

## **Magoo and Timbaland**

### **"Clock Strikes video remix"**

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featuring Mad Skillz

[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 Play

Back of the bus, with Rosa Parks

Too much to say, watch my remarks

South to VA, look psychadelic

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 sex 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, I'm a fly band

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 dumb-dumbs

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 plat 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

[Timbaland]

and pork and beans

Did you know, did you know, uhh, Skillz

[Mad Skillz]

Now who gets you what you want when you want it? (My man)

Who keep it real with your shorty never front it? (My man)

Who hit that, split that, keep it coming

Who hit you with the knot and hold on to a hundred?  
(My man)

That's what I thought; quick, I'm too slick to get caught

If I like a whip, the whip gettin bought

The boss, and rapper out get tossed

I don't care if you got a 50 page ad in The Source

Of course Lo Life, Lo Life's my name

If you John Blaze, then I'm James Flames

Uhh, Mad, uhh Skillz on the track

So uhh, pardon me uhh, as I come back

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