

# 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 like 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 face  
Canary stoolies when a jammie and half a nigga catch a brand new case  
I know your style you're so tough tell a [?] knock out your brain  
I tell on that dead man no make no statements and can't cooperate

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