

Danger (loudlikesilence)

Vic Mensa

Free man shit
We don't need no cops 'round here
I got my dick in hand 'cause I know a lot of y'all niggas running scared
I got God on my side and I know the devil trying to take a nigga under
Really makes me wonder
And I'm feeling like the 2nd coming
As I fucked the world for the first time and she love it I think this life is the only one for me
I wouldn't trade it for nothing, unless
She was 5'7", pretty waist, coke bottle, basket case
You know me I like the danger
You know me I like the danger I'm on I-95
Double fist tequila when I drink and drive
2016 I gotta get it now
Pray to God I'm still alive
Put your lighters up
Let me take you where I was
Southside ain't safe outside
Seen a nigga standing on 47th street with a black Glock nine in the sky
Put your bangers up, twist your fingers up, bangers up
Niggas yelling "Game!" but niggas ain't tailored up
Nah, inked up, I'm tatted up
Run up on the studio and Rata-Tat-Tat it up (Rrrrrtttt!)
I let all my niggas talk for they self
They like to jugg, man they like easy money
They like making that shit hard for they self
I just realized I don't fuck with y'all
I just gotta stack my money tall
You know that feeling when you at the bank
Tryna quit cigarettes going through withdrawals
And you always knew you had what it takes
So you feeling like it's time that you take it all
Lying through they teeth niggas too fake
That's the reason really, really why I hate you all
That's how I feel out here, shit is real out here
Young niggas really out here in the field out here, yea
What's the deal out here?
Trying to turn a couple hundreds to a mil' out here, yea
And it's still our year
Niggas say they catching up they still not here

I'm looking around like
Where the fuck y'all at?
If you scared better keep your punk ass in the back I think this life is the only one for me
I wouldn't trade it for nothing, unless
She was 5'7", pretty waist, coke bottle, basket case
You know me I like the danger
You know me I like the danger I don't like the way that niggas talking like they bullet proof
'Til they gotta find out what a bullet do
Catch two in your Canada Goose
It'll turn a nigga into Proof, ooh
Shout out to my niggas on 8 Mile
Shout out my niggas on Flatbush
Man shout out to my niggas up in Cape Town
Gangbanging, rolling up the ops in the Backwoods
Don't get turned into a pack kid
You know how to act kid
You know where we at yea
You know what The Blueprint is
Ain't really shit for me and Jay to lay a nigga flat yea
And we build it from the ground man
I made the foundation like bitches with make-up
You flexing your Jacob
Get cut like a shape up
The city so hot it might dry the whole lake up
I need it God, I could ride like a race horse
I need a bitch to stay A1 like the steak sauce
Pussy so good I might stay like my pesos
Bitch and my gang, I'm the chief like a Halo
I go hard in the paint like a DayGlo
I tell Aoki he look like Tokyo
I'm on my new Hov and Nas it's a takeover
Young boy but I'm an OG like I'm Maco I think this life is the only one for me
I wouldn't trade it for nothing, unless
She was 5'7", pretty waist, coke bottle, basket case
You know me I like the danger
You know me I like the danger

Songwriters

Victor Mensah Published by

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