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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 wlidside, 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

I'm fly like I'm fly like but me don't have no eagle Beat the beater with the juice, how far would you go to You're never gonna get it, woo-wooh-wooh-WOOH! * sings like En Vogue* You wasn't down from the +Jump+, so why you wanna Kris Kross?

You no business buyin, insecure junkyard motherfucker Get lost, cause youse a sucker

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[Common]

We really lucky we got em, you can spot em from a distance, now let's just say FOR INSTANCE you got a crank gettin ganked for his bank by some snake little wench -- is you is, or is you ain't the suck-errrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr You gotta gotta be, gotta be, to let the shit occur Gettin pimped, by a hoe, that ain't too proud to beg, for your dough She get your money mo money mo money moley mo! I couldn't go out like that if it was my first day off of punishment Just call me Kaopectate; in relationships, I'm runnin shit So don't be comin to me with that, "We can go out, you pay" Cancel that bitch, it's the, Unamerican way This is the circumcision, and skins is gettin cut off Ridin on my shit, just to get they nut off NOT, no cops, just low-downs want a lick If you ain't down with the 'Van, Dyke, get off the Dick Cause I remember the time, the time, the time you tried to play me like I was booty but now you're just a groupie Sweatin me uhh, sweatin me uhh Tellin me when I get big don't be forgettin me uhh But forget you, forgot you, after, I rock you It's Blo Pop time bitch, you better set your clock to the Charms Alarm

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[Common]

Why'd the sucker MC sucker MC cross the road? To get to the other side?! Why'd the sucker MC sucker MC cross the road? To get to the other side, now check it out I got the pep in my step, the slide in my glide So I won't trip, when I let my backbone slip Some shake it to the East, I'm shakin West, well I'ma shake your mid 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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