

# 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 ayyo 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'  
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(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'  
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Don't ring the alarm 'g'

(\*several gun shots\*)