

Moby

"Dangerous Grounds"

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[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

It's 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 shark 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 your sand castle

Check the flavor all natural

(Beat your feet)

Hot Niks son

(Heat-mizer)

Before you get the main course

(Taste a appetizer)

Submerged in the word

Heavy headed verbal that smack you

Mentally disturb you, attack you

Thirty-six chamb' once again comin at you

Young gun got the body snatch you observe
Wise words you can only see through the third
I fall way beyond the norm on the verb
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 movin targets Allah
Runnin through your house and your block party, with
rap shotty
And hot rock the body body, St. Bernards
couldn't save your entourage, rap lobotomy
Leave ya mentally scarred, numb and possibly
Dumb deaf and blind is it
I kick the spine out the battery backs
fuckin 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, I P.L.O. your startin line
Deep Space Nine
Designed for knuckleheads who bust guns and throw
signs
Let's converse snatch the tap from your purse
Body-surf on the verse head first
Peep defeat, bitch Street beat you down with the heat
And you spazzed out spittin out teeth ain't nuttin peace
Big boys don't destroy blunted zone pop steroid
50 men convoy, expensive where's the big toy
Rumble through the wasteland right hand's on the
silencer
40 caliber city slicker Staten Islander
Synchronized minds combine thoughts that motivate
Don't 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 your eyes open
Love potion number nine poetry in motion
Knowledge me the seventh sign
Scopin, connivin, 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 screwface, actin up

Is we men or mice, bad moon risin
We wild for the night
Kill a skitzofrenic nigga twice cuz-o
That's what happened when frontin on the Shaol'
borough
Island of Staten we in here no fear
Assault wit intent
To kill your whole regiment it's real
Startin wit yo president, duckin my dart gun
Tear apart son - you don't want it then don't 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 that's the life
Everybody can't 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 shark on my lawn chop the thumbs off a thief
Motherfucker

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