

Ring a Ding Dong

Rucka Rucka Ali

I know how it feels to be left out And that's what bein' Black is all about
Something's always goin' wrong And that's why I'm rappin' this song I grew u
p livin' in the Hood It was always bad, it was never good I couldn't even ha
rdly go outside Where we heard gunshots, we had to hide Not like we could ha
ve called the cops They'd beat our asses And plant some Rocks Police never c
ut us slack If you ask me
It's cause we're Black
Man, it's hard livin' in the streets
Ain't never got nothin' to drink or eat
Lucky if we got some Ramen and Kool-Aid
We don't get food stamps
Till next Tuesday
And even If I had a little bit of money
Somebody would snatch it
And take off running
No place for me to get a job
Everywhere I work keep gettin' robbed
I guess that's why I started sellin' Coke
Hey! It's better than bein' broke
Dealin' on the corner Day and Night
I can finally afford those shoes I like
Got some hubcaps on my???
And I could get a haircut
Whenever I want one
Everybody knew that I'm the man
When I pull up, you can hear me sayin'
A ring a ding dong, I'm number one
I'm the number one pimp
Livin' under the Sun
A ding dong deezzy we's 'bout to get busy
Got a gun and I'm red hot, ready to run
A boom shaka lac, I'm on the clock
Gonna dance and sing and swing
A little bit of Rock
I'm hippidy hoppin' 'till the day is done
I don't rap for the money
I just wanna have fun
One day I was sitting out
With my boy Eggnog, just chilling out
Talkin' 'bout stuff like Basketball
When his phone started ringin'
He was gettin' a call
He hung up the phone and said

Yo, there's trouble
I said
Well, I'm down to bust a cap or a couple
We got up to leave when a car pulled up
A four-seat convertible ride
With five sluts
One of them ladies was lookin' real fine
With big ol' titties and a round behind
I told Eggnog
Yo, that one's mine
He said
Rucka! You out your mind?!
I said

What's wrong? Look she flirting
Yeah but the only problem is SHE DIRTY
Don't bone her!
I don't give a shit if ya got a bo-ner!
And that's when things got kinda heavy
Cause all them girls pulled out a Machete
They started to shoot Eggnog and me
We got the feeling it was time to leave
We ran off and said
Well, that was fun
I don't know 'bout you
But let's smoke a blunt
We got real high
It felt real good
Cause it was just another day in the Hood
A ring a ding dong I'm number one
I'm the number one pimp
Livin' under the sun
A ding dong deezy
We's 'bout to get busy
Got a gun and I'm red hot
Ready to run
A boom shaka lac
I'm on the clock
Gonna dance and sing
And swing a little bit of Rock
I'm hippidy hoppin' 'till the day is done
I don't rap for the money
I just wanna have fun
Yeah! Hip hop music!
All day and all night!
You can dance to it
Or just move your head!
Soon everybody's gonna be
Listenin' to this, man!
Even White people!
But then it'll go too far
And rap will get kinda gay
Not that there'll be
anything wrong with that
Being gay will be pretty much
Accepted by everyone
Except us Black people
Kind of ironic, huh?