

Timbaland & Magoo "Clock Strikes"

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[Magoo]

See, them other crews could not figure me
It's the Mag and double-oooh, got that fat CD
Buck a crystal, hit a nigga with my blunt Philly
Fake MC's getting assed like they eatin chili
Only way they seem to rap is if they got a Philly
Maybe I'm Nicole Brown, cause you really kill me
Got away with hittin me, but you ain't O.J.
I'm bout to shake up the world like Cassius Clay
When I bumble watch your back cause I sting like bee
This ain't the Wild Wild West and you ain't Kool Moe
Dee
Watch a movie now you think that you really Joe Pesci
You don't want beef with me, like a diaper I'm messy

[Timbaland]

I'm that laid back brother they call Timbaland
I drive a 850 sometimes a 3-2 Mazda van
You can catch me standin in my b-boy stance
Or catch me at home watchin Who's the Man?
They call robber, cause I pack much heat
Don't call me now, because they dig the way I speaks
I'm like a genie, because I've been trapped in a bottle
I've got more stunts, than that nigga Desperado
Come follow, a mad brother where'll there be no sun
no sun tomorrow, you be sayin, when can we meet?
Uhh uhh
My offices hours are nine to five
Ain't that right Maganoo, Maganoo? Right... right

[Chorus: Magoo]

When the clock strikes, half past two, yeah
They'll be dancin, through the night

Da-da-da, da, da (HEY!)

Da-da-da, da, da (AHH!)

Da-da-da, da, da (HEY!)

Da da daahhhhhh! (AHH!)

*[repeat with hey's and ahh's added in regularly
throughout]*

[Timbaland]

Now gimme that...

And run with the... (AHH)

Party people are you ready for Tim and Maganoo

As we come, rum & coke, won't you kick a verse too

[Magoo]

Yo I'm bout to get it started like I'm Hammer then I
farted

You retarded if you thinkin Brandy really broken
hearted

I departed doin dirt, lookin up your girl's skirt

Keep it Steve Martin style, bustin loose like jerk

I get Up like -town, gimme don't say no more

Got them scars on my face cause my health be poor

You Milli Vanilli, I'm Kurtis Blow like eighty-fo'

No I don't want your girl she be suckin my big toe

You get death like row, I take a beanie then I jet

Peace to Tupac, cause he was dope as it get

Twisted but you ain't Keith Sweat and shit got hot

Make a block then make a circle then I rock that spot

The rappin Don, I make a dyke go straight

If you think I'm cute, then you up too late

Make no mistake, I'm a question with no answer

Riddle me like the Joker get burnt like JoJo dancer

[Chorus 2X]

[hey's and ahh's continue for a bit without Magoo]

[Chorus 1/2]

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