

Blackalicious "Clockwork"

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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 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 it's 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-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 belittle 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

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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

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tape

Can you understand?
Lyrics that I write will put you in sound out of sight

Can you understand?
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block

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