

Luniz "Ring My Bell"

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(knocking)

Verse 1 *(Numskull)*

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!

Verse 2 *(Yukmouth)*

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 clientel
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)

Never ever 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!

Verse 3 *(Numskull)*

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)

Told you not to Ring My Bell!
But you can give me that page.
I told you not to Ring My Bell!
But you can give me a page.
No, don't you ring it!

Verse 4 *(Yukmouth)*

1 and a 2 and a 3
Hoes wanna 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!

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