

## Philly's Most Wanted "Ring The Alarm"

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Somebody ring the alarm  
Somebody ring the alarm

You better run 'fore this gun get used off, no doubt  
Be Ludacris for you niggaz not to Roll Out  
Either that or being popped, like Smashmouth  
How about lits, spits that shit that makes  
That money cats, stack them chips  
Sweeter than a bag of Nestle Tollhouse

So, think about the predicament you in dog  
Before you talk shit again, I'm eatin'  
(Somebody ring the alarm)  
Where the fuck could you ever sit again?  
And where yo peeps gon' live again, if we beefin'

Hate on me 'cause I'm all decent  
All this hate ain't recent, it's been since  
Back when stacks start increasin'  
And y'all main bitches peeped it so hold up

It's no secret, the hoes is creepin'  
And all y'all lies is weak and, it won't work  
(Somebody ring the alarm)  
I'm freakin', liftin' skirts on bad broads on E  
Like Brooke Burke, nigga  
Like Brook Burke, nigga, like Brooke Burke, nigga

Somebody ring the alarm, somebody  
Somebody, somebody ring the alarm  
Somebody, somebody, somebody  
Somebody, somebody ring the alarm

Look, real nigga that's my game  
'Bonic nigga that's my name  
I'm hot shit spit them flames  
Thoughts insane, let 'em sit on ya brain

Get back I don't want you to draw  
Don't trip, my hip'll make you fall  
Don't lip, my clip'll hush y'all  
Then call Paul and be out by tommorr'

(Somebody ring the alarm)

Call Lit, meet me right by the whip, shit  
Hit rock, kiss the streets goodbye  
Look, call Nate, look up under the zinc  
It is what you think, put that shit in the bank  
(Somebody ring the alarm)

Call Pops, disassemble my glocks  
Reduce the shit to rub on hot rocks  
Call Teddy, ask Unc' is he ready  
Me and Lit bout to pour and it's time to get Jetty

G4, back to ATL  
Judge'll never get a chance to play us for bail  
We sit in first class, we don't sit in them cells  
And our niggaz don't and if they do, they get bail, shit

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I stopped doin' crime, mom, I really did  
I changed my ways, I'm tryna live  
And ball wit big heads, like Jason Kidd's  
Fuck a bid, it's not the way to go out young'n

Let me tell you what I'm talking about  
Fifteen had to do, what I had to do ask Boo'  
Stack paper, got a cue and a twenty-two  
It's all true, why the fuck would I lie to you?  
(Somebody ring the alarm)

Look, I ain't gon' hold you up  
Come at me straight I'll fold you up  
Cop 'dro and jaws that come big, as a Foldgers cup,  
yup  
I thought I told you buck, I'm next level

Like feet, I might creep feel on my self  
There goes my heat, not Tweet  
I'm not sweet you could hear it  
Or fear it, and read it and weep and get dirty in a week

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