

The Rascalz

"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 agresive (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 configure-ation

Is an eventual progression
Time is of the essence
It's the essence of this profession
To help make suggestions
Evolve from shadows
The day is now digital
Whatever the means
Time 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
It's 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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