it back, Sunz of Man well connected
60 Second Assassin, Timbo King
Royal Family swing, this for the '09

[Timbo King:]

They call me Timbo of Jerusalem, the heat will rule
again
A G with a platoon of men, Bo King rule again
Never was a war child, pops work it off the books
Young Brook, been a crook, moving with a felon look
History and your orthodox, some straight off the blocks
Of raw, pop two cops like Tupac Shakur
It's real estate, coming from the realest state
Traitors wanna infiltrate, hit 'em with the glock and
daggers
Street gothic, my pops was a fucking prophet
He told me to dig deep in the devil's project
I'm in the loop, circles they form around me
They crown me and my county, sire, sire
It's Elo' amongst drug kingpins with kilos
Crap shoot c-lo, they neighborhood casino
Counter clockwise, count the troops, not the lies
I see through your foolish attempts with closed eyes
I'm Sitting Bull with a peace pipe, wanna pull?
Got timberwolves dressed in all, sheep's wool
From the blocks to the box, from the fingers to the tops
Less is much more, but my need's a whole lot
It's throwblack clapper, you'se the brokeback rapper
King hustler trapper, the bitch nigga slapper
BRAAAT!

[Chorus x2]

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