

# Dangerzone

## McGruff

[Malcolm X]

Stealing runs rampant in Harlem  
Gambling runs rampant in Harlem  
All types of evils and uhh, vices that terrified our community  
run rampant in Harlem

[Big L]

The microphone is through when this rap legend grab it  
Sendin poems to have them faggots diggin hoes like Reverend Swaggart

L's the nigga that crime follows  
I'm hittin fine models and stabbin folks with broken wine bottles  
I beat chumps til they head splits, then break em like breadsticks  
I sex chicks, I'll even fuck a dead bitch  
Always prayin Tecs, because I be stayin vexed  
Some nigga named Dex, was in the projects layin threats  
I jumped out the Lincoln, left him stinkin  
Put his brains in the street  
Now you can see what he was just thinkin  
I'm chokin enemies til they start turnin pale  
Satan said I'm learnin well, Big L's gonna burn in hell  
Front nigga start it cause your rap style ain't even hard  
I run with a fevered squad, and NONE OF US believe in God

Chorus: McGruff, Big L

[McG] Cause one-three-nine and Lennox is the Danger Zone

[Big] Where no man can withstand or hold his own

[Big] Cause one-three-nine and Lennox is the Danger Zone

[McG] Where no man can withstand or hold his own

[Big L]

I got styles you can't copy bitch, it's the triple six  
in the mix, straight from H-E-double-hockey sticks  
Every Sunday, a nun lay from my gun spray  
FUCK how Lethal be doin shit, the devil son's way  
Every minute, my style switches up, they said a real man  
won't hit a girl well I ain't real cause I beat bitches up  
I use words that's ill, L got nerves of steel  
I'm cool, but every now and then I get a urge to kill  
I'm takin lives for a great price, I'm the type  
to snap in heaven with a Mac-11 and rape Christ  
And I'm fast to put a cap in a fag chest  
The Big L smash stress, cause hell is my address

I'm on some satanic shit, strictly, little kids  
be wakin up cryin, yellin, "Mommy Big L is comin to get me!"

Chorus 2X

[Big L]

I keep a cutie with a soft booty, hoes be runnin up  
"Can I get your autograph L?" No bitch, I'm off duty  
I'm breakin hottie hearts, niggaz drop when my shotty sparks  
It ain't no food in my fridge; just body parts  
I keep the gear fresh, I keep the braids rugged  
I never wear, rubbers bitch, if I get AIDS, fuck it!  
A beef with me, you better prevent it cause in a minute  
I'll jump out a tenant rented, and leave a nigga body dented  
And my swoll knob your main girl cold slobbered  
and gave a blow job to my whole mob, with no prob'  
Aiyyo crazy bitches slept with L

Then they niggaz got mad and tried to step to L  
But I'm sicker than a nigga that's in special ed so I suggest  
you spread pretzelhead, 'fore I turn your white sweats to red

Chorus 2X

Songwriters

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