

Most Dangerous

Prodigy

What's the prognosis I'm focused about my bacon strips
What's your agenda I'm never on point my clique
We still the dopest the coldest the most dangerous
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I still pop a few drugs, pop a little bub get a low neck
For my little jump bunny in the projects
She like my swag there's no contest
Perignon P that's me, that's me, no doubt, no doubt, I'm next
Leave this mic and pick my teeth
Always my man is passed tooth pick
A little dessert that'll work what's on the menu
Some basement track tell than to let loose
Some real hot shit that burn like pistols
And DJs won that instrumental
That murder that fire that killed the plane and serving fiends
They wanna get higher and higher we got what they need
This that hit a nigga with the back when the nigga wanna act li
ke upward in
What a really is showing what it is and a better nigga never do
that again
Niggas emotional like Carl Thomas
I hurt your feelings and I'm not sorry
The autobiography of the hardest artist I draw your blood
Test my hand I test my aim and that's your sketch but on your f
ace
Canary stoolies when a jammie and half a nigga catch a brand ne
w case
I know your style you're so tough tell a [?] knock out your bra
in
I tell on that dead man no make no statements and can't coopera
te

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