

Gert Törner

"Dangerous Ground"

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

[Keith Murray]

Yo, you think them niggaz out there impress me?
Don't none of that shit impress me
Oh, I'm supposed to listen cause they on the radio?
Psssh, I'm ready

I got, nuttin to lose in the world to gain
I leave you slain and make your family relocate and
change their names
Like the West coast say, I'm bout the ?macolay?
Niggaz be slippin when I be flippin and I'll see you next
trip
Cause revenge is a motherfucker payback is a bitch
Especially when I'm coin with that Def Squad click
Can you relate to an intense, motherfucker
Gridiron mic cuffer, terror to the jugular
Smother all the others, punk motherfuckers
But I'ma keep it real, cause me and you is brothers
It'll happen so fast boy you won't stand a chance
Cause the L.O.D. put in work like red ants
And when I walk by Curtis Mayfield'll draft
And spell the full limp love is just like Shaft
Shit I craft, is harder than Chinese math
Plus I lay you down for standing on Dangerous Ground

Chorus: Keith Murray, 50 Grand (with variations)

Aiyyo you're standing on Dangerous Ground, too close
to the crown
Let's see if you know the bounds
I said you're standing on Dangerous Ground, too close
to the crown
Let's see if you know the bounds
Aiyyo y'all standing on Dangerous Ground, too close to
the crown
Let's see if you know the bounds
Yo kid you standing on Dangerous Ground, too close to
the crown
Let's see if you know the bounds

[Keith Murray]

Let's embark on this mission like Black Indiana Jones
is eatin Pookie sandwiches and smokin chronic bones
See I kill it a little, then leave it alone
Let my man 50 G drag it into his zone

[50 Grand]

Now 50 Grand's in the room and Legion of Doom
And if you sayin Def Squad's the bomb then I'll assume
It's takes brain splittin compositions, makin incisions
Dranin the blood up out silly niggaz, like morticians

[Keith Murray]

Now I'ma mack out and pimp the rhythm like Too \$hort
and Dru Down
And wait for what go around to come around
And beat it in the head with this, send em off into the
unknown
In and out of conciousness, kind of like
a hip-hop microphone hypnotic
Specialist in gettin inside artists, sick word analyst
World's most foul freestylist
C'mon man y'all niggaz know y'all can't get with this

Chorus

[Keith Murray]

And kill the noise playboys cause we have no flaws
We employ hits the whole family can enjoy
I'll be masterin the Funk like Flex, mentally
Etchin and Sketchin, speakin with my hands like
Terminator X and
scheme and get choked out like Radio Raheem
My team'll put you to sleep and let you dream
I'm not down with the East West coast controversy
Me say you you say me, across the country makin millis
I'll be glad to see a brother get paid for hard work
But instead y'all steady tryin to ditch up the dirt

[50 Grand]

Yeah niggaz still tryin to toss salt in the game
And y'all done read my name graffitied in the walls of
fame
Let me explain niggaz die for fame in this game my
name's
like a migraine, rappers get banged out the frame
See some funny style niggaz in the house tonight
With posses too thin to win, and too light to fight
Think twice

Chorus

[Keith Murray]

I had the last watch and y'all niggaz on the corner
pumpin gas
Nervous like you lyin to a polygraph

[50 Grand]

Come see a real show, cut off your flow, killin you slow
One time for L.O., I'm like a thief, in your window

[Keith Murray]

Or catch us in the streets, herdin like cattle
Defeatin rappers without contracts and battles, swingin
like Mickey Mantle

[50 Grand]

Niggaz trippin like they wanna be me
Challenge Def Squad, L.O.D. you livin Dangerously

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