

Dangerous Grounds

Method Man

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo
All them real live motherfuckin' niggaz step up front right now
It's goin' down
One love to Long Island Hempstead in my heart baby
Shaolin what?
Come on, come on, ha
Dangerous ground
Tre pound seven spin around for my bredren the cloud come down
War and peace, I take it to the street
Land shark on my lawn chop the thumbs off a thief
And curse his first born, is this thing on?
Send 'em to the children of the corn, we the people
See, niggaz through the eye of the demon
My lethal injection, destroyin' evil
Hot Nikkel, private eye one pistol
Aimin' at your brain tissue, do or die
Said the spider to the fly, "Could this one be tasty?"
Like momma apple pie goodness, Johnny Blaze me
On the job like Dick Tracy
Hit the cure for that ill shit like Ben Casey, M.D.
Symbolic thrill like God he shocked it
Like a finger in a light socket, too good to be forgotten
In the rotten apple
I kick dirt on your sand castle
Check the flavor all natural
Beat your feet
Hot Nikk's son
Heat-mizer
Before you get the main course
Taste a appetizer
Submerged in the word
Heavy headed verbal that smack you
Mentally disturb you, attack you
Thirty six chamb' once again comin' at you
Young gun got the body snatch you observe
Wise words you can only see through the third
I fall way beyond the norm on the verb
Shine on mental nourishment, you can dine on

Track yellin' at me get yo arrow god
Victory is hard, regardless to whom or what
They all movin' targets Allah
Runnin' through your house and your block party, with rap shotty
And hot rock the body body, St. Bernards
Couldn't save your entourage, rap lobotomy
Leave ya mentally scarred, numb and possibly
Dumb deaf and blind is it
I kick the spine out the battery backs
Fuckin' with mine keep it movin'
Now everybody just throw your hands in the
What the fuck, fuck?
Peace, who this?
Mind detect mind, I P.L.O. your startin' line
Deep Space Nine
Designed for knuckleheads who bust guns and throw signs
Let's converse snatch the tap from your purse
Body-surf on the verse head first
Peep defeat, bitch Street beat you down with the heat
And you spazzed out spittin' out teeth ain't nuttin' peace
Big boys don't destroy blunted zone pop steroid
50 men convoy, expensive where's the big toy
Rumble through the wasteland right hand's on the silencer
40 caliber city slicker Staten Islander
Synchronized minds combine thoughts that motivate
Don't perpetrate pass the blunt let it circulate
Street politicians on a suicide mission
Crime vision finger itchin' from a scope view position
Dangerous ground
Tre' pound seven spin around for my bredren the cloud comes down
Keep your eyes open
Love potion number nine poetry in motion
Knowledge me the seventh sign
Scopin', connivin', infiltrate is most of mine
Play 'em nonchalantly, calmly expose the nine
Push and get shoved' what the fuck Gods' thinkin' of
Comin' in the club wit that screwface, actin' up
Is we men or mice, bad moon risin' we wild for the night
Kill a skitzofrenic nigga twice 'cuz o
That's what happened when frontin' on the Shaol' borough
Island of Staten we in here no fear
Assault wit intent
To kill your whole regiment it's real
Startin' wit yo president, duckin' my dart gun
Tear apart son you don't want it then don't start none

Blaze one with Jonathon, part man part fly
Handle my B I camouflage like G.I.
Fat like Joe, a day in the life
Your money or your life that's the life
Everybody can't afford ice in the struggle
Tryin' to eat right another day another hustle hustle hustle
Dangerous ground
Tre' pound seven spin around for my bredren the clouds come down
War and peace, I take it to the street
Land shark on my lawn chop the thumbs off a thief
Motherfucker

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