

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-seekin 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 wlidside, 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 Beat the beater with the juice, how far would you go to You're never gonna get it, woo-wooh-wooh-wooh! * sings like en vogue*

You wasn't down from the +jump+, so why you wanna kris kross?

You no business buyin, insecure junkyard motherfucker Get lost, cause youse a sucker

..

[common]

We really lucky we got em, you can spot em From a distance, now let's just say for instance You got a crank gettin ganked for his bank by some snake

Little wench -- is you is, or is you ain't
The suck-errrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
You gotta gotta be, gotta be, to let the shit occur

Gettin pimped, by a hoe, that ain't too proud to beg, for your dough

She get your money mo money mo money mo! I couldn't go out like that if it was my first day off of punishment

Just call me kaopectate; in relationships, I'm runnin shit So don't be comin to me with that, "we can go out, you pay"

Cancel that bitch, it's the, unamerican way
This is the circumcision, and skins is gettin cut off
Ridin on my shit, just to get they nut off
Not, no cops, just low-downs want a lick
If you ain't down with the 'van, dyke, get off the dick
Cause I remember the time, the time, the time you tried
To play me like I was booty but now you're just a
groupie

Sweatin me uhh, sweatin me uhh
Tellin me when I get big don't be forgettin me uhh
But forget you, forgot you, after, I rock you
It's blo pop time bitch, you better set your clock
To the charms alarm

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[common]

Why'd the sucker mc sucker mc cross the road?
To get to the other side?!
Why'd the sucker mc sucker mc cross the road?
To get to the other side, now check it out
I got the pep in my step, the slide in my glide
So I won't trip, when I let my backbone slip
Some shake it to the east, I'm shakin west, well i'ma

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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