

Clockin G's

LL Cool J

Yeah but they need a beat that they can freak to
Huh yaknahmean?

Uhh, bounce, yeah
Uhh.. bounce, yeah
Uhh.. you heard it from hearsay
Uhh.. you heard it from hearsay

You wanna bang 'em bang 'em bang 'em 'til you can't no more
Day-dreamin, bout slidin in that Bentley door
Cuban chain tucked in so the back'll show
Whip it out in front of chicks, they react to dough
Fo' karats in each ear, lettin dude know
That homes still flow like twenty-twos of snow
Yankee over doo-rags, extra wristbands
Pass the Heineken, you're not a Crist' fan
Ice is the tightest, broads breakin they neck and catchin arthritis
to bag a ghetto Midas
Jeans saggin down (uh) with the Michael Vick jersey
The white on whites from Uptown
Wifebeater underneath
If it's totally necessary, some gold teeth, it's on you
Pull up to the club real slow, leanin back on the cell
What the hell, these clowns is pointin at?

(If you got the time.. then I've got the time) You clockin' G's
You're monopoly, and you property
(Tell homes over there to step off) You clockin' G's
(If you got the time.. then I've got the time) You clockin' G's
You're monopoly, and you property
(Tell homes over there to step off) You clockin' G's

Uhh, slide out slow (slowwwww)
Argue on the phone (uh) glance at the chrome (yea)
Hand on your waist just in case it's on
Fully prepared to go to war 'til the break of dawn
Slid a twenty to the bouncer, hold down the car
Rollin up {?} to rush into the bar
It's a simple recipe, I-C-E
S-H-I-N-E equals free P
Mad birds in the jump-off (uh) lookin thirsty
Hot and broke, daddy have mercy
She want Prada, the pearl of drawers
The new Fendi mink so she can act stink
The camouflage Pumas with the crystal stripes
The Mz. Gatrak joints to keep her weave tight
One clown tried to throw your vibe off all night
Not knowin that you 20 deep, and you aight

It's that, head-boppin, neck-jerkin
Keep you on the block cold focused, straight workin
Head-boppin, neck-jerkin
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Head-boppin, neck-jerkin
Keep you on the block cold focused, straight workin

Huh.. waffle house, three-thirty
You ain't really hungry, you do it for the birdies
(Fly pelican fly) And they do it for you
Even though they always tell you what they not gon' do
You know the game, you a patient killer
Whisper sweet nothings, then switch gorilla
She wanna ride in the 6, pick CD's
Cause it's lookin so sick, with six TV's
While you leanin back laughin, doin twenty-five
Ridin real slow that's how gangstas ride
You wanna bang her bang her bang her 'til you can't no more
Dream over, you're closin the Bentley door, out