

Alan Parsons Project

"Dangerous"

Visit "[Dangerous](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[O.C.]

Ahh, you don't stop
You don't stop, you don't stop
O.C.'s on the mic and you don't stop
You don't stop, you don't stop
Big L is on the other you don't stop
You don't stop, and you don't stop
Mr. Walt on the beat you don't stop
Check it out yo

Yo.. I'm lookin for the big C-notes, like Al Pacino
Here's a new slang word: you pussino
What it means is just that: PUSS
My nickname to some, know me as Mush
Fly like a Testarossa, my God
Do not attempt to diss me and my squad
Diggin in the Crates crew click my brother
I'm on the mic, Big L is on the other
For those that know me, indeed I flow
manuevers, like shells bust from a Luger
Satisfaction, I bring the action
Blowin your backs in, with only a fraction
A mic set, mindset; O.C. design this
finest, rap lord, Your Highness
Pulsatin, vibratin, Shorty Wop
on the dancefloor with the hips gyratin, c'mere
Ass swingin like a chandalier; like
a cat in heat, with her ass all up in the air
Bust this, who said I can't cut the mustard
Rappin is a bitch boy and I got a lust for it

Chorus: O.C.

If you want it, we got it
Ladies, spot it
No doubt about it
Fly and exotic
When we on the scene it's a major plus
And whoever facin us we dangerous

Chorus

[Big L]

I be that smooth cat you never seen rollin with clowns
One of the few from Uptown that's holdin it down
Hoes is on me like I'm welfare, even rich ones
that live in Bel Air, is this Big L yeah, hell yeah
Word up, I use a chrome gat to push domes back
Watch how you talk when you call me, Feds got the
phone tapped
This rap game, I put my life in it, chain got
mega ice in it, push an Infinite, chrome rims, light
tinted
You can see pal, it's all about me now
Twenty G's a show punk three thou just to freestyle
I made this cheese it didn't grow on trees
Can you hold somethin? Sure, you can hold on these
Yo I'm fat like the old Cray-on, smooth as Rayon
L is who the ladies stay on (yea baby play on)
I chew chumps like chewsticks, known for poppin new
hits
I know you want me hoe if I was you I'd want me too
bitch!

Chorus

[O.C.]

Time to show, who get it on like soap
Derived from nature so I'm pure like snow
Brown skinned nigga with a low cut Ceasar
Travellin the world with my name on the visa, as said
O.C.: Legendary already
Rhyme flow cut like a machete
First time rappers, I bust your cherries
Bitch hold still so I can put it in steady
The more you squirm, the more pain I'ma inflict
She stayed still and let me pump this dick
Microphone raw diggin, almost won't fit in
I'm still hard when I'm bustin off semen
Semi; y'all in my way, OK rhymes are gay
I'ma make you a M.I.A.
Cause I find you not a itsy-bitsy bit raw
I'ma grind you like the bicuspidises in my jaws
When I rock it feel like you bein fucked
on all fours, this ain't meant for the stores
This is for the niggaz in the clubs with thug mugs
And for the chicks thinkin they cute without mustard

Shaolin... "makin money"

Niggaz in Brooklyn... "ma-makin money!"

Queens and the Bronx... "makin money"

Yeah, Manhattan.. "ma-makin money!"

[Big L]

I rock the blue face Prezzie, pockets heavy with cheddi
I met these two lezzies in a Chevy Betty and Desi
They like to menage-a-trois, then blase blah
with L Corleone cause I'm a suave star

[O.C.]

No doubt Baby Pah, platinum rings, mean niggaz
lookin at my ice from the chain it swing
In the party, pop Dom, lampin like a Don
Low key smilin at the bitches with my gold teeth

[Big L]

You can't fuck with the place cause we just too hot
So all that mess you pop I suggest you stop
Quit while you ahead cause you ain't built like that
Better chill cause on the real cats get killed like that

[O.C.]

Mmhmm, two crisp type figures, clean cut niggaz
Plussed out cribs rock twin Ac' Vegas
Livin life to the fullest gettin rich ain't far
Chillin with women bankin dough avoidin sluts and
scars

Chorus

Visit [Alan Parsons Project](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.