

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 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 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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(3x)

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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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