

# Blackalicious, Clockwork

We getting' ready, to start the set

It's clockwork, got work  
Put it in like doctors with awkwardness  
Mopped your whole flock up  
And walked toward ya  
Scattered all up on the chalkboard  
Socrates self is thoughtless  
From farmers to Metropolis  
I get these process all twisted  
Form mental visual optics  
My job description rock wiz  
Clock ticks  
I'm toxic giving oxygen to the thoughtless  
Intoxicant knocking the planet off it's axis  
Like oxes chappin(?)  
Boxing compin (?) it up out though  
Peepin it loose  
Seeped in to you  
Begin in to the outro

MC is what I be about though  
The freshest widow without though  
I can outflow  
Any little doubt  
Your little mouth throw out so  
Take it out though  
So I'm a gardener  
I'm a chef eatin all you carnivores  
I'm an ancient Zen master philosophic thought  
Comin like the Art of War  
Handyman with lyrical hardware  
And my house ain't made a ginger  
But its made of an array of pages that'll slay ya like a ninja  
Unemployed, no, I got work  
And my job description  
A rap technician  
From sun up to sun down  
And it's clockwork

Can you understand?  
Every beat be made with sucker DJ's plus scissors and tape

Can you understand?  
Lyrics that I write will put you in sound out of sight

Can you understand?  
Master of scratching yes is he the one slippin  
Or is he the real captain?

Can you understand?  
The way we rock keep runnin for a record around the clock

Grabbin the mic and unravelin with  
The force of a javelin hit  
Travelin Gift of Gab and I'm it  
MC's are havin a fit  
A man and a myth with a hat of magical tricks stored in my cabina-net,  
Jamming and rippin the average listener cramming in it like a sandwich  
A bit at a time  
This critical rhymin individual will shine your pitiful kind  
It's little so little that I will belittle your mind  
Nigero tearin yo ego and spiritual flows  
Divine imperial

Signed and delivered  
So take time rewind and give it all  
Your undivided attention  
Divide is in division  
Subtraction in addition  
See I'm like a mathematician  
Egyptologist wisdom  
Hip-hop holy man submerging you all in my baptism  
Security guard of the rap prison  
Slap rhythms into newborns  
And birth rap ism into blunts from sacks hittin,  
Get em off and make fat dividends  
Now that's livin  
See I got work  
And my job description  
A rap technician  
From sun up to sun down  
And it's clockwork

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One-two, one-two  
This is my mic, my rhyme, my beat and my crowd

Do I have to give up my signature?  
To get ya to figure it out  
I'm walking the path that Allah had planted  
Or Jah, whoever you give your shout to  
If your doubts  
Rip you out your physical watch your spiritual drift up out  
Floatin up on your way to infinity  
Kiss the clouds  
Just about  
When you get to the point where the alien ships are out  
Tell em I sent you to help ya and give ya directions  
Wherever you're going so that you don't miss the route  
See, I send you traveling far  
Unadulterated cleverness  
And you'll never catch a flaw  
I'm a hip-hop astrologist  
And my raps a shooting star  
I'm a bartender all into your mental  
Sittin at the bar ventures force injure  
More injure pretenders the inventor of plenty other dullage (?)  
Your loving buzzin at your door like Jehovah witnesses is in the fall  
If I was your landlord you wouldn't need to pay the rent at all  
Just give me applause whenever I floss that'll be the only cost  
See my occupation  
A rap technician  
From sun up to sun down  
And it's clockwork and it don't stop

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