

# Dangerous

## Method Man

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You know the deal, nigga  
Sha what's good nigga?  
Lex Diamond, your big brother here, you know  
Let's work this shit out, man  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, aiyo, aiyo

Fresh out the jungle where the blue boys run  
We carry rugers, smoking toast on your throat like oolas  
Hitting reefer, playing my square, windbreaker jacket  
Holding my bear, rock and roll in my Lear  
I have to eat, gun carefully, let the cocaine bling  
Strings is nothing, get your hoe clapped, king  
We hundred burners, onion turners, all this, came out the yard  
With twenty five to lifers, loving my squad  
You know the gun show off, whips is gleaming, clean as a fuck  
In dirty hallways, the ninas'll cluck  
This is crime station, my obligation is to look raw as ever  
Feed my little sons and patients  
Cause they hungry, shining, bullet fly right through the lining  
Catch me on the plane, humble and wining  
Feeding me, fresh niggas, downtown, Brooklyn in them brook lands  
Is Timbed up, looking for them jookes, with my miss and

[Chorus]

Yo, the streets is a part of me  
What you witnessing now is don archery  
Pack a lambskin hostler, one of these rocks'll soft you over  
You ain't nothing, you'se a bitch ass poser  
Fiends on your face, on the T-shirt, thinking that you envy the P  
Underneath'll be R.I.P.  
That's what you get, yo, for being so cocky  
Two guns, thumbs up, for me and my posse

Yo, what's the science, little nigga? Yo, you beefing too hard  
I throw five in your Champ hood, and envy your squad  
You try to stick out your fucking hand, nah, I don't want no dap, nigga  
Fucking lucky you ain't get glammed  
Bitch ass nigga, you wrong, yo, you mingle with rats

The other day you got caught with the gat, nigga  
How you home, nigga? Why you even up in my square?  
Like you get busy, got the block hot and stare  
Fresh coffins fast, they spitting, y'all fake bitches  
Snitches get mad love, hundred and eight stitches  
My condolences, word life, if they can find you a real killa  
Someone close is singing like the Jonases  
Crime Stoppers, the tips keep pouring in  
For a G, you be suprised who's going in  
Block huggers, the ones who be holding they jock  
And suck my cock, the real cock lovers

[Chorus]

Y'all can call me cook up or come back  
My flow hot, my hood hot, cause of one rat  
My block on fire cause of one match  
I spit with paper like thumbstacks,  
These cougars wanna play all these  
Young cats with pussy, turning boys to men, so I resort to the pen  
But at the same time, I'm pointing the pen  
And now it's game time, nigga, you in? You better thicken your skin  
Move with your peoples through the thick and the thin  
I watch for po-po, they raiding the crib  
And I ain't trying to get jammed, and have the next man raising my kids  
God forbid, dudes be hating on his, because a nigga go hard  
And hit 'em harder then they saying they is  
But that's just New York, I carry the torch, just long enough  
To light a Newport and carry this thought  
Fuck what you thought, the bigger the boss, bigger the cost  
They don't know about the Tribe of Shabazz, niggas is lost

[Chorus]

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