

Timbaland & Magoo, 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