

Dangerous In My City

TRU

Master P singing:

Tru niggas love weed and hoes

Silkk talking:

Yeah nigga

Shit's real in the streets.

Shit's real in the city.

Everybody out there.

Ya'll know it's real. (Whomp!)

Tell em how we live in the city.

Verse 1 (Fiend) :

Fuck excusing and asking, you better take a look at my past tense

I aint had shit, it's a New Orleans ax accent

Laugh when you heard the slowest slurs in my word

Didn't think that the southerens could make you dance to the curb

Nerve, my word sent in my earb,

Getting excited to make your money what it's worth

Nigga act like you aint heard, Sleepy Eye is the tone

Get It On Jones, about to bring it own home

Ship me then I'm gone, workin best for the loan

Started with a song, longer money and roam

Fuck anything wrong, you certified gone

I got one lil' homie that'll take it to your nose

Chorus: (Fiend)

It's dangerous in our city

Nobody can tame us in our city

You aint heard? We got gangstas in our city

Bangers in our city, and niggas ready to war if you try to rip me

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Verse 2: (Silkk)

I hop out the blue jeep with the two seats

The drama don't stop that's why I cock at least two heat

All with the slang, all my niggas deep in the game

We keep the heat when we hang, you know the streets that I claim

Nigga I'm just so bad, I rob a bank with no mask

Amung killers and dealers all my niggas about that toe tag

The life style I live nigga is so fast,

If the rap ever stop I never go broke nigga I got dope fast

Or forward, never go backwards don't never drink

Have money on machine, and make sure that the dope addict

From the smallest to the biggest, till check that nigga

Thugged out, ghetto star, livin' legend my nigga

Find me in the projects in the center of the mix

Nigga what dirty south represent it in the middle of the bricks

Nigga fuck see I love hip hop,

A nigga like, fuck that cause my family gotta eat
Shit it's like fuck rap

Silkk talking:

Shit you know it's real out here
Niggas need to guard they grill out
Survival of the fittest my nigga
So hound tell these niggas what the motherfucking deal is

Verse 3 : (Full Blooded)

You motherfuckers aint smelling what?
Ghetto star committing felonies,
Runnin through your shit squeezing my shit in your belly
Ribs showin', eyes glowin', I lie stunned no ??? one,
When I lie crimes form,
I'ma dogg motherfucker I done tooked the route,
My dogg told me not to take watch them take me out
Got me running closer to demonds
Motherfucker, bloody rum, got me lookin at ceilings
Hear me ??? at the sounds of the church bell
Twenty white guns salute with hounds doggs on my trail
Got me, face down in the mud and shit,
Fucking with out my road dogg they done drugged me bitch

Master P talking:

All man cut the motherfucking lights on
Jay gonna meet the meat with a gimp