

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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