

Don't Ring the Alarm (The Heist) [With Boss]

Spice 1

(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 shoes(boss)

Well aiyyo 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-a(boss)

My nigga g-nut whatup?

(nutter, cause we ain't ? pit? stop)

I know we got the caddy in the lobby

For the robbery car to kill the cop(spice-1)

Like bonnie & clyde called it the motherfuckin stick-up

Pick-up any fool smooth I'll make this uzi wanna hiccup

So kick up the cash before I blast with this jason mask

Quit tryin to fuck with a psychopath(chorus w/variations)

Don't ring the alarm 'g'

Don't ring the alarm 'g'

Don't ring the alarm 'g'

Don't ring the alarm 'g'(boss)

We 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, uh(spice-1)
Yo '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, 100 stacks
My tricca 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 whassup 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(chorus w/ variations)
Don't ring the alarm 'g'
Don't ring the alarm 'g'
Don't ring the alarm 'g'
Don't ring the alarm 'g'(*several gun shots*)

Songwriters

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