

Notorious B.i.g. "Dangerous Mc's"

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Yeah, ninety-six, for my Nordstrom Ave niggaz
My Fulton Street niggaz, dangerous MC's

Diamonds on my neck, chrome drop-top
Chillin' on the scene, smoking l's of green
Ooh-wee, you see, the ugliest
Money-hungriest, Brooklyn Loch Ness
Nine millimeter cock test, wan fi' test?
And the winner is

Y'all niggaz know the rules
I blast on niggaz so my fist never bruise
Land-still-cruise, Frank White paid his dues
Ask who's the raw, bet they say Poppa very
Look forward to me like commissary

All of a sudden, now everybody Big Willie
Done did it, come widdit, get yo' head splitted
Or get your neck slitted, admit it, you overdid it
Your shit it, just ain't got that loud, gold tooth shine like
ta-dow

Biggie Small's the illest and how, frays raise your
eyebrow
By now you figure, he talkin' 'bout that nigga
But your weak-ass assumptions, lead led to dumpin'
IV to pump-in, you're feeling something
Catch my drift or catch my four-fifth lift
At least six inches above project fences
Turn meat to minces, jokes turn to flinches

When I rain I drenches, cleared your park benches
Missed you by pinches, your talk is senseless
Actor needs chiropractor for cracked jaw
Yes, I rocked your cheddar box
Dangerous you're not I gets down
Twist your body round and round, upside down

C'mon, yo, throw your hands, c'mon
Bitch, grab your tits, c'mon
Let me know you in the spot
Bump your fists, c'mon

Thugs tote yo' shit
We 'bout to get mo' rich, c'mon
Let's blow the club, c'mon
Fuck the place up, c'mon

Shake yo' nasty ass
And make it swing all around, c'mon
Yo, make this money
Throw yo' loot on the ground, c'mon

Bounce in your whips, c'mon
Bitch, lick yo' lips, c'mon
Dangerous MC's
My nigga, this be the shit, c'mon
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Make money, hand over fist
The bo-vines roam where chicken hearts don't exist
Settin' up shop, it's hands on in the hustle
Fakes don't kill nuttin' but time and don't tussle

The process of elimination, fresh rotation
Come and go and they death be starvation
In the heat of battle, it's no rest for the weary
Snooze and you lose is the theory

The fury of a patient man is wild beyond belief
Be afraid, you don't want beef with us chief
Your talk is cheap and the supply meets demand
Everything you can imagine is real man

And revenge be the dish I serve to cats cold
Stay up on about ten folds, you know how it goes
You know the streets and it's real as shit, c'mon
Niggaz grab your dicks, c'mon, bitches rub your tits,
c'mon

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Oh no, big Snoop Dogg
Slap you with my paw, all across your jaw
Break, fool on these bitches while I'm breakin' the law
You come up in my room, look bitch, you takin' it off,
follow me

I slip 'em, slide 'em, rip 'em, ride 'em, provide 'em
With that West coast G shit, L.B.C. shit
We dips to this, make chips to this
And buy brand new whips and shit

I bet you didn't know that yo' bitch was suckin' dick
Who you think she fuckin' with? Look here
My East side lifestyle is way foul, move the crowd
Point a pistol at you bitch niggas, bla dow

How you like me now?
You got stuck and fucked, Doggy style
100 spokes Day-tonas, bendin' the corner
All up in Crooklyn, bad bitches are lookin'

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So you lovin' us so much, this shit is bleedin' through
you

If I worked in a restaurant
I'd shit in the food and feed it to you

Most of my niggaz cuckoo, easy to gas to shoot you
Even all of them Haitian niggaz won't believe this
voodoo
Can yo' pussy be chaka, don't let me speak in patois
And kick you in your face like we playin' a game of
soccer

I love to cock the glock-a, stack up on loot and vodka
And fuck your crew because all of y'all niggaz full of
caca
The way we doin' damage, tell me how the fuck you
manage
With my niggaz who marinate on foul thoughts and
think savage

Them niggaz'll throw you in a manhole
And push they hand in yo' ass
And pull yo' head right out yo' asshole

Parkay nigga, we rugged all day, nigga
You ready to fuck bitch? Fuck the foreplay, nigga
This me for all consumers, my nigga fuck the rumors
Three in the worst way of pure coke for all you drug
abusers

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