

# Timbaland, Clock Strikes (Remix)

(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