

RING THE ALARM

Joey Bada\$\$

I was born running with the baton
Now I'm known as the young intellectual don
Until I'm gone where I'm from the real don't get along
With the fake, look me in the face, eyes of the storm
You don't want none
No beef could never hurt me
I'll be on my Istanbul, they cold turkey
Firstly it's the double entendre monster, taking haunted
Constant, twisting your conscious, so be cautious
If it call for it we leaving corpses
The cause is of the coffin is the broken clauses
Skeletons in my closet, tomorrow's never promised
Never mind it because we immortals regardless
Real G's move in silence like my designer
Intertwined with the timeless, divine higher power
I was dipping in the gold since a minor
Sitting on my throne overlooking my empire, uh

Resurrection of real, you niggas fake
Never second-guessing my kill, so choose your fate
'Cause I'm born running with the baton, a ticking time bomb
Nigga better ring the alarm, uh
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So keep it spinning this shocka
The wrist don't risk that, partner
These niggas impostors, we moving like the mobsters
One false move, have 'em sleeping with the lobsters, huh
Keep it spinning this shocka
The wrist don't risk that, partner
These niggas impostors, we moving like the mobsters
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It's the ALL-AMERIKKKAN BADA\$\$
Who you mad at? They ain't have to ask that
Attack with the backlash, where's my cash at?
Running all through NASDAQ, strap in my backpack
Going off the knack, dopeboy in the Cadillac
Having flashbacks, wish a nigga would clap back
Hit them with the blackjack, going through a stack fast
I snap with the raps, I make 'em bring the whole track back
Niggas get smacked with the realer
When I drop it's all killing, no feelings
So you better not make a wrong move, nigga
I'll personally deliver each shot that won't miss ya
And when it hit ya it's no warning
We bombarding, me and my squadron
If you want it get your army
We dropping bombs calmly
This is no party
Any scraps left, we just feed 'em to the zombies

Death before dishonor, I die for my brethren
This is a stick-up, ocean's 47

Ring the alarm before all of you wanna get in
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Ring the alarm, we ain't keeping it calm
Need a reason to see the don, break the leash and I'm on
Was hungry when I started, more ravenous as I evolve
Caution hazardous, inflicting damages, I can't recall, uh
Rich in spirit when I broke some laws
I'm breaking even with my bros against all the odds
Made my words cut deep, you gon' need some gauze
And the alcohol, we only going bar for bar
You know I black out, they bring the track out
I lay the smack down
Remember nights on the dirty mattress in the trap house?
I snap out 'em, flick it around to where I'm at now
Living legend, finally back up on the map now
Resurrection of real, let's bring 'em back
It ain't even about the bars, they bumping whatever slaps now
All I hear is that ad-lib rapping on my SoundCloud
Sick of the trash out, this is the crackdown

Little boy, don't back chat, we'll bury ya
Big metal ting, we get Captain America
Beast coat regime (La Cosa Nostra)
My team supreme (Fuck around and smoke ya)
Death before dishonor, I die for my brethren
This is a stick-up, ocean's 47
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