

## **Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ Tray Deee**

### **"Dangerous Grounds"**

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[Method Man]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yea yo

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  
clouds 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 mamma 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 Niks 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.....(phone  
rings)  
What the fuck?  
Peace - who this?

[Streetlife]  
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

[Method Man]  
Yo, 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 camouflauge 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  
(Uh huh uh huh uh huh uh huh uh huh)  
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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