

Styles

"Dangerous Minds"

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[Takbir]

See, she got trapped from the rear, Tiger Chan and
Takbir

Slap em down, make em drown, in the muddy water
slaughter

You oughta be able to pick up your pen and defend
Cause if you can't, me and my friend, terrorizin all
Revoke all my actions and still won't fall

Stab you all like rag dolls - time for voodoo

See we can do what you do - change your smelly
diapers filled with doo doo

Then toss them and ??no scratch allowed ha??

You weak to Deac', your piece don't ever ever try to
compete

I'm fat in cellulite, keep it discrete and delete

No longer will you exist in the war of the wack minds

Takbir, rollin on fools like Pathfinders

It's the grandmaster, ?? flash when I'm runnin

laps around those who can't adapt to fat sounds

Backgrounds and pots on stage is what you need and
yo

Ryu, pass me the gauze to stop the bleeding

Jaycee got sick with the tracks, so I flip with the rap

Enough dope, to make the world's biggest triple beam
collapse

Jump up and get jacked

Collide like an avalanche and a haystack

Stay back, the will of force is aweseome

Tied em up to the pole with ropes and scorch em

Burnin with the flame and the match I aim

Shoot splat, uh oh, uh oh, what who's that?

Yeah Tak-Takbir, uh ah ah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah..

"Hit 'em at point blank range and watch em radiate" -

Rakim

A wicked combination with my dangerous mindstate

"Hit 'em at point blank range and watch em radiate" -

Rakim

Suffocate the victim he's trapped with no escape

[Ryu]

Yo, it's Tiger Chan from San Fernand'
Dolo trippin fat vocal code bring katanas to your throat
My persona is that of a Don Dadda, so I gotta
slay sixty-four suckers and bounce like an Impala
from the junkyard, scientifically pullin your trump card
Speak with RESPECT when you speak of the God
But yo bust it, I get up in asses like hand puppets
When Ryu bring da ruckus rappers start kickin the
bucket
Tackle me who's the toughest, kid to get clowned
Rolled smoked and passed around Cuban imported
Dutches
Lyrics servin me justice, plus it's payin my bills
Step up and get swept up like kitchen spills
by the man who got more skills than Tupac got mills
in a shoebox, BANGIN S.O.B. out your boombox

Hahhah, so what happened?

Actin like a G, but your name ain't Julio
Messin with my Dangerous Mind like you was Coolio
Michelle Pfeiffer, I keep it hyper like a sniper
Buckin in plain view, my fangs bare like a viper
Step into my cypher son and get tagged
around the toe MC RahRah now you John Doe

"I'm goin out blastin, takin my enemies with me"
Strictly with the rhymes, Dangerous Minds is risky
"I'm goin out blastin, takin my enemies with me"
Whiskey in the brain keep me from goin insane
"I'm goin out blastin, takin my enemies with me"
Tipsier than hippie hallucigenic semantics
"I'm goin out blastin, takin my enemies with me"
It ain't nuttin but some ol' Tiger Tiger Tiger Chan {shit}

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