

Danger

Twista

Mamma told me not to mess around with (danger)
Grab the mic' and I start gettin violent (danger)
I can stunt it that is no denyin' (danger)
Kill it, kill it, till I hear the sound of... (danger)

Mamma told me not to mess around with (danger)
Grab the mic' and I start gettin violent (danger)
I can stunt it that is no denyin' (danger)
Hey, I kill it, kill it, till I hear the sound of... (danger)

I can't even play, I buck off and fuck off and call it another day
Most of you rappers are actors on stage
I see these niggas all tuckin' their chain, they scared
Damn, is that how it is? I thought you were harder regardless of shit
Fucking your bitch as she all on my dick and I tell her you nothing go harder than this

I'm on the go! I be rappin' all fast like I get to the money it's ea-sy
In and out, been around niggas so long that I swear to God they wanna be me
Dangerous, venomous, sticking my teeth in
Bitch I'm an animal, cannibal, not that I worry 'bout nobody's beef then
It's open season
Give me a reason to pull up on you with the shooters my team hold the roof
That means I do this I'm prudent I'm hold' my gwop in the safe like I'm [?]
my crew is a nuisance
So violent and foolish, defiant and ruthless, I need to say that shit again
(I should)
In case you are fearless, you need to hear this so you don't end up in the pen

Mamma told me not to mess around with (eyyy)
Grab the mic' and I start gettin violent (violent)
I can stunt it that is no denyin' (there's no denying)
Kill it, kill it, till I hear the sound of...

Mamma told me not to mess around with (danger)
Grab the mic' and I start gettin violent (danger)
I can stunt it that is no denyin' (danger)
Hey, I kill it, kill it, till I hear the sound of... (danger)

Kill the place, put it down, look around, ain't no-one stick around, hang them they dry as a mother
Not undercover but bet they start running when I get to gunning these rappers is done up
I don't need an upper, but bitch I get down
Burning that rubber when I'm in your town
You get sold by the pound
I'm controlling the sound
And as dead as this shit is Apocalypse Now
Head in the clouds and I'm [?] the crowd
If you actin' a fool I'mma single you out
'Til you blue in the face, you ain't true to the place
I'm a [?] so silence you ain't gotta trace
Outta the lines and I'm serving the place
Like a waiter, you wait, I out beef on the plate
And I eat it up, eat it up, eat it up, eat it up
Throw the K up in the sky and my feet is up

Over your head, better get used to it
Six in the ground now you live with a tulip
And slowly you dieing I'm seeing a newer [?]
Everyone I'm shining not an illusionist
But I got tricks, they doin' flips
Where go their lips? Right on my dick
Give her the kiss, I been through shits
And still I get lip, but the truth of it is... (Twista)

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