Ring The Alarm

Leeroy

[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 scholor 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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