Don't Ring the Alarm (The Heist)

Spice 1

It's the motherfuckin' heist so don't ring the alarm 'G'
It's the B-O-S-S and the S-P-I-C-E
So, put this gat in your pants (right)
And we gonna rob these motherfuckers
For every nookie and cranny
My nigga G-N-U-T is up inside
He's trapped with the AK that's how us East Bay niggas ride
Player, I'm gonna spray these cameras with this paint
And when I do, blow that bald ass security guard out his shoesWell Aye yo nigga gimme the shit
So Boss can load a full clip
A trigger-happy bitch screamin' "get down"
Motherfuckers are makin' us rich
Creepin' in the bank, we tip-toe slowly they don't know me 'G'
Pullin' lace to get rich with 187 facultyMe and my glock to use my glock
Cause fire'll bomb the AK-a (uh)
The 187 posse rob the bank in their way-aMy nigga G-Nut whattup?
(Nutter, 'cause we ain't pit stop)
I know we got the caddy in the lobby
For the robbery car to kill the copLike Bonnie and Clyde called it the motherfuckin' stick-up
Pick-up any fool smooth I'll make this Uzi want to hiccup
So kick up the cash before I blast with this Jason mask
Quit tryin' to fuck with a psychopathDon't ring the alarm G
Don't ring the alarm G
Don't ring the alarm G
Don't ring the alarm GWe runnin' up out the bank
Yelling "clear" to the public
You probably never seen a bitch
That's showin' you niggas how to properly fuckin' huh
We rushed it to the getaway
We slid away niggas get done away
Then that loot is getting hid away
Livin' in the fast watch the shit get hot as we were bailin'
I'm givin' a signal to my motherfuckin' niggas trailin'
And from behind a couple of pistols and some Uzi's
And thinkin' doin' those niggas before them motherfuckers do me in
Its kind of simple shoot them in the temple
Search through them all I got my niggas from the ore
And motherfuckers are bore, uhYo 'G' it's getting deeper and deeper
But yo I got the flavor for the motherfuckin' fever

A fever for the flavor of the motherfuckin' jet
I looked up in the bag 50G's, a hundred stacks
My trigga gots no heart and yo it ain't no love bitch
Nigga, talkin' about killin' motherfuckers dumpin' 'em in a ditch
I must survive 'G' they won't take me alive 'G'
Peepin' out these niggas up in the van who been trailin' me
The coppers are comin', deep as fuck so try to catch a thug
The only way I'm fallin is slippin' on one of these niggas blood
I'm givin' a fuck so yo whats up I feel a wild pitch
I'm gonna light this chronic and start some OK like corral shit
Then kill this bitch, and keep the cash, get my dash on
That's how we doin' it in 93 I gets my blast on
We thought we ditched the coppers rolled up in the cat 'G'
I'm about to kill these motherfuckers that been followin' me
I'm pullin' my glock out I hear the helicopters comin'
Pigs has us surrounded, dropped the loot and started runnin'Don't ring the alarm G
Don't ring the alarm G
Don't ring the alarm G
Don't ring the alarm G

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