

Spice 1, Don't Ring The Alarm

(spice-1)

It's the motherf**kin heist so don't ring the alarm 'g'
It's the b-o-s-s and the s-p-i-c-e
So, put this gat in your pants (right)
And we gonna rob these motherf**kers
For every nookie and cranny
My nigga g-n-u-t is up inside
He's trapped with the ak that's how us east bay niggas ride
Player, I'm gonna spray these cameras with this paint
And when I do, blow that bald ass security guard out his shoes

(boss)

Well aiyyo nigga gimme the shit
So boss can load a full clip
A trigger-happy bitch screamin "get down"
Motherf**kers are makin us rich
Creepin in the bank, we tip-toe slowly they don't know me 'g'
Pullin lace to get rich with 187 faculty

Me and my glock to use my glock
Cause fire'll bomb the ak-a (uh)
The 187 posse rob the bank in their way-a

(boss)

My nigga g-nut whattup?
(nutter, cause we ain't ? pit? stop)
I know we got the caddy in the lobby
For the robbery car to kill the cop

(spice-1)

Like bonnie & clyde called it the motherf**kin stick-up
Pick-up any fool smooth I'll make this uzi wanna hiccup
So kick up the cash before I blast with this jason mask
Quit tryin to f**k with a psychopath

(chorus w/ variations)

Don't ring the alarm 'g'
Don't ring the alarm 'g'
Don't ring the alarm 'g'
Don't ring the alarm 'g'

(boss)

We runnin up out the bank
Yelling "clear" to the public
You probably never seen a bitch
That's showin you niggas how to properly f**kin huh
We rushed it to the getaway
We slid away niggas get done away
Then that loot is getting hid away
Livin in the fast watch the shit get hot as we were bailin
I'm givin a signal to my motherf**kin niggas trailin
And from behind a couple of pistols and some uzi's
And thinkin doin those niggas before them motherf**kers do me in
Its kind of simple shoot them in the temple
Search through them all I got my niggas from the ore
And motherf**kers are bore, uh

(spice-1)

Yo 'g' it's getting deeper and deeper
But yo I got the flavor for the motherf**kin fever
A fever for the flavor of the motherf**kin jet
I looked up in the bag 50g's, 100 stacks

My trigga gots no heart and yo it ain't no love bitch
Nigga, talkin about killin motherf**kers dumpin em in a ditch
I must survive 'g' they won't take me alive 'g'
Peepin out these niggas up in the van who been trailin me
The coppers are comin, deep as f**k so try to catch a thug
The only way I'm fallin is slippin on one of these niggas blood
I'm givin a f**k so yo whassup I feel a wild pitch
I'm gonna light this chronic and start some ok like corral shit
Then kill this bitch, and keep the cash, get my dash on
That's how we doin it in 93 I gets my blast on
We thought we ditched the coppers rolled up in the cat 'g'
I'm about to kill these motherf**kers that been followin me
I'm pullin my glock out I hear the helicopters comin
Pigs has us surrounded, dropped the loot and started runnin

(chorus w/ variations)
Don't ring the alarm 'g'
Don't ring the alarm 'g'
Don't ring the alarm 'g'
Don't ring the alarm 'g'

(*several gun shots*)