

Magoo and Timbaland

"Clock Strikes remix"

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Timbaland]

Yo... dot da dot dot dot party ain't over

Uh huh what uh huh what?

Dot dot dot da party ain't over

Diggi do uh huh what? Uh huh what the party ain't over

Uh huh what yeah what... diggi diggi diggi diggi diggi...

[Magoo]

I'ma kill you all like O.J.

Diss Maganoo for real you must pay

Listen to the way my rap flow delay

His mama named him Clay I'ma call him Clay

Back of the bus, with Rosa Parks

Too much to say, watch my remarks

South to VA, up side to Philly

Y'all be killin me, for real on the really

Recognize the P, when you see he

sport the Kangol with N-I-K-E

Break me off a piece of that, Kit-Kat

You do the horse and make your Gucci wet

Came through the crowd, heard the brother booin

Said real low, 'Hey whatcha doin?'

Don't you know I've been rappin on tracks
since back in the days when tapes was eight-track
Relax and jump to it, like Duran Duran
Black as Buckwheat, still get a tan
Go over to your girl, hey what's yo' number
You and your crew must be Dumb & Dumber
[Timbaland]
Timbaland, uh-huh, understand
Kickin the fly beats for all my fly fans
Not Peter Piper but, Peter Pan
Beat, guaran-guaran, teed to make you dance
People wanna know where I where I get my rhythm
Rhythm, come from, the thing called wisdom
Wisdom is the thing that comes from the dome-dome
when the, clock, strikes, twelve and it's on
People already already feelin my groove
Now's the time for, me to show and prove
Now it's time to get back to my basic method
Record and play play play each segment
chorus
Sardines! Hey, and Pork and Beans, ha-hah
Do you know what that means?
It's twelve o'clock, and the party just don't stop
(repeat 2X)
Aight?

[Magoo]

When it come to flows you best to re-up

Diss me to my face, get the taste slapped out

Rapped out a hit on the plane out to Spain

My mind go in space when I'm kissin on jane

Can't Stand the Rain, but, love Missy

I rock with mad funk so my middle finger pissy

Look for me I'm Chico undercover at the Nico

Mag and double-oooh got gas from burrito

Lay you like Frito if you're white then amigo

In my plaid tuxedo, the rap Al Pacino

Star in Casino, to a veterino

Not Italia-no, but still gambino

Most of y'all rappers can't do your part

I'ma finish up what you all can't start

Got no heart I thought on your LP

I'm on your radio and on your TV

chorus 2X

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