

Timbaland, Clock Strikes (Video 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 Play
Back of the bus, with Rosa Parks
Too much to say, watch my remarks
South to VA, look psychadelic
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 sex 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, I'm a fly band
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 dumb-dumbs
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 plat 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

(Timbaland)
and pork and beans
Did you know, did you know, uhh, Skillz

(Mad Skillz)
Now who gets you what you want when you want it? (My man)
Who keep it real with your shorty never front it? (My man)
Who hit that, split that, keep it coming
Who hit you with the knot and hold on to a hundred? (My man)
That's what I thought; quick, I'm too slick to get caught
If I like a whip, the whip gettin bought
The boss, and rapper out get tossed
I don't care if you got a 50 page ad in The Source
Of course Lo Life, Lo Life's my name
If you John Blaze, then I'm James Flames
Uhh, Mad, uhh Skillz on the track
So uhh, pardon me uhh, as I come back