

Roots Manuva "Clockwork"

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Ain't nothin but this uncut croughness I bring
Don't care bout no fide I do my own thing
Giving chase in this rat race, fears we face
And me be on the case, proud plus brave
Ready to be taking them drastic measures
Give me my treasure then splurt
Could not give a brand new blouse and skirt
I told you both through, fight through the bleak
Clench my teeth dweet, enzymes for me
By any which method positivities be we shepherd
We pounce like left limb leopard
If you ever see me in the street pulling brand new good
moves
You're wrong to confuse me with regular riff-raff, I got
me cause and calling
Never have I held any love for stalling
Plus it make haste
You down for rebellion left-handed glove we embrace
the minellium

(Chorus)

Ticka-ticka tock my golden pen
Scribble 'pon the paper from yassa to when
We drop style 'pon the heathens dem
Those who can't dig it well I feel the problem

Aint no record that can hold me, I'm oversized
Ears ever be open to the words of the wise
But there's untold cats on my corner perpetrating
Read a few books and now their talking
They're looking to convert yours truly, but I'm unruly
Plus, for the crew like cooly folk
Mixing up the Guinness with the raw egg yolk
Cos it's all about strength while we walk through the
valley of the snipe, heathens
Get thee from my sight, you cats is ever eager
To preach up in my face when you just about scrape to
know all that is
How the hell you try to tell me coca-cola got fizz?
I read your pamphlet four times, It don't make sense
You front like you be scholar, Smith smells pretence
Yous best get off your horse, drink your milk, get the

frig out
It goes

(Chorus)

What the frig makes you friggers want to frig with this?
Now you fools got me living with this mental fist
That I wear with knuckledusters, taking out these
frauds in their clusters
Three by three, five by five
How would you describe this left handed loony
Toony votoony, dance gatecrasher
Heading through the back door straight to the bar
And I'm gonna get me some firewater
Then I'm gonna scope out a young fine daughter
Ah yes, it's my wayward nature
Hip to a caper, soon to have a house with X amount of
acre
It goes

(Chorus) x3

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