

Thunderclap Newman

"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 wldside, 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

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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