

# Danger

**DJ Kay Slay**

Yeah

It's The Unit, niggas

It's Buck, nigga, the captain of the motherfuckin' ship, nigga

Salute to the whole god damn state of New York

You niggas know what time it is

Nah, fuck that, I'm goin' first, nigga

You pussy niggas go and put this in your purse, niggas

Real killas, look 50, we done birthed niggas (Woo)

Them bring that 40 Glock to church niggas

Get on your knees, pray to Allah and go and murk niggas

Potatoes on the barrel, duct tapin' these big clips

When we together you know how bloody this shit gets

It's been a while since niggas been stabbed on TV

Now BET and MTV happy to see me

The unit, by now you niggas should be used to it

I guess I gotta play the tape back and let you view it

Take these bullets out this K back and let you do it

Take these brick walls and see if you can shoot through it

Positivity didn't build the Statue of Liberty

I'm all in Brooklyn, bustin' my gun, hidin' my identity

Re-in' up on heron in Harlem, it ain't no tenor key

Cashville country nigga, look what Queens done to me

Oh, somebody 'bout to die, I can feel it, nigga (Woo)

I got a bag for my shooters to go and kill a nigga (Bang, bang)

Headshots when they pull them sticks out (Woo)

Mexico still gettin' them bricks out (Whoa)

Free El Chapo, they still traffickin'

He ain't die when you hit him, he gotta get clapped again (Shoot 'em again)

Mask on, no face, no case (Woo)

The pastor at his funeral looked like Ma\$e (Haha)

These false prophets is gettin' younger

Y'all keep givin' 'em your money, y'all dumber and dumber (Stupid)

I got the work on the stove next to the cornbread

Plottin' on my opps, I want 'em all dead

I remember days when I couldn't remember days (What else?)

Livin' so fast these memories tend to fade

Back in my beginnin' stage (Uh huh), way before the hype

Holy water on my neck so I pray with all my ice (Yup)

I made up for the nights I couldn't pay for mama lights

It was shade like Barry White or either take us on a heist, yeah

Niggas jokers that I never interacted with (Never)

Never switched my tactics, get the bag and rip the plastic (Shit)

Five hour trips, put the addy in the navi shit (What up?)

Now it's power trips, put the Caddy down the Cali strip

So watch me, I'm too potent, Ziplock me

My reality ain't the TV, they couldn't Love & Hip Hop me, nah

Hip-Hop the culture, this thing of ours

Started in the streets of New York City

And spread worldwide

A platform for us kids in the ghetto to have a voice

And express ourselves

However we chose to

You see, you can't judge anyone

If you never walked in their shoes before  
And unless you're willin' to buy them some new shoes to walk in  
Then you need to shut the fuck up

I grew up with them nigga  
That performed them gang rituals  
Woulda presumed it was for residuals, pitiful enough  
It was just so one of us could hammer the throwaway  
And bust another one of us for geological preference  
Ideological adolescents, hood investments  
I thank the most high for OGs that demonstrated reverence and respect  
And relevance was a death to new faces  
Seemingly out of place throwin' rocks at the penitentiary  
Could they stop us? Eventually  
Basketball scores and placement  
Nigga bumped you to the pavement  
Who woulda thought a trip to the basement  
Would pan out a young black man's life wasted  
So just in case we planned ahead  
Swearin' to the man upstairs  
Anything against us (Dead)  
Time comes for somethin' you said  
It's '99 when you fucked with the feds  
Fuck that shit

Me and Jesus got somethin' in common  
We love the big cross  
Fish poppin' out the Porsche  
Lookin' like Jaws  
Diamonds from the district leavin' no flaws  
Marble floors, bartender whores (Yeah)  
Premeditated wars have you up north (Yeah)  
I'm teflon cut, niggas velvet soft  
Friends turned foes, now it all make sense  
'Cause some hoes fight harder than they pimps  
Ya feel me?  
Hit the shepherd and the sheep afraid  
Turn his SUV into Swiss cheese  
I turned the Maybach Benz on  
Pockets all fat, boy, see more checks than Dre mom  
Fake gangsters behind computers  
G5 takin' off like Max Julien