

## Method Man "Dangerous Ground"

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Featuring Street Life]  
[Method Man]  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yea yo  
Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo  
All them real live motherfuckin niggaz step up front  
right now  
Its goin down  
One love to Long Island Hempstead in my heart baby  
Shaolin what?  
Come on come on HA!  
Dangerous ground  
Tre pound seven spin around for my bredren the  
clouds come down  
War and peace I take it to the street  
Land sharp on my lawn chop the thumbs off a thief  
And curse his first born, is this thing on?  
Send em to the children of the corn we the people  
See, niggaz through the eye of the demon  
My lethal injection, destroyin evil  
Hot Nikkel, private eye one pistol  
Aimin at your brain tissue, do or die  
Said the spider to the fly Could this one be tasty  
Like momma apple pie goodness, Johnny Blaze me  
On the job like Dick Tracy  
Hit the cure for that ill shit like Ben Casey, M.D.  
Symbolic thrill like god he shocked it  
Like a finger in a light socket, too good to be forgotten  
In the rotten apple  
I kick dirt on the sand castle  
Check the flavor all natural  
(Beat your feet)  
Hot Niks son  
(E-mizer)  
Before you get the main course  
(Taste a appetizer)  
Submerged in the word  
Heavy headed verbal  
Smack you, mentally disturb you attack you  
Thirty-six chamb once again comin at you  
Young gun got the body snatch you observe  
Yo eyes work you can only see through the third  
Eyeball baby Im the norm on the bird

To shine on mental nourishment, you can dine on  
Track yellin at me get yo arrow god  
Victory is hard  
Regardless to whom or what  
They all get retard its a law  
Runnin through a house and your block party, we  
wreck-tion  
And Hot rock the body body, St. Bernards  
Couldnt save your enterrage plat lobotomy  
Leave ya mentally scarred, numb and possibly  
Dumb deaf and blind is it  
I keep your spine out the battery pack spark it with mine  
keep it  
movin  
Now everybody just throw your hands in the.....(phone  
rings)  
What the fuck?  
Peace - who this?  
[Streetlife]  
Mind detect mind  
A P.L.O. da startin line  
Deep Space Nine  
Designed for knuckleheads who bust guns and throw  
signs  
Lets converse snatch the tap from your purse  
Body-surf on the verse head first  
Peeped your feet bitch straight beat you know wit the  
heat  
And you spazzed out spittin out teeth aint nothin please  
Big boys dont destroy blunt is so pop stare on  
50 men convoy, spends to wear the big toy  
Rumble through the wasteland my hands on the  
silencer  
40 caliber city slicker Staten Islander  
Synchronize minds combine thoughts that motivate  
Dont perpetrate pass the blunt let it circulate  
Street politicians on a suicide mission  
Crime vision finger itchin from a scope-view position  
Dangerous ground  
Tre pound seven spin around for my bredren the cloud  
comes down  
[Method Man]  
Yo  
Keep ya eyes open  
Love potion number nine poetry in motion  
Knowledge me the seventh sign  
Scold it canivin  
Infiltrate is most of mine  
Play em nonchalantly, calmly expose the nine  
Push and get shoved what the fuck gods thinkin of  
Comin in the club wit that screw face, actin up

Is we men or mice, bad moon risin  
We wild for the night  
Kill a skitzofrenic nigga twice cuz-a  
Thats what happened when frontin on this Shaol brotha  
Island of Staten we in here no fear  
Assault wit intent  
To kill your whole regiment its real  
Startin wit yo president, duckin my dart gun  
Tear apart something you dont want it then dont start  
none  
Blaze one with Jonathon, part man part fly  
Handle my B-I camouflauge like G.I.  
Fat like Joe, a day in the life  
Your money or your life thats the life  
Everybody cant afford ice in the struggle  
Tryin to eat right another day another hustle hustle  
hustle  
(Uh huh uh huh uh huh uh huh uh huh)  
Dangerous ground  
Tre pound seven spin around for my bredren the  
clouds come down  
War and peace, I take it to the street  
Land sharp on my lawn chop the thumbs off a thief  
Motherfuck

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