

Sound the Alarm (feat. Luga Man)

Sean Paul

Yo, you remember Tony from Capicu?
And caribbean chicks be like papi chu
All you haters out there can't stop me dude
I got niggas out there dem shotta youY'all not ready for R R O
Y'all not ready for Sean Paul
Y'all not ready for Tony Toca
Ladies, esa locaAy yo good lookin', from D.R. to Brooklyn
Puerto Rico to Montego do it for the people
Toca aka Mr. Suavito
Do what I do like I'm doin it for me thoughRep for my bredren that's without question
Pull out the weapon in case they start flexin'
T.Touch he bust so stop guessin'
I weed up now wheel it up in a sessionRudebwoy selecta yeah I'm a get'cha
I'm nice under pressure write a quick lecture
Sean Paul nothin' but love soon as I met ya
So let's do this and show 'em who the rudestYou must be kiddin' me, gettin' rid of me
Guns'll blast like them boys in Tivoli
Or Rema and Jungle where all the killers be
Even in Italy they still consider meOne of the dopest that's cause I lasted
The rest is all hopeless nothin' but asses
I'm so focused yet I'm so blasted
(Dutty, yeah)
And I'm out son, big up all the massesTell dem all for races seh nuh guy caan try race case
Gwaan stop di progress and a gwaan embrace this
A old rust off magnum mi a got hitch upon mi waist
Tell mi if you nuh love how di teflon tasteWell, I don't need a lawyer 'cause there won't be a case
Forget what you see now your life is get replaced
I'm di dappa Dutty dung inna di biz
I'm about to show you what respect really isPunk yah nuh nuttin', yo, I know you really think your clever
But you can stop di style dem never
Real push button, start it if yuh ready fi whatever
Yo tell mi if you heard of mi never dem call miThe Dutty Loca, the Tony Toca
Man a gallis, man a gangsta, man a born herbalist
Oonu listen out, Esa Loca
The Dutty Loca, the Tony Toca
Man a gallis, man a gangsta, man a internationalist
Oonu listen out, Esa LocaYo, it's the Sosa of rap Dominicans stand up
Kingston Jamaica put your hands up
San Juan Puerto Rico I got my man Touch

My nigga Sean Paul big up big up It's that R dot O, B dot B
In Jamaica we smoke kiki, kiki
Ladies, we got freaky, freaky
I dropped out of school teach me teach me You touch my man Tony guns'll blow
And after the party the straight to the moe
My nigga Sean Paul still got the flow
You remember just gimme the light and pass the dro R.O.B.B. I got my see through straw may we blend up
Weh all who know see through dat a mi high grade friend up
Man a store quality we all a smoke to di end up
Wid mi pal upon mi pen up it a inspire mi head up But some bwoy waan disturb man med up
Just through di money weh mi spend up dem high go get red up
When dem diss mi fi try get mi fed up
R.O.B.B. waan fi rise up di led up Tony Toca waan fi get dem place bled up
Friends and family dem start get shred up
Just through dem nah hear di words weh mi said up
Better dem fed up or end up a dead weh dem call mi The Dutty Loca, the Tony Toca
Man a gallis, man a gangsta, man a internationalist
Oonu listen out, Esa Loca
The Dutty Loca, the Tony Toca
Man a gallis, man a gangsta, man a born herbalist
Oonu listen out, Esa Loca Yeah, easy R.O.B.B. straight out of Jersey
Yuh dun know Tony Toca
A Dutty Yeah, Esa Loca

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