

# 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