

Chris Walla

"Dangerous"

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

Drinkin... smokin... poppin... ro?llin...
Fuckin till my condoms broken
Stackin chips and bangin chicks
We livin life so dangerous now lets go!

Uh yeah
Webby back when I told you what
Get up on the stage and our show is nuts
Microphone and my cobra clutch, what?
Jack frost On the beat I be too cold to touch
Hit em with a rhythm that be dope as fuck
Baby girl hit your knees and open up
Ct vandal and I never give a shit don't plan to
'Cause I'm here to make a splash like shamoo
Damn you ran through any competition I can do
Can you figure a flow and I keep pace
Joints rolled up to the face, turn up the base till my
windows break
Flow well done let me raise the stakes
Since 88' I've been the mother fucking monster man
Had headphones on in my sonogram
Came out so mean that the doctor ran
And had a full ass diaper of contraband
God damn, I'm killing the flow that's the plan
I'm fuckin every girl I can
Ball like jordan, space jam, pass me the rock and I'll hit
em with a slam
Du-du-dumb baseline coming out the trunk
Always stay drunk with a full ass blunt
Money up front chase in cheddar can't stop me bitch
I'm way too clever
Give me a beat no one can race it better
Spit so cold I can change the weather
Bitch I've been living this way forever
Wait till the game get a taste of webster

Drinkin... smokin... poppin... ro?llin...
Fuckin till my condoms broken
Stackin chips and bangin chicks
We livin life so dangerous now lets go!

Uh yeah let me go ahead and do it like this now
Sit down making a beat my bitch now
Hit her with a right hook, chris brown
Take down your chick around the hips
Lean back with a sticky ass pound of piff
This real hip-hop no counter-fit
And put some drink in the cup, bounce of this
And get loud as shit, t-rex rawr
Put my tape in and eject yours
Bangin the fuck out of the girl next door
Too smart on the mic just check my test scores
Rock with a flow when I'm around the best,
Always on the grind no time to rest
Your girlfriend ask me if I can sign her chest
And then I worked her out like a P90X
I just sign then check and then I make them bills, shit
And I don't even got no deal
I know how I am and I keeps it real
So damn fresh I haven't cracked the seal
King of the hill, wrack with the words
Proved I'm the mother fucking best in the burbs
Stepped to me do you bound to get served
No entry dish or a full desert
I'm just puttin out work, nine to five
Jet pack flow, time to fly
No such thing is kind of high
Burb down all day that's what I decide
Yeah It's CW
And you rollin in the whip when I'm coming through
We're drinking poppin another pill or two
And I'll be lovin my life, bitch how about you

Drinkin... smokin... poppin... ro?llin...
Fuckin till my condoms broken
Stackin chips and bangin chicks
We livin life so dangerous now lets go!

Visit [Chris Walla](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.