

Ring My Bell

Luniz

Damn

What's up!?

(It's me mayne, Money Green!)

I'm tired of no good people poppin up on the scene

I'm talkin' about them "buy-no" bro's

Don't buy no Hamps, don't buy no liquor

Smoke yo whole bundle type "buy-no" folks

Be showin' up at yo door step

Got yo whole block hot

Takin' off they shoes like yo house is a sock hop

(Stop! In the name of the law!)

Show up again on the strip, you gettin' floor

(I ain't got no where to go!)

I can't help that there bro

I got problems of my own, what you all in my hair for?

I can't help you wit the pain you got, but I'm a tell you one mo'

Time[Chorus]

Do not ring my bell!

But you can give me a page.

Do not ring my bell!

But you can give me a page.

No, don't you ring it! Ring the alarm!

Another dope fiends callin', haulin' ass to my door 'cause I'm ballin'

All in my buildin', wakin' up grown folks children

Now they complainin' claimin' that I'm dope dealin'

I'm still in bed, four fifty-four in the mornin'

Me and my hoe yawnin'

And there goes the bill on the noon, and yo it don't stop

He claimin' that he smoke rock, and better take yo ass to the dope spot

Fool I tote glocks, and I'm the type that blasted

I closed the door, and so you know 5-0 went past it

I got my ass kicked, they said I looked suspicious

And all of the traffic got my black ass evicted

Inflicted by the drug clientele

They ask a lie in hell

But now I'm lyin' in a cell

Wit no bail like the Goodfellas

I'm gonna tell ya[Chorus]Man, why ya'll still knockin'!?

I'm fed up wit that

Now I think ya'll plottin'
 Tryin' to case my house
 Scopin' out my cabbage (it's cool!)
 I should start shootin' folks in the ass hole
 'Cause I'd a told 'em before, but they still come at will
 So now this time, I think that some blood should spill
 It ain't juss dudes it's hoes too
 My house ain't the spot!
 Smellin' up my crib wit yo dirty ass cock
 My broad findin' out is what I'm fearin'
 Showin' up wit out notice, leavin' photos and earrings
 People knockin at my door, it ain't me it's different strokes
 So you can go on, leave and get yo Note
 Playa hatas
 Betta save a, quarter
 So you can hit me on my pager
 Keep comin' and I'm a mow ya
 'Cause I[Chorus]One and a two and a three
 Hoes want to do it to Num, Dru and me
 She screw me and do me like V.V.D.
 A hoochie
 Poppin' that coochie like an O.G. off the VSOP
 And you know we had to work that fat ass orgy!
 When I was on the turf, hoes used to smirk and straight ignore me
 Now it Georgie-Porgie, put in pie
 Couldn't I
 Be in yo video half naked doin' the butterfly?
 Wit some other guy tattooed straight on your titty
 A pretty
 Freakin' all the ballers in the city
 You tried to rigg me
 But once it's done, once a hoe
 8 months pregnant, but you know we did it 4 months ago
 And yo!
 I had the J the I the M
 So whoever went wrong you betta ask them
 And baby I ain't the one
 And I couldn't of. You shouldn't have Ring My Bell!
 You shoulda gave me a page.
 You shouldn't have Ring My Bell!
 You shoulda gave me a page.
 No, you shouldn't have ring it!

Songwriters

KNIGHT, FREDERICK DOUGLASPublished by

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