

Fiona Apple

"Clockwork"

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Its like clockwork, movin, the hands of time
Four MCs, four minds combined in rhyme(x3)

And it goes, like this
I'll take it straight to that face plate
Snatch and make it detach (what now)
Cause what i bring's the natural dispatch
I'm magical
Word up, I got it like that
I'm just sayin whats on my mind
When I rhyme
And thats the bottom line
Heavy stress got a nigga thinkin that he must be trippin
I'll be runnin rings around the rhymes that they be
whippin
And they know it
But still they must be frontin
Cause I'm sayin somethin
That they dont wanna hear
So now theres nothin (nothin)
But opposition to my every way of life
I'm sayin I'm a bring it on cause I must
Yo I'm bustin rhymes
Cause its fresh when you def with linguistic, artistic
I mean this rap thing, is the shit kid (word up)
Gettin paid is a priority
No Doubt
So run that route
Well quit the runnin at the fuckin mouth
Yo It'll never be the same, like it use to be
Too many half steppers that wanna be up in the
industry
So yo i drop some science every demo i make
It's like, how you livin homes
Kinda trife and it aint that great
I wanna mansion and a yatch and all that bullshit
The niggas compromise they own integrity to get it
Now maybe thats the price to be paid for the riches
Sell your fuckin soul to the Devil
Now those suns a bitches (word)
Are tryin to tell me that my rhymes is to abbrasive and

agressive (what?)
My street warrior attitude aint impressive

I move onto the scene like a graphic
I flow like traffic
I'm at my peak each and ever hour
When I get a rush
I gotta bust with the midas touch
Grab a hold of the steal an grip it with the camels
clutch
Let em feel
Hear and bear witness
As I reveal the sickness
That's been quaratined and revealed
When I redeem
By Red who's One with creation
In time in this space
And rhymin a nation
Forever chasin
Hip Hop
Until da final act of death
Takes my last breath
Odesables of saren vega make me go def
With nothin left
But the force that creates life
Which is the soul
Takes me to the next life
Where I will still rock your bone
The side is told
But not beleive
Its the grasp and behold
The energy they envy
Manafested in me
>From the donnig of time
'Till the dusk of eternity
Def scripts there will only be

We move like clockwork
Individual gears movin in sync
Condition
And executed with procision
The regular recital of rhymes remains
One of the many mechanisms used to escersize the
brain
So stay wise
To the hands of time
Because they dont stop
Hip Hop, you dont stop (stop)
At the top of the hour
Checkmate sets it
Red-1 renegade

Revolves with the record
Clockwise
Retro grave rotation
Known to be not wise
Open your eyes
Before the alarm sounds
Countdown, the year 2000
The path gets dramatic
Time to drop mathematics
I figure
Four MCs in a circular configuration
Is an eventual progression
Time is of the essence
Its the essence of this profession
To help make suggestions
Evolve from shadows
The day is now digital
Whatever the means
Times is still critical
So dont clock this work
But take it for what its worth
Clockwork
So synchronize your inc and rise
Dont blink your eyes
Cause we're on the brink of demise
So sit and re-think the lies
Flipout, is what would describe me best
So let me Flipout
and take this mess from my chest
Clockwork
Movin like the hands of time
Four MCs combined together in rhyme

Its like clockwork
we stockin up the rhymes
But the clerk at the counter be the misfit
Spellin out rhymes from the mind
So check it
If you wanna get jerked by the collar
Then gettin pulled from behind
The Misfit (Misfit)
You try to holla at the boys
Checkmate, Red, Flipout
Yes, indeed Misfit
So instead I think you should step
To the side (to the side)
And just listen to the brothas that be on the ride glide
An back an forth
Like an up rock from a fresh foot
Indeed I will come at ya jaw
And kick ya down with the shit that is coming

Compound
>From the element
Me and the track
You cant ever turn back
Whack
Thats not the way
I never stand still
Yes indead
As I kill another rhyme
You play potential
Kinetic, the man be electric
Electrifying suckers
That think they can defy tha man Misfit
I reach down deep in to the abis
And pull a rhyme to hit ya stiff quick
And thats the way it go
The impact of a firm fist
And like I said before
The dreaded brothas from the northwest (northwest)
Givin you the flow
Like Clock Work
Everyday it goes spontaneous
When we bust
An thats the shit

I told you its like Clockwork
You know
Everyday flow
Thats how we go

Clockwork
Movin Like the hands of time
Four MCs four minds
Together in rhyme(x3)

You know what im sayin
Vancouver side of things

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