Belly of the Beast

Joey Bada$$

Dangerous, dangerous
These niggas can't hang with us hang with us
Nigga we dangerous, dangerous
My nigga we

I swear all my life I been around crips and bloods
Crips and slugs, the trigger happiest thugs
Claiming the slums, and all the hoods that they from
Too much of the some, got it twisted up blinded in a rat race
Cash straight, the fake kill jake, the snakes too late
My eyes dilate, and I could tell them how he strafe
Coming at me sideways, get straighten up
Don't deflate it up gimmie the bucks my cash wrinkling up
Looking back in the days, amazed
Cause the lab rat done made it out the maze
Still feel caged, enraged though
Used the underground railroad like a runaway slave
Broke off the chains still runway fresh
Got you on that mental plane with my project jet
I'm two steps above that nimbus cloud
My limit is low, when I'm smoking on that loud
Focus in the now, when the lotus is around
It's the Brooklyn sound, a pro found, Biggie would be proud about
But I don't need a vet to even shout me out
Punchlines pack a Pacquiao they can't box me out

Big up big up, it's a stick up stick up
Niggas hit a nigga quick if he hiccup hiccup
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Niggas hit a nigga quick if he hiccup hiccup
Tell me what them know bout the Badmon named Jozif
Women come around, I look em down like they don't know shit
Word around the town is that they got the match explode it

I'm a child of the city
Son of the streets
And it's just a pity
They not tough like we
And things not look pretty
When we got to eat
Things get much deeper
Deeper and deeper

And I survive, thank the father
Feel like I was raised by Clans One Order
Had to keep calm and hold ma corner
Cause a stray gun shot if you cross the border
Pro Era teach them the pros and cons
Of living in a city with a thousand dons
A thousand ghetto youths with a thousand guns
Cold hearted killers with frozen lungs
But praise rastafari we wheel and come again
Know I Nyabinghi sit know we the drummer dem
Dem ammunition are tougher we power dem
Lightning and thunder a devour them
Pro Era teach them the pros and cons
Original Chronixx and Joe Badmon

No King Selassie, we have the golden crown
Get ready for the shift we are the chosen ones

[Hook – Chronixx]

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