

# Sound the Alarm

Sean Paul

Yo you remember Tony from Capicu?  
And carribean 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

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

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

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

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

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

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Yeah  
Easy R.O.B.B. straight out of Jersey yuh dun know Tony Toca  
A Dutty Yeah, Esa Loca