

# Dangerous

Daz Dillinger

A lot of people say when they smoke weed  
It makes them feel nervous or not in control  
Not for me. When I smoke weed I just feel good  
You know, this one time I was in the Bay  
Hangin' out with some of my buddies, smokin' a blunt  
Everyone's getting highfy  
Me being the outsider I am  
I wanna be involved to  
So I jump in my buddies car  
I'm ghost ridin the whip down E. 14th St  
But he forgot to tell me he didn't have a wheel alignment  
One thing pot definitely does it makes you  
Shut the f\*ck up Bitch!

[Chorus: x2]

Nigga I'm dangerous, A wild big blue pit  
The type of dog you don't really wanna fool with  
You get bit cause I'm dangerous  
You get bit when my homie stay sippin'

Yea

My name Daz I'm a cool what it is nigga  
Rollin with some niggas that split a niggas  
Wig I'm just chillin' up tryin' to get it popping  
Kill you about my paper if you plottin'  
Don't stop it I gives a f\*ck bout what you talking  
Give a f\*ck bout what your hopin'  
If you come for mine your body is a target  
I got some drink and a swisher full of that shit  
Hit you with this pistol I can make you hit  
A back flip you know my name you can see it in my face  
Ridin' through the streets with heater on my waist  
And the last thing I need is a case  
I keep bail money with a cool 50 K  
Just to remind ya with this pistol  
I'll blind ya leave you dead in your tracks nigga  
That's where they find ya I'm the most gangsterous  
You can think of don't be surprised I'm the nigga you hate to love

[Chorus: x2]

They took Tooky but he still lives in us he tried to say he? give?

Schwarzenegger didn't give a f\*ck  
It's every man for himself  
So keep a pistol tucked  
As far as rap goes it ain't hard to see the Crip in Us!  
A lot of nerves everybody gotta get rushed  
It's like a big picture painted by a killas brush  
Self defense be the case I'll be home for lunch  
A little drum sticky koosh and a swisher blunt  
Daddy was a ridah Moms was a wisher six dead homies  
Cause I've been that nigga I'll take your bitch  
I don't know if I'm a be back with her  
I'm hittin' niggas up every time I start spittin'  
Take a peek make your whole block shiver niggas drop and roll  
With the shit I deliver I'm a Dogg Pound general

Second in command you cross that line nigga  
Your dead where you stand you and your man Nigga

[Chorus: x2]

Now I'm back on a creep 'n real low key  
Niggas make a move f\*ck an O.G  
Niggas can't hold me I hold heat  
And the temperature don't rise slowly it's lonely  
On these cold streets Wheel it  
Any car that's available hop out guns out  
Naw we ain't scared of you  
Yea it's true, you should see what clip bananas do  
Run up in your crib ain't shit your man you can do  
He'll get hit through his shirt, through his vest, through his T  
Through his chest and when I'm done with him ain't a damn thing left  
Just leekin' out his flesh  
Pourin' liquor out his vest  
And if you ask about me then the answer will be yes. Yes  
This some g shit real niggas f\*ck  
With you can holla when you see me nigga but

[Chorus: x2]