

Sean Paul, Sound The Alarm

[Intro: R.O.B.B.]

Yo you remember Tony from Capicu?

And caribbean chicks be like papi chu

All you haters out there can't stop me dude

I got niggas out there dem shotta you

Y'all not ready for R-R-O y'all not ready for Se-an-Paul

Y'all not ready for Tony Toca

Ladies, esa loca

[Tony Touch (Sean Paul)]

Ay yo good lookin, from D.R. to Brooklyn

Puerto Rico to Montego do it for the people

Toca aka Mr. Suavito

Do what I do like I'm doin it for me though

Rep for my bredren that's without question

Pull out the weapon in case they start flexin

T. Touch he bust so stop guessin

I weed up now wheel it up in a session

Rudebwoy selecta yeah I'm a get'cha

I'm nice under pressure write a quick lecture

Sean Paul nothin but love soon as I met ya

So let's do this and show 'em who the rudest

You must be kiddin me, gettin rid of me

Guns'll blast like them boys in Tivoli

Or Rema and Jungle where all the killers be

Even in Italy they still consider me

One of the dopest that's cause I lasted

The rest is all hopeless nothin but asses

I'm so focused yet I'm so blasted

(Dutty Yeah!)

And I'm out son big up all the masses

[Sean Paul]

Tell dem all for races seh nuh guy caan try race case

Gwaan stop di progress and a gwaan embrace this
A old rust off magnum mi a got hitch upon mi waist
Tell mi if you nuh love how di teflon taste
Well I don't need a lawyer cause there won't be a case
Forget what you see now your life is get replaced
I'm di dappa Dutty dung inna di biz
I'm about to show you what respect really is
Punk yah nuh nuttin, yo I know you really think your clever
But you caan stop di style dem never
Real push button, start it if yuh ready fi whatever
Yo tell mi if you heard of mi never dem call mi

[Cho: Sean Paul]

The Dutty Loca, the Tony Toca
Man a gallis, man a gangsta, man a born herbalist
Oonu listen out, Esa Loca
The Dutty Loca, the Tony Toca
Man a gallis, man a gangsta, man a internationalist
Oonu listen out, Esa Loca

[R.O.B.B.]

Yo it's the Sosa of rap Dominicans stand up
Kingston Jamaica put your hands up
San Juan Puerto Rico I got my man Touch
My nigga Sean Paul big up big up
It's that R (Dot) O, B (Dot) B
In Jamaica we smoke kiki kiki
Ladies we got freaky freaky
I dropped out of school teach me teach me
You Touch my man Tony guns'll blow
And after the party the straight to the moe
My nigga Sean Paul still got the flow
You remember just gimme the light and pass the dro

[Sean Paul]

R.O.B.B. I got my see through straw may we blend up

Weh all who know see through dat a mi high grade friend up
Man a store quality we all a smoke to di end up
Wid mi pal upon mi pen up it a inspire mi head up
But some bwoy waan disturb man med up
Just through di money weh mi spend up dem high go get red up
When dem diss mi fi try get mi fed up
R.O.B.B. waan fi rise up di led up
Tony Toca waan fi get dem place bled up
Friends and family dem start get shred up
Just through dem nah hear di words weh mi said up
Better dem fed up or end up a dead weh dem call mi

[Cho: Sean Paul]

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[Outro: Sean Paul]

Yeah

Easy R.O.B.B. straight out of Jersey yuh dun know Tony Toca

A Dutty Yeah, Esa Loca