

# Ring the Alarm

## My Fitness Music

[Freeway]za-za za-za-za za-za  
[Omillio Sparks]I gotta snap on this one daddy!!  
[Peedi Crakk]Oh! Now clap for me mami...  
Just clap for me mami...  
[Freeway]I know a little bit  
I only know the dirty words...  
[Peedi Crakk]Holla at yo fuckin dog!  
No benz, No ice, just me in the hooptie  
holdin the toolie, everything calm and cooly  
Got all these chicks tryin to screw me  
Gimmie the coochie, sperm runnin all down her goochie (woman moans)  
Alot changed since smoke in the crime  
Holdin my mama in the court sayin "Fuck you ya honor!"  
[Freeway]Yeah Crakk!!  
[Peedi Crakk]Fitted, fresh, jersey as well  
Rocafella denim stains on my black and white shells  
In too deep, niggaz still got beef  
Still smack you wit the heat, in the middle of the streets  
Still, wearin my best wit a fresh white tee  
four-pound, two-clips, hollow tips gone skeet you  
So sweet, that I don't lose no sleep  
miss no meals, look how I eat without no deal  
Drink liquor like a pirate tongue, slick as a sailor  
I be in a pilot shirt, fit like it's tailored, whoa!!  
Drinkin liquor gettin' brain in my waterbed  
feelin' like a scholar all to your daughter head  
Oh I forgot, bigga nigga probably bought her here  
got her drunk, told her all the shit a whore wanna hear  
I just, fuck em', buck em' wit the lights on  
let her know it's nuthin, crush em' wit my nikes on  
Bout to get my flight on, charter or train  
Pardon the name, but Crakk is just a part of the game  
Far as the change, just bustin' my checks  
Duckin my ex, gettin' shermed up in the Lex  
Now how the fuck you get all that??  
[Chrous repeat 2x]Ring the alarm!  
another hater's dying  
oh boy, aye!

Ring the alarm!  
when my gauge is firing  
cock back, dump on  
you and your moms  
[Omillio Sparks]You cocksucker's got hate in ya blood  
Y'all ain't happy that sparks got the cocked desi-eagle in yo mug  
I rock, like MTV unplugged  
let the M-1 rock one of you fucks  
I gives a fuck about who catches a slug or who tells  
'cause the kid got money for bail and if they get out give a fuck who out  
pricks still talkin measly, still talkin greasy  
the "ROC" is rocked up and sold out  
Y'all can't sell, and y'all won't be seen like an NFL blackout  
my guns go "Blakow!"  
Don't make me put the cocked nine right in front of yo eyes  
and make y'all fucks cock-eyed...(Woman speaking spanish)  
Who the fuck can fuck wit B. Sieg, Free and Omillio?  
You young boys back up, while the trucks back out  
when the "ROC" enters the building your best bet is get the fuck out  
I bring clappers, get yo boys clapped up, fucker! (R-O-C..) Holla!  
[Chorus 2x][Freeway]Freeway bust shots, it don't matter who  
can't even hug the block if i'm mad at you  
takin turns comin thru that's what my niggaz do  
takin' turns inside yo chick that's what my click will do  
dark room, Cancun, spanish interview  
wit mamacita, Freeway, charmed to meet you  
All, damn day I got some dick for her  
No, way I never got no chips for her  
any day of the week, long-gun tucked every day of the week  
Freak Nia Long lookin honey just about any day of the week  
guest ran thru sleep, got young niggaz willing to grind  
on your block wit a package of sweet  
(Starts singing)  
'cause Free not stuck up  
See me anywhere, won't get stuck up  
keep the heavy-hand, miss take that off  
toss them underwear, who those? my balls  
come from under there  
Freeway, a boss don't you wanna stare?  
Haters, get lost don't you understand?  
shit spit, be real don't you see these guns?  
fuck the, ice grill don't you see these dudes?  
we from the ghetto, and they don't like our attitude  
mami say I'm loco, she don't like my attitude (Holla!)  
[Chorus 2x]

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