

# Ring the Alarm

## FU-Schnickens

Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye  
Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye  
Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye  
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 Tobago, 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  
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'  
Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye  
Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye  
Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye  
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 Jamaican, 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  
 Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye  
 Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye  
 Ring the alarm, another sound is dying, whoa, aye  
 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>