

TRU (Master P) "Dangerous in My City"

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Master p singing:

Tru niggas love weed and hoes

Silkk talking:

Yeah nigga
Shit's real in the streets.
Shit's real in the city.
Everybody out there.
Ya'll know it's real. (whomp!)
Tell em how we live in the city.

Verse 1 (fiend) :

Fuck excusing and asking, you better take a look at my
past tense
I ain't had shit, it's a new orleansas ax accent
Laugh when you heard the slowest slurs in my word
Didn't think that the southerens could make you dance
to the curb
Nerve, my word sent in my earb,
Getting excited to make your money what it's worth
Nigga act like you ain't heard, sleepy eye is the tone
Get it on jones, about to bring it own home
Ship me then I'm gone, workin best for the loan
Started with a song, longer money and roam
Fuck anything wrong, you certified gone
I got one lil' homie that'll take it to your nose

Chorus: (fiend)

It's dangerous in our city
Nobody can tame us in our city
You ain't heard? we got gangstas in our city
Bangers in our city, and niggas ready to war if you try
to rip me

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Verse 2: (silkk)

I hop out the blue jeep with the two seats
The drama don't stop thats why I cock at least two heat
All with the slang, all my niggas deep in the game
We keep the heat when we hang, you know the streets
that I claim
Nigga I'm just so bad, I rob a bank with no mask
Amung killers and dealers all my niggas about that toe
tag
The life style I live nigga is so fast,
If the rap ever stop I never go broke nigga I got dope
fast
Or forward, never go backwards don't never drink
Have money on machine, and make sure that the dope
addict
From the smallest to the biggest, till check that nigga
Thugged out, ghetto star, livin' legend my nigga
Find me in the projects in the center of the mix
Nigga what dirty south represent it in the middle of the
bricks
Nigga fuck see I love hip hop,
A nigga like, fuck that cause my family gotta eat
Shit it's like fuck rap

Silkk talking:

Shit you know it's real out here
Niggas need to guard they grill out
Survival of the fittest my nigga
So hound tell these niggas what the motherfucking
deal is

Verse 3 : (full blooded)

You motherfuckers ain't smelling what?
Ghetto star committing felonies,
Runnin through your shit squeezing my shit in your
belly
Ribbs showin', eyes glowin', I lie stunned no ? ? ? one,
When I lie crimes form,
I'ma dogg motherfucker I done tooked the route,
My dogg told me not to take watch them take me out
Got me running closer to demonds
Motherfucker, bloody rum, got me lookin at ceilings
Hear me ? ? ? at the sounds of the church bell
Twenty white guns salute with hounds doggs on my
trail
Got me, face down in the mud and shit,

Fucking with out my road dogg they done drugged me
bitch

Master p talking:

All man cut the motherfucking lights on
Jay gonna meet the meat with a gimp

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