

Ring the Alarm

FU-Schnickens

Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye
Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye
Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye Ring the alarm, I don't wanna stay calm cause
I'm about to rip this Psalm
When the mic is gripped my lyrics do split up like
Bombs from Vietnam 'Cause I'm sweet, neat, I don't romp or skinteet
Lyrics I lick with my tongue
And rhymes I nymn with my teeth
This lyrical prophet you can't stop this from the West Indies You can tell I'm a lyrical prophet from the words
spoken and broken up
In these books and scrolls that I unfold
The knowledge I use does make me bold
The intelligence in my system Converts itself and becomes wisdom
Born in Trinidad, not Tobago, land of steel pan and Calypso
Cyop is a buck and a buck is a cyop
That's the real true thing and a natural fact This lyrical man you can't hold me back
From the red, the white, and also the black
Island, which is my land, my place of birth
You can tell by the tongue that's swung And the lyrical structure in me verse
So all MC's don't cross this border
'Cause by now you should know sort of
Lyrically wise but now I despise All youth that's out of order
Don't try to test any of the Schnickens
'Cause I'm not done with the lyrical boxin'
The beatin' and the lickin' Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye
Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye
Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye You two-facety, you can't face me
And my rhymes you'll bite and learn
Soon you'll acknowledge my lyrical substance just like a bookworm
Chip FU, then you will extend and show all the youth them That me big 'boutcha under roots and culture
And the bad bull in the pen
Because when I grip the mic
(Yes, man)
All MC's they do stop yes and hush Any mic I touch, any mic I brush, any mic I clutch
With these lyrical styles of such
And if I do unleash a lyrical masterpiece
Lyrics never cease, then a piece I'll unleash and make it brief Please don't bite yes or thief
C H I P FU is my name, it will stay just the same
Give me any mic on stage in a rage I'll engage

And drop rhymes just the same
 Quote for quote, note for note, did you comprehend
 So jack it up and pull it up operator
 Wheel and come again
 'Cause MC's try these Rastafarianic raps and sound like wanna-be's
 But a wanna-be's not what I want to be
 See the FU-Schnickens have to be
 The true prophets free
 Free to preach FU-Schnick prophecies
 We thee untouchable, matchable, stoppable MC's for unity
 Me, a Rastafarian, no not me but I do stun
 I'm not faking Jamaican, so all MC's you better run
 Because Mr. Chip FU man a come
 And me sitdong pon de riddim sitdong pion de vibes
 A de hartical don
 True me full up a style and me wicked and wild
 With peer pattern watch how me chat it in a verb
 And capsize it in a noun
 Uno better give I and I respect
 When this Trinidadian I come
 Sing out
 Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye
 Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye
 Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye
 Phenomenon one, phenomenon two, phenomenon three
 Come follow me
 POC FU's the rough-neck chicken and I'm the wild Apache
 See I'm the C the H the I the P
 Down with the P the O the C, the K the U the N the G
 The M the O, yes and the C
 And when the M the I the C is in my H the A-N-D
 I preach and teach and educate all ghetto youth about unity
 But wait, let me get set not to sweat
 But to get something straight
 All MC's come out with good styles
 And all of them do sound great
 But ring the alarm and don't stay calm
 Because I won't procrastinate
 These lyrical styles that I compile
 To preach and teach and educate me, a new jack brother
 (Who's that) When you were at the parties rapping and scratching I did a chat
 On tape, on tape and cassette, you'll hear me live and direct
 Yes and who never hear me yet when you hear my voice it's perfect
 So just pack up because your lyrics are weak when you speak
 Don't step so just back up, wake up, take off the
 make-up
 The mic because I'll break up
 MC's limbs from limb, slim me trim
 You see me, I don't follow no style and I don't follow no pattern
 So take head to this lesson I bring or the lesson
 I brought
 Which was taught to one and another
 All slack MC's better ring the alarm
 In other words, run for cover

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