

## 2 Pac

### "Ring the Alarm"

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\* send correction to the typist

[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

coochie (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 Nam'sayin 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, this guy eats without no deal

Drink liquor like a pirate tongue, slick as a sailor

high like a pilot shirt, foot like a seller, whoa!!

Drinkin liquor gettin' brain in my waterbed  
feelin' like a skylark next to your daughter head  
Oh I forgot, bigga nigga probably bought her here  
got her drunk, talkin 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 night saw  
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  
cuz 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)  
Cuz 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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