

Terror Squad F/ Big Punisher

"Danger"

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Intro:

It's goona be that, it's gonna be that shit

Hook:

Lounge homeboy you in the danger zone (x8)

Verse 1:

Keith Murray is this mic phychosis
I break your best rappers off thousands of pieces
I'm on some other shit splittin' wigs with my
penmanship
Kick flows harder then the music so feel in your head
and chest
And pass it to the next
They gave me 5 mic checks and all due respect
So please fill it up and check the anitfreeze
Cause this nigga Keith drop mad degrees
I launch tomahawk missiles when I talk with
permiscuesus
Intelligence like Mr. Romp
From New York unto the world over
I walk MC's like Jesus walked on water
As my airy frequency reigns through the galaxy
I easily gets busy and takes 3
I'm the nicest MC on this side of the pennisula
Stuck in the perimeter like a ninja

Hook

Verse 2:

The Def Squad MC's is shittin' on your new transmitters
Not quitters now forgetters
Runnin' deep like rivers (word 'em up) what is
My delivers, which is, givin' crews the shivers
I'm like a mad scientist with this son
I concock some shit that'll bust the sun
I got the stunky funky illest funk flow
For the glamorous scandalous world of radio
So how you want? Headcreads or ceelo?
I gets root deep like cavity cretes
Rockin' motherfuckers directly to sleep

A tybarrious rebel without a pause for the cause
And no claws the style is the son of noise
Peace to the hardcore the outlaw raw
Bug youngblood thugs, strong as ? 64 ounce jugs
In the realms of the danger

Hook

Verse 3:

Bust the contrast and how I forecast
Supersonic hyperphonic goin' on that ass paragraph
With the million dollar bionic metaphoric lyrical math
Generating off the chronic
By cooling in the dark path and the drug rath of the ath
And the ill shit that I craft
It's labeled as sick logic to the critics of the didicks
But they don't know the half of the half
The apperatus status of a maddisist
I conquire up a new style puffin' ganja, over the hook
Causin' more trama with my mouth then the stealth
bomber
Killing every style in the book
Like it's goin' outta style tomorrow
My style is coming from down south and cross yonder
I drop the dope shit for masses and non-believers
Like spiral passes to butter finger wide recievers
As my photo type sound gays leis and hoes my style
probe
To the farthest reaches of the globe
Payin' dues got me cockin' tools, you fuckin' fools
I'm rippin' crew and no exception to the the god damn
rules
This is danger

Hook

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