

## **Method Man F/ Blue Raspberry**

### **"Dangerous MC's"**

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[Notorious B.I.G.]

Yeah, ninety-six, for my Nordstrom Ave niggaz  
My Fulton Street niggaz (hardcore for ninety-six)  
Dangerous MC's..

Uhh (check it out) uhh  
Diamonds on my neck, chrome drop-top  
Chillin on the scene, smokin pounds of green  
Oooh-wee, you see, the ugliest  
Money-hungriest, Brooklyn Loch Ness  
Nine millimeter cock test, wan fi' test?  
And the winner is..

[Busta Rhymes]

Y'all niggaz know the rules  
I blast on niggaz so --

[Notorious B.I.G.]

-- 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 every-body 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 Smalls 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  
(HAH)  
Missed you by pinches (HOO) your talk is senseless  
(RRUFF)  
Actor needs chiropractor (HAH, HOO) for cracked jaw  
Yes I rocked your cheddar box (hah)

Dangerous you're not I gets down (HOO)  
Twist your body {\*singing\*} round and round, upside  
down

Chorus: Busta Rhymes

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  
Dangerous MC's  
My nigga this be the shit, c'mon

[Mark Curry]

Uh-huh, make money hand over fist  
The bo-vines roam where chickenhearts 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 theory 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

Chorus (minus last two lines)

[Snoop Dogg]

Awww nah, 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, uh-huh (beyotch)  
I bet you didn't know that yo' bitch was suckin dick (say  
what?)  
Who you think she fuckin with? (what?) Look here  
My, Eastside lifestyle is way foul, move the crowd  
Point a pistol at you bitch niggas, BLA-DOW  
.. How you like me now? (what what, what?)  
You got stuck and fucked, Doggystyle  
100 spokes Day-tonas, bendin the corner  
all up in Crooklyn, bad bitches are lookin

Chorus (minus last two lines)

[Busta Rhymes]

So you lovin us so much this shit is bleedin through you  
If I worked in a resteraunt  
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 pat-ois  
and kick you in your face like we playin a game of soc-  
cer  
I love to cock the glock-a, stack up on loot and vod-ka  
And fuck your crew because all of y'all niggaz full of  
ca-ca  
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

Chorus (minus last two lines)

Chorus (fades out)

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