

Street Life

"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

Its 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 sharp 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 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 the sand castle

Check the flavor all natural

(Beat your feet)

Hot Niks son

(E-mizer)

Before you get the main course

(Taste a appetizer)

Submerged in the word

Heavy headed verbal

Smack you, mentally disturb you attack you

Thirty-six chamb once again comin at you

Young gun got the body snatch you observe

Yo eyes work you can only see through the third

Eyeball baby Im the norm on the bird

To 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 get retard its a law
Runnin through a house and your block party, we
wreck-tion
And Hot rock the body body, St. Bernards
Couldnt save your enter

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