

# 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, haDangerous 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 thiefAnd 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 naturalBeat your feet  
Hot Nikk's son  
Heat-mizer  
Before you get the main course  
Taste a appetizerSubmerged 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 godVictory 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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