

# LL Cool J, Clockin' G's

Yeah but they need a beat that they can freak to  
Huh yaknahmean?

Uhh, bounce, yeah  
Uhh.. bounce, yeah  
Uhh.. you heard it from hearsay  
Uhh.. you heard it from hearsay

[LL Cool J]

You wanna bang 'em bang 'em bang 'em 'til you can't no more  
Day-dreamin, bout slidin in that Bentley door  
Cuban chain tucked in so the back'll show  
Whip it out in front of chicks, they react to dough  
Fo' karats in each ear, lettin dude know  
That homes still flow like twenty-twos of snow  
Yankee over doo-rags, extra wristbands  
Pass the Heineken, you're not a Crist' fan  
Ice is the tightest, broads breakin they neck and catchin arthritis  
to bag a ghetto Midas  
Jeans saggin down (uh) with the Michael Vick jersey  
The white on whites from Uptown  
Wifebeater underneath  
If it's totally necessary, some gold teeth, it's on you  
Pull up to the club real slow, leanin back on the cell  
What the hell, these clowns is pointin at?

[Chorus]

(If you got the time.. then I've got the time) You clockin' G's  
You're monopoly, and you property  
(Tell homes over there to step off) You clockin' G's  
(If you got the time.. then I've got the time) You clockin' G's  
You're monopoly, and you property  
(Tell homes over there to step off) You clockin' G's

[LL Cool J]

Uhh, slide out slow (slowwwww)  
Argue on the phone (uh) glance at the chrome (yea)  
Hand on your waist just in case it's on  
Fully prepared to go to war 'til the break of dawn  
Slid a twenty to the bouncer, hold down the car  
Rollin up {?} to rush into the bar  
It's a simple recipe, I-C-E  
S-H-I-N-E equals free P  
Mad birds in the jump-off (uh) lookin thirsty  
Hot and broke, daddy have mercy  
She want Prada, the pearl of drawers  
The new Fendi mink so she can act stink  
The camouflage Pumas with the crystal stripes  
The Mz. Gatrak joints to keep her weave tight  
One clown tried to throw your vibe off all night  
Not knowin that you 20 deep, and you aight

[Chorus]

[LL Cool J]

It's that, head-boppin, neck-jerkin  
Keep you on the block cold focused, straight workin  
Head-boppin, neck-jerkin  
Keep you on the block cold focused, straight workin  
Head-boppin, neck-jerkin  
Keep you on the block cold focused, straight workin  
Head-boppin, neck-jerkin  
Keep you on the block cold focused, straight workin

Huh.. waffle house, three-thirty  
You ain't really hungry, you do it for the birdies  
(Fly pelican fly) And they do it for you  
Even though they always tell you what they not gon' do  
You know the game, you a patient killer  
Whisper sweet nothings, then switch gorilla  
She wanna ride in the 6, pick CD's  
Cause it's lookin so sick, with six TV's  
While you leanin back laughin, doin twenty-five  
Ridin real slow that's how gangstas ride  
You wanna bang her bang her bang her 'til you can't no more  
Dream over, you're closin the Bentley door, out

[Chorus - repeat 2X]