

Phantom Planet, Clockwork

If I was to sit down and actually write out a list
Of the MCs that missed it would be the constitution
They play their caps backwards still saying wack words
No power to (durhust) just a few yes men
Raising the question of who gave you a contract
They should be fired youre officially retired
I see you make a little cash and start showing your ass
You get laced up with jewels your crews acting like fools
Playing hard rock surrounded by body guards
Hoping no one pulls your cord you got me laughing pretty hard
Thinking youre the white hot man of the hour
But you just cant figure how your flavor went sour
Back in 89 PE fought the power and in 86 Big Daddy Kane was raw
And I was right there on the first floor of the Palladium
You never played a venue local college or a stadium
A young boys (fiddin pad) fad is now a grown mans profession
To earn this is a blessing
This skills have me guessing learn cause Im testing
Follow this down no question
No doubt check it out
You be either rhyming in code or on some gangster node
You all clockwork apocalypse you about to implode
Collapsing on yourself cause your whole foundation is
Built on lies dont apologize
Cause once they watch you rise they wanna watch you fall
And theyll all take a piece just like the Berlin wall
And place it on their mantle like a souvenir
And what they call a knick-knack is really your career
Chorus
You aint promise nothing but a pocket full of stress
Still there be people that would die for less
You aint promise nothing but a heart full of sorrow
If they dont like the demo make a new one tomorrow
You aint promise nothing but a pocket full of stress
Still there be people that would die for less
You aint promise nothing but a heart full of sorrow
If they dont like the demo make a new one tomorrow

When its time to rise Ill open the archives
When you be in dreams you got 85s
Chrome down with the leather package
You got a home of your own
Youre holding acres
I got it made
Season tickets to the Knickers and the Lakers
Playing both coasts closed and European festivals
Crowd scream decibels x2
In your ear you wanna make rapping your career
From Arkansas to Minnesota I sell out the quota
I be the wet dream making cream for promoters
We keep the shit right we dont be starting no fights
And he wont hold out my dough cause Im a put out his lights
And once the crew hits the stage the crowd gets involved
We show love they show it back all problems solved
You can boom shalock and jump to the sounds I pump
But I aint quitting till Im shitting on Donald Trump

When you socialize with other MCs
And boast your rhymes to company enemies
And in any cases that feel is what you want
???
You want to make money money and take every honey
Rap charges aint funny but it boost your career
Your penile style is now hanging from a tier

Now you wanna know fear to impress your peers
Now your ass outta here the rap game goes on