

Dangerous MCees

Method Man

Yessir, Red and Meth in the muthafucking building, nigga
Yeah... yeah.. ya'll already know the muthafucking business, nigga
Agh, let's go, yo check it

Yo, you can, find me up inside a whore
Making her legs go up like Ferrari doors
Gilla House get 'Chips A'Hoy', don't sniff the boy
But I'm naughty like Tommy Boy
Go back like Atari cords, still here, shit
Superman ended up in a wheelchair
I'm fresh like Bel-Air, I paid my dues
And you trying to be cool up in Sunday school
Can't move when I flow, bet a nigga gonna copy
Take it home, study it, then he gon' profit
In the rap game, every nigga gonna gossip
Even Herbie Hancock know Red rock it
Yo, Red, stop it, time is up
Only nigga that's fly on the rhyme is us
Cuz, no one can stop me
Da-da-na, da-da-na, like Rocky

Aiyo, this how it sound when them boys underground
Nigga, check our style, we some {Dangerous M.C.'s}
(Game over, forget 'em, forget 'em, forgot 'em)
(Game over, forget 'em, forget 'em, forget 'em) {Dangerous MC's
}

Yo, back when chef mami used to sell plates, we used to sell base
I learned to wipe my nose and wipe the prints off the shell case
Don't want no jail case, freedom miles standing at hell's gate
It's hot, and the devil's my cell mate
The game's addictive, I can't stop, it's like I'm chasing that first high
Like Betty Crocker baking that first pie
The beef we serving is stir fried, swerving all through your urban
Hurting, every gate and corner, you working, I'm
The bottom line, the school of hard knocks turn into Columbine
And my set is throwing up dollar signs
Some get gwop, some get pop, me?
I got a ziplock of bubble gum, just for selling Chris Rock
Nobody move, nobody shot, Meth, I'm in the body shop
Where you rummy, rolling your body drops
I'm trynna stand on my own two, get signed to a major
Be a franchise player and get my own shoe

