

# Ring The Alarm

## Philly's Most Wanted

Somebody ring the alarm  
Somebody ring the alarm

You better run fore this gun get used off, no doubt  
Be +Ludacris+ for you niggaz not to +Roll Out+  
Either that, or being popped, like Smashmouth  
How about lits, spits, that shit, that makes that money  
Cats stack them chips, sweeter than a bag of Nestle Tollhouse  
So, think about the predicament you in dog  
Before you talk shit again, I'm eatin  
(Woman: Somebody ring the alarm)  
Where the fuck could you ever sit again?  
And where yo peeps gon' live again, if we beefin  
Hate on me, cause I'm all decent  
All this hate ain't recent, it's been since  
Back when stacks start increasin  
And y'all main bitches peeped it, so hold up  
It's no secret, the hoes is creepin  
And all y'all lies is weak and, it won't work  
(Woman: Somebody ring the alarm) I'm freakin  
Liftin skirts on bad broads on E! like Brooke Burke, nigga  
Like Brook Burke, nigga, like Brooke Burke

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Look, real nigga - that's my game (game)  
'Bonic nigga - that's my name (name)  
I'm hot shit (hot shit) spit them flames (flames)  
Thoughts insane, let 'em sit on ya brain (brain)  
Get back (get back) I don't want you to draw (draw)  
Don't trip my hip'll make you fall (fall)  
Don't lip, my clip'll hush y'all  
Then call Paul, and be out by tommorr'  
(Woman: Somebody ring the alarm)  
Call Lit, meet me right by the whip, shit  
Hit rock, kiss the streets goodbye (bye)

Look, call Nate, look up under the zinc  
It is what you think, put that shit in the bank  
(Woman: Somebody ring the alarm)  
Call Pops, disassemble my glocks  
Reduce the shit, to rub on hot rocks (rocks)  
Call Teddy, ask Unc' is he ready  
Me and Lit bout to pour, and it's time to get Jetty  
G4, back to ATL (shit)  
Judge'll never get a chance to play us for bail  
We sit in first class, we don't sit in them cells  
And our niggaz don't, and if they do, they get bail, shit

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I stopped doin' crime, mom I really did  
I changed my ways, I'm tryna live  
And ball wit big heads, like Jason Kidd's/kid's  
Fuck a bid, it's not the way to go out - young'n  
Let me tell you what I'm talking about  
Fifteen had to do, what I had to do ask Boo'  
Stack paper, got a cue and a twenty-two  
It's all true, why the fuck would I lie to you  
(Somebody ring the alarm)

Look, I ain't gon' hold you up  
Come at me straight I'll fold you up  
Cop 'dro and jaws that come big, as a Foldgers cup, yup  
I thought I told you buck I'm next level (next level)  
Like feet, I might creep feel on my self (oooo)  
There goes my heat, not Tweet (uh)  
I'm not sweet (not sweet) you could hear it  
Or fear it, and read it and weep and get dirty in a week

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