

# Tic Toc

## Cham

1... 2... 3...

Yo, Operator jack it up  
And make the girls them on de dance floor back it up  
Yo, tell the selector fe pull it up  
The place hot but a hot girl pull it up  
Yo, Operator jack it up  
And make the girls them pon de dance floor back it up  
Ah what dem think?  
Ah what dem feel?  
Ah what dem think?  
Clean Steel!

(chorus)

Tic Toc Tic goes the clock  
Informers dance to the sound of my glock  
They all get scared when they hear the thing cock  
Rude boy there and we have the place lock  
Tic Toc Tic goes the clock  
Blaze up the fire make the fussy dem drop  
Chilling in the club  
Champagne a pop  
Getting that money and we ain't gonna stop  
We gonna party like we never had a party yet  
She get scared cause she never had a yardie yet  
Tipsy because she never drink Bacardi yet  
She never get it 'til she sing a Bob Marley yet  
I like the way she keep it tight like she celibate  
She have me acting like a bedroom degenerate  
Turn on the charm and me get her whole body wet  
Off the bed, on the floor, pon the laminate  
I hear the enemies ah call out meh name  
Them act like them think it is a game  
Let them know when we roll we roll deep  
Bad man put them to sleep! Bad a week!(chorus)She's all over me that is so ironic  
Rockin' them sevens and brown man hold a blonic  
Whisper in my ear she wha fly supersonic  
Vitamin S - she want the natural tonic  
Real street hustler we grow hydroponic  
Jamaican niggas doh live without chronic  
Snitches and rats make me get demonic  
Run up in the club and make the whole place panic  
Never trust a rat cause dem love chat ya heard  
Snitch will always be a snitch mark meh word

Flex like a fool get caught like a nerd  
Go jail and go sing like bird(chorus)Cho! Raise ya glass make a toast to the dapper dem  
Ah wanna big up all the champagne popper dem  
The ones who live the lifestyles of the rapper dem  
And all the girls dem wit de biggest set a knocker dem  
Ya gotta love it when ya see a whole flock a dem  
Up in the club and ya boys taking stock a dem  
Am feeling one but the rest a cock blocker dem  
That's how you know you gotta bring ya game proper then  
Don't hate the informers and the clocker them  
The news carriers the baby mother tracker dem  
Big up the big money spenders and the shopper dem  
And all the ladies in the club they ass clapper dem  
Scream, if you looking fat like de whopper dem  
Make a nigger bust quick show a flop a dem  
Woman a request the real toppa top a dem  
Where they bounce news stopper dem! Come again!(chorus)(repeat first verse)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>