

# Fu-Schnickens, Ring The Alarm

Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye  
(3x)

Ring the alarm, I don't wanna stay calm cause  
I'm about to rip this psalm  
When the mic is gripped my lyrics do split up like  
Bombs from Vietnam  
Cause I'm sweet, neat, I don't romp or skinteeet  
Lyrics I lick with my tongue  
And rhymes I nymn with my teeth  
This lyrical prophet you can't stop this from the West Indies  
You can tell I'm a lyrical prophet from the words spoken and broken up  
In these books and scrolls that I unfold  
The knowledge I use does make me bold  
The intelligence in my system  
Converts itself and becomes wisdom  
Born in Trinidad, not Tobogo, land of steel pan and calypso  
Cyop is a buck and a buck is a cyop  
That's the real true thing and a natural fact  
This lyrical man you can't hold me back  
From the red, the white, and also the black  
Island, which is my land, my place of birth  
You can tell by the tongue that's swung  
And the lyrical structure in me verse  
So all MC's don't cross this border  
Cause by now you should know sort of  
Lyrically wise but now I despise  
All youth that's out of order  
Don't try to test any of the Schnickens  
Cause I'm not done with the lyrical boxin'  
The beatin' and the lickin'

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You two-facety, you can't face me  
And my rhymes you'll bite and learn  
Soon you'll acknowledge my lyrical substance just like a bookworm  
Chip FU, then you will extend and show all the youth them  
That me big boutcha under roots and culture  
And the bad bull in the pen  
Because when I grip the mic (yes, man)  
All MC's they do stop yes and hush  
Any mic I touch, any mic I brush, any mic I clutch  
With these lyrical styles of such  
And if I do unleash a lyrical masterpiece  
Lyrics never cease, then a piece I'll unleash and make it brief  
Please don't bite yes or thief  
C-H-I-P FU is my name, it will stay just the same  
Give me any mic on stage in a rage I'll engage  
And drop rhymes just the same  
Quote for quote, note for note, did you comprehend  
So jack it up and pull it up operator  
Wheel and come again  
Cause MC's try these rastafarianic raps and sound like wanna-be's  
But a wanna-be's not what I want to be  
See the FU-Schnickens have to be  
The true prophets free  
Free to preach FU-Schnick prophecies  
We thee untouchable, matchable, stoppable MC's for unity  
Me, a rastafarian, no not me but I do stun  
I'm not faking Jamacian, so all MC's you better run  
Because Mr. Chip FU man a come  
And me sitdong pon de riddim sitdong pion de vibes

A de hartical don  
True me full up a style and me wicked and wild  
With peer pattern watch how me chat it in a verb  
And capsizе it in a noun  
Uno better give I and I respect  
When this Trinidadian I come  
Sing out

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(3x)

Phenomenon one, phenomenon two, phenomenon three  
Come follow me  
POC FU's the rough-neck chicken and I'm the wild Apache  
See I'm the C the H the I the P  
Down with the P the O the C, the K the U the N the G  
The M the O, yes and the C  
And when the M the I the C is in my H the A-N-D  
I preach and teach and educate all ghetto youth about unity  
But wait, let me get set not to sweat  
But to get something straight  
All MC's come out with good styles  
And all of them do sound great  
But ring the alarm and don't stay calm  
Because I won't procrastinate  
These lyrical styles that I compile  
To preach and teach and educate me  
A new jack brother (who's that)  
When you were at the parties rapping and scratching I did a chat  
On tape, on tape and cassette, you'll hear me live and direct  
Yes and who never hear me yet when you hear my voice it's perfect  
So just pack up because your lyrics are weak when you speak  
Don't step so just back up, wake up, take off the make-up  
The mic because I'll break up  
MC's limbs from limb, slim me trim  
You see me, I don't follow no style and I don't follow no pattern  
So take head to this lesson I bring or the lesson I brought  
Which was taught to one and another  
All slack MC's better ring the alarm  
In other words, run for cover