GE ConXion F/ Samira "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 its made of an array of pages that'll slay ya like a 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

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

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

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 block

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