

## **Eric Benet Feat. Faith Evans**

### **"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 hata  
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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