

## Rascal Flatts

### "Clockwork"

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It's 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 what's on my mind  
When I rhyme  
And that's 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 don't wanna hear  
So now there's 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 it's 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 that's 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 don't stop  
Hip Hop, you don't 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 don't clock this work  
But take it for what it's worth  
Clockwork  
So synchronize your inc and rise  
Don't 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 can't ever turn back  
Whack  
That's not the way  
I never stand still  
Yes indeed  
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 that's 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 that's the shit

I told you it's like Clockwork  
You know  
Everyday flow  
That's 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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