

## Grave Digger "Dangerous"

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[Intro: Fatman Scoop]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah what's up my niggaz  
This is Fatman Scoop  
Holdin' this down right here for my man O.C  
Harlem World and Brooklyn this town few  
O.C. is "makin' money"  
Peter Gunz is "makin' money"  
Lord Tariq is "makin' money"  
Fatman Scoop is "makin' money"

[Verse 1: O.C.]

I was on a ball court where niggaz sold crills  
In park jams at night with guns made plus spill  
Let me set the scene Bushwick cold, caught after dark  
Where .22 hand guns were bucked, now  
Thrust this back in, with rock shocks is emquiddish  
Never tan, wannabe Clarks stay with the shitted  
Cadi Coupdeville '79 heroin game was strong  
Heavy hitters with gold chains on  
Nowadays I always make niggaz into vultures (Blow)  
Another young nigga stiff like a sculpture  
Pen in the holster, no more o' that, niggaz I twist back  
You it for what you said in the rap  
Yo it's a shame, with all the bad shit tainted enough  
Lust, murder, deceit, hate life is dangerous

[Chorus: Fatman Scoop]

Yeah, yeah  
NYC is "makin' money"  
And the boys in LA is "makin' money"  
All the cats in DC is "makin' money"  
My crew in Norfolk is "makin' money"  
My team in Atlanta is "makin' money"  
All the cats in Detroit is "makin' money"  
All my boys in NC is "makin' money"  
My home-team in Miami is "makin' money"

[Verse 2: Lord Tariq]

Twelve thousand a day now that's less  
Fuck these fakes I'm the Lord  
You might've seen me on the ad

"lunch and whip old george"  
Contemplatin' spots some veteran Bronx blocks  
Even doin' hand to hand tryin' to triple my grand, and  
The money came quick, rumor has it that a fiend  
Just died of my shit, they all bought the hit  
Eighty bottles a day kept the momses away  
But now we monsters, on city island  
We crackin lobsters with a good time investor  
Talkin in codes we sippin mexican siÃ«stas learnin the  
roads  
And he expect, me was the best from the stories I told  
And how my block generated more money than gold  
Time related, but innovated, bound to grow old  
And how the New York blocks made, my warm heart  
cold  
Ain't no time to foe the nigga said he got bricks  
Goin once goin twice, nigga sold

[Chorus: Fatman Scoop]

All my shout out cats is "makin' money"  
My peoples from the Bay is "makin' money"  
All my cats in DA is "makin' money"  
And my team from Houston is "makin' money"  
What the deal yeah

[Verse 3: Peter Gunz]

You cowards like to boast but I ain't seen no pause of  
the mu-lah  
You talkin that tough shit, you new niggaz is cool-ah  
My man got about two hundred mill in the trunk  
And a third of that will be in my bank in about a month  
I'm the part of the Bronx with provejects cheques in a  
I'm in the back enhance sippin Baileys gettin ben-ah  
I fiend in negativity you playin them games  
Stop beatin around the bush nigga say my name  
I, Peter Gunz, slash the Bronx top ten  
I gun a bitch off and slice his dick up in her friend  
I reach for the nine to blind niggaz if they hit it  
You can have twenty mill in the bank and still get it  
Like; up your back and around your neck (Whoo-haa)  
That's all I hear when I'm wavin my tec  
Motherfucker bullshittin I'm hittin the bangin switches  
And I got a gang of ritches for all you stinkin bitches

[Chorus: Fatman Scoop]

All my cats out of Queens is "makin' money"  
My team from Harlem World is "makin' money"  
Yeah my Boogie Down Bronx is "makin' money"  
All my peoples from Brooklyn is "makin' money"

[Verse 4: O.C.]

I be that slick kid, with gold teeth  
Shinin of ya forehead, beef?  
I don't think you want it, chief  
I'm O.C. swing fly, dialog like Tarzan  
Swamming like Shazamm on this year jam  
Kinda mint like Zush, I'm a Prince like Shaka Zulu  
With the hair on my Bronx, beatin me fruits  
Me, blessin this joint is like God  
And writin a New Testament  
Didn't see me writin it is the evidence  
I, I exhault til rappers forfeit  
Mouth like I battle words, bust like a four-fifth  
Brings you a tenner when I send a slug to ya midriff  
Hands up for you poppin that shit  
Now if I miss six shots you gotta deal with Gunz  
And if he miss, Lord Tariq will cold give you the runs  
But I doubt we all miss it's like game for us  
Three New York niggaz that's Dangerous, what

[Outro: Fatman Scoop]

Yeah without a doubt O.C. Worldwide Megalive  
London, Amsterdam, Denmark, Japan  
O.C. in the Lexus land yeah you don't stop  
Peter Gunz in the house you don't stop  
Lord Tariq in the house you don't stop  
O.C. in the house you don't stop

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