

Dangerzone

McGruff

The Uptown connec' is very powerful
What we need to do is build somethin so powerful
That nobody can fuck with us
See what I mean? Okay, fuck those cockroaches Yeah, gheck it out, here come Mase
The muthafuckin' Big L, my nigga Gruff
Bout to bring it to you faggots
So when this shit drop
Y'all niggas be ready to go for your guns, nigga
Check it out, 1-2, hit em one time, yoYo, I barely know you
But the way you front, make you wanna blow you
You rappin, but you local, my shit is goin global
Niggas ain't ready, nah, fuck figures that petty
I want bricks so thick, you cut em with machetesAny nigga met me know I'm bout getting cheddy
Ain't nothin fancy, settle for 1500 Chevy
I watched my man get banned tryin to plan scams
Done ran grams on a Pan Am to San FranWe want the money, so it's a must we get paid
I puff in the shade, rock clothes custom-made
Send bricks to poppy, be big as Liberacce
You don't believe me? Nigga, watch meUnfold your phone and call up all your soldiers at home
Tell em you saw Mase in _Rolling Stone_ holdin a chrome
Now he probably out in a pocanose strokin hoes
Smokin those, celebratin, open the Mo'sA cool guy, even a cool guy can't get too high
Even his boo'll try to set him for his moolah
The cops take us to where a cell block await us
I watch my capers clock and paper rock on glaciersYo L, I ain't got to tell you what to do
(What up, what up?)
Man, just lace them niggas
(Aight, you know how we gon' do this)
Word up, dunHarlem NYC style
B-i-g style
MVP style
Baby, check it outCheck it, I got more papers than the New York Post
Packin toast, this host is quick to roast the mic, then I'm ghost
I'm not a soprano like that Italiano Sammy Gravano
MC's be getting knocked off like Paulie CastellanoThis little menace be guzzlin Hennessy
Props from here to Tennessee, police wanna finish me
You know I hate jakes, they mad cause I make papas
I'm large like the Great Lakes, with drug spots in 8 statesChillin, makin sure this money is right
Sippin Sunny Delite, hittin every honey in sight

Playboy, tracks I like rough, ain't that right, Gruff?
I might puff some green shit, but no white stuff I shoot the gift like a quick fix, front and get your shit stitched
I drop slick hits, get off my dick, bitch
(Go L)
When I was broke, you ain't wanna see me get rich Now I kill tracks and flip bricks and murder nitwits
And I'm all about big bankrolls, clothes and hostin shows
Smokin foes and strokin hoes in a pocanose
Without cash you ain't meant to live
Signin out Corleone, the Uptown representative Hey yo, Gruff, man
This is yo track, man
What you waitin for?
Rip this shit Now my life somethin finer, it wasn't when I was a minor
See, but now I'm pumpin China
White, nigga, yeah, right out the diner
For this shit here I could get time in either Facility, locked up where all the villains be
Make your first move if you're bored of grillin me
From Harlem World, take care of your mob and your girl
Too much Dom, Gruff can't starve in this world. 38 revolve with the pearl
My wolves hollerin at the moon as the earth revolve in a twirl
Blood thirst, nigga with dough get rushed first
Get him, a thug search, tell him these slugs hurt Do you in, hooligans, Timbs and rough shirts
Bust jerks, better duck when Gruff squirts
Leave niggas in more pain than when your nuts hurt
Give niggas the business, done-done much dirt Alright, alright, you see what I'm talkin about?
That's what I'm talkin about, who started this?
Uptown, who made this?
Harlem, soon the whole world
Everything's Sugarless, baby, now okay

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