

## Common "Charms Alarm"

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A-hem

What we have here is a very, serious delicate situation

Lots of people out here always ridin the dick, hmmph

But check this out

I like your style, I like your stride

And I like your motivation

But the late show, we ain't standin for that shit

So my man right here he wrote a little song about it

Why don't you sing it

[common]

Ring the, alarm, here comes, the com

Call me mr. hollywood -- check it out!

Ring the, alarm, here comes, the com

Call me mr. hollywood

On the goodship, lollipop

Pop goes the lolli lolli, for i'm, the jolly

Good fellow, he-llo? is anybody there?

I'm not a step, so don't stare

Because I rock-well I always feel like

I always feel like, somebody's watchin me

Ooh, somebody's watchin me

It's gotta be that, that that that nigga that sweat my shit

I say say say, "black get off the 'zack,

You block my urinal tract"

I gotta go pee-pee, yo you don't know me

You're just a new kid on my jock, tip-see-kin and you're

phony

It's my little pony and you cannot get a ride

So when you see me homey, just please just step aside

Step aside, not talkin wllside, I'm comin from the

southside

Where the ruffnecks reign; if you can't stand it, don't

go outside

Cause it's hot I got the stuff to call your bluff and pull

your card

And nowadays it's all these dick kids, that wanna be

hard

You're fraudulent, I can tell a pussy by his scent

So sorry, but the van got tipped

And out is how I'm lookin, I'm lookin out for my people

I'm fly like I'm fly like but me don't have no eagle



shake your mid  
And i'ma get you suckaz, just give me one side, and  
one rib  
I barbeque the mouths hey, I barbeque the mouths  
Cause mom always said - don't play wack in the house!  
So take that garbage to the backyard  
And I was like, "everybody wanna wanna rap hard"  
Before you wasn't hardcore, so sonic why ya flipped?  
How you gonna hop when you ain't hip?  
You found rap, on a two-way street - and lost it  
On a parkway, I ain't sayin no names, yo rico suave  
Fuckin goons fakin stab wounds, I need to shank the  
crank  
Elvis presley jr., tryin to be somethin that you ain't  
No daps, y'all are hoes, y'all go on stage  
And take off all your clothes; then you -- strike a pose  
You knows and I knows, that's how you sell your record  
Because your shit is butt, you gotta get naked  
But you're wack, you're wack, showin your body to me  
I said you're wack, you're wack, showin your body to  
me  
You got no soul man, and you need to get a pound  
Cause you, ain't, ah-really down..  
.. with true hip-hop you suckers

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