

Art Nuse**"Danger"**

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[*P.F. Cuttin cuts up*]

(Now I'm gonna show you how the East coast rocks) -->

KRS-One

(And now..)

(The more dangerous) --> Notorious B.I.G.

[Outloud]

Now there's multi styles in my possession

No question, I be nice

Rappers lose like Master Ace rollin dice

Who precise? Check the visuals, we leave no residuals

Individuals makin gold diggers miserable

So no-no for beef, smoke the cocoa leaf

There's no relief as this rap door revolves

And I enter, ???? like people homes

Blow up mics like I blow illegal phones

Homes is flesh and bones, not the fraud you're looking
for

The plunder, go under, think we're one-hit wonder, yo, I
spoil it

flush that talk down the toilet, sip the alcoholic

Uhh, then Blahzay hit you with the whatchamacallit

You bleed red water, step into my red quarter

Out of order, Medina

Animals eat you like piranha

Cat chow, I never bow, still I aim to please

Drain what you got like if I was your main squeeze

Wack MC's ease, the end is here at last

Jet real fast with your tail between yo ass

(The more dangerous) --> Notorious B.I.G.

[Trigga tha Gambler]

My rap begins by collision, Trigga mention

The flow mainstream, it change your visual decision

The jump funk, bodies in my trunk, and you're really
dumb, punk

With your odd stories, your dream ship will get sunk

I'm the jaw-locker, ripper, face-??? cock-a-blocker

Body-dropper, flo'-mopper, show-stopper

The misdemeanor, dreamer, money-schemer

Slip the clip in infrared-beamer
Nighty-nighty deceased-dreamer
The wipe-out, out-wipe the competition
My pistol-whippin, ass-kickin, public enemy-demolition
They say Brownsville niggas double cross, bodybags
get tossed
Dangerous for you niggas fuckin with my gun sport

(The more dangerous) --> Notorious B.I.G.

[L.A. the Darkman]

See, now you didn't heed the warning, so here come
the remix
Check the prefix: re-
So I'ma re-kicks yo ass splendid
Leavin MC's twisted and bended from a touch of that
Darkman rap segment
Enter the dangerzone at your own risk
The rap arsonist, lyrical demolisionist
Feel the fist when it rips through
Your skin, your muscle, flesh and bodily tissue
Never to miss you, my rhymes leave the punk seekin
I shoot em, then hit your dome and leave your mic
leakin
Then I'm creepin, my style is on some next shit
Rhymes hit your chest and use your back for the exit
Flexin is not recommended
My lyrics bash your brains and leave your foreheads
dented
I meant it, me, I be the Blahzay lieutenant
Swingin on MC's like I'm goin for the pennant

(The more dangerous) --> Notorious B.I.G.

[Smoothe da Hustler]

It's the Hustler, Lone Shark from Saratoga Ave.
Ave. Saratoga from Lone Shark, Hustler to it's
I'm rushin you clicks, forwards and backwards
My tactics interact with tracks
Contacts my facts to keep you flippin like a mattress
Mattress a like flippin me keep to facts
My contact tracks with interact tactics
My backwards and forwards match
If you peepin how I'm creepin
And you ain't sleepin
My verse was dispersed, then reversed
I'm better than medicine, Next Level veteran
The type to go to the show, deep with three on the
guestlist
Stop, turn around and say I'm stressin
Watch how I finesse this

And get a levelling, dissed I never been
Hardrocks'll splatter, assault and batter ya
My thug life-tapes are historical from archives in Attica
And I be the man behind the man behind the man at
hand
When the Hustler's in the house (oh my God)
understand?

(The more dangerous) --> Notorious B.I.G.

[D.V. alias Khrist]
Danger, danger
When the East is in the house
Danger, danger
Oh my God

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