

The 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 cuz
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

cuz 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

cuz 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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