

Trey Songz "Ring The Alarm"

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(Trey talking)

Ay I'm kinda piss(off ring the alarm)

But it's all right you know who it is(It's the prince nigga)

2 up 2 down

Ay Songz

Ay Songz

Look here songz

Look here songz

Verse 1

Uh uh uh

Ay look my mintal is emaculate

I'm hotter then you fagets is

I live it while you practicing

I'm out where the action is

Do it how I want it

Give a damn how a nigga feel move me if you wanna

get a hammer to your fitted head

See I'm the shit and they ain't shit

I paint this vivid ass picture So you niggas can't miss it

Lyricially I'm a dictionary

Physically I'm skinny scary

Visually I'm pretty well or a least that what the women

tell me

See they then bust they load off

I'm in the cut

Mack 90 3hundred round drunk loaded it up you better

know what's up because the day I'm coming so sick of

this dumb shit watch trey run it

aye look I do what I wanna do move how I wanna move

big shoes on the coupe

Call those 22's see I'm a winner dude never

look(looking) to lose you niggas lookin like food tasty

pasteries

I got an appitite outrageous and you outrageous to

think you can show out Trey shit you better off getting a

day shift say something wrong I see yo punk ass yo

neck I'ma break it

Face it I'm the best and there ain't no stoppin put me to

the test and I'm gone keep rockin nigga so raw like
coke in the pot and if this was law you can call me the
cochran

Pants saggin when I step up to the venue checkin the
surroundings to see what I can get into spotted me a
stallion(one) but I need at least 2 yeah nigga small but
the enemy a beast boo he who lives like this is a g truth
she who gives him lip won't see dude

The lobby doors of that 5 star telly won't be bustin off
on a 6 pack belly I'm sick you (?) homie my forehead
hot flo got no disease then them old heads got and no
they not doing it like I does spit it like HOV but I sing it
like Robert plus I got dough like it was never a problem
get at these hoes when they see me stop 'em to get a
bite baby tell me what you like spit til u get it
Even then I won't quit it if I said I meant it 2 the music
I'm addict-ed fein for the track and the beat keep
Pitchin catch me slippin that'll never happen I'ma keep
clappin bring the track back in I am the baddest
Even my ad - libs (yo ad-libs) I hope everybody is
strapped in this is a ride u have never been on Get my
pen on matter fact the pen gone so hood no good you
can ask my whole hood roll through old school nigga
smokin so good I'm in it for money fag u and ask
money bags you don't understand I'm the man bitch
run it back

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