

## Charms Alarm

## Common

A-hem

What we have here is a very, serious delicate situation  
Lots of people out here always ridin the dick, hmmmph  
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

Ring the, alarm, here comes, 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-LLLO? 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 wllside, 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! 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

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-errrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

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 money 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 circumcission, 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

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