

Dangerous

DJ Clue

f/ Lady Luck, Muggs (a.k.a. Paul Cane)

* send corrections to the typist

[Muggs (Paul Cane)]

Dont get nuthin confused about me, this nigga hea throw clips
You think you could hold three, nigga hea go six
I bring +Heat+ like Deniro flix, my team lock and load
and rock and roll like Aerosmith
Fuck cops I got Cochran Shapiro chips
One point five in ice in each earlobe shit
Fuck who you and your man go get
Me and cat take +Pussy's+ on boat rides on some Soprano shit
Move wit troops in cougar coupes
like beeno and notes for a G a piece, they'll remove your roof
Ya better spread when the ruger shoot
Paul Cane got fire, everything ya heard on Clue was the truth
It's like who want what what ever
Tou and your man play tough ya gon get plucked together
At gun point gettin stuck together
Black Benz tinted out, buggy headlights stuck together

[Chorus 2X: Lady Luck + Muggs (Paul Cane)]

We aint jokin no more (This ain't a game to us)
Got a lot of hungry niggas that came wit us (We dangerous)
Cock back aim and bust
(Lady Luck, Paul Cane, who could bang wit us)

[Lady Luck]

They said I rap like a man, and act like a man
So when it come to war she gon clap like a man
Short arrogant wit this gat up in my hand
Chicks dont play cute I'm still attractin your man
Rock many lands, Japan to Philly sands
Luck stay ghetto like Rican dolla bands
Only thing I take serious is garments and money
and late periods [there she is]
Screamin in a 2 by 2, too fly 2 seater
too much ice, too cold, 2 heaters
Love men but got lesbian guns
that love to lick off at you pussies for fun
So play dumb in these dum dups
hit you where you pump cum
stick you for your lump sums
we the ones you run from
Till the day my lungs done for blocks
I hit hard like Ronnie Lotts
Lady Luck got it locked

[Chorus]

[Muggs (Paul Cane)]

Ya talkin greasy like Paul ain't a nigga wit fire
like I aint got guns or killers for hire
Got wolves that'll run through mask and arms
like point break clear the safe out and smash your moms
Over 40 years old still blastin chrome

Smiles never cross they face till there's cash in palm
Cause they still do murders for bucks
Gave em put hollow points through you then pass the burner to Luck
We like a 2 G Bonnie and Clyde, back to back in beef
wit two heats a piece, mami gon' ryde
Spit four, she behind me wit five
Y'know Paul Cane and Lady Luck MO catch homo's and slide
Before we drop the guns
Wipe off the prints push the pedal through the floor
and get away back to the bricks, ya don't want nothin wit us
Paul Cane, Street Life, Desert Storm, we dangerous

[Chorus]