

# Method Man, Dangerous Grounds

(feat. Street Life)

[Method Man]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yea yo  
Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo  
All them real live motherfuckin niggaz step up front right now  
It's goin down  
One love to Long Island Hempstead in my heart baby  
Shaolin what?  
Come on, come on, HA!

Dangerous ground

Tre pound seven spin around for my bredren the clouds come down  
War and peace, I take it to the street  
Land sharp on my lawn chop the thumbs off a thief  
And curse his first born, is this thing on?  
Send 'em to the children of the corn we the people  
See, niggaz through the eye of the demon  
My lethal injection, destroyin evil  
Hot Nikkel, private eye one pistol  
Aimin at your brain tissue, do or die  
Said the spider to the fly "Could this one be tasty"  
Like momma apple pie goodness, Johnny Blaze me  
On the job like Dick Tracy  
Hit the cure for that ill shit like Ben Casey, M.D.  
Symbolic thrill like god he shocked it  
Like a finger in a light socket, too good to be forgotten  
In the rotten apple  
I kick dirt on the sand castle  
Check the flavor all natural

(Beat your feet)

Hot Niks son

(E-mizer)

Before you get the main course  
(Taste a appetizer)

Submerged in the word

Heavy headed verbal

Smack you, mentally disturb you attack you

Thirty-six chamb once again comin at you

Young gun got the body snatch you observe

Yo eyes work you can only see through the third

Eyeball baby I'm the norm on the bird

To shine on mental nourishment, you can dine on

Track yellin at me get yo arrow god

Victory is hard

Regardless to whom or what

They all get retard it's a law

Runnin through a house and your block party, we wreck-tion

And Hot rock the body body, St. Bernards

Couldn't save your enterrage plat lobotomy

Leave ya mentally scarred, numb and possibly

Dumb deaf and blind is it

I keep your spine out the battery pack spark it with mine keep it movin

Now everybody just throw your hands in the.....[phone rings]

What the fuck?

Peace - who this?

[Streetlife]

Mind detect mind

A P.L.O. da startin line

Deep Space Nine

Designed for knuckleheads who bust guns and throw signs  
Let's converse snatch the tap from your purse  
Body-surf on the verse head first  
Peeped your feet bitch straight beat you know wit the heat  
And you spazzed out spittin out teeth ain't nothin please  
Big boys don't destroy blunt is so pop stare on  
50 men convoy, spends to wear the big toy  
Rumble through the wasteland my hands on the silencer  
40 caliber city slicker Staten Islander  
Synchronize minds combine thoughts that motivate  
Dont' perpetrate pass the blunt let it circulate  
Street politicians on a suicide mission  
Crime vision finger itchin from a scope-view position  
Dangerous ground  
Tre' pound seven spin around for my bredren the cloud comes down

[Method Man]

Yo

Keep ya eyes open  
Love potion number nine poetry in motion  
Knowledge me the seventh sign  
Scold it canivin  
Infiltrate is most of mine  
Play 'em nonchalantly, calmly expose the nine  
Push and get shoved what the fuck gods thinkin of  
Comin in the club wit that screw face, actin up  
Is we men or mice, bad moon risin  
We wild for the night  
Kill a skitzofrenic nigga twice cuz-a  
That's what happened when frontin on this Shaol brotha  
Island of Staten we in here no fear  
Assault wit intent  
To kill your whole regiment it's real  
Startin wit yo president, duckin my dart gun  
Tear apart something you don't want it then don't start none  
Blaze one with Jonathon, part man part fly  
Handle my B-I camouflauge like G.I.  
Fat like Joe, a day in the life  
Your money or your life that's the life  
Everybody can't afford ice in the struggle  
Tryin to eat right another day another hustle hustle hustle  
(Uh huh uh huh uh huh uh huh uh huh)  
Dangerous ground  
Tre' pound seven spin around for my bredren the clouds come down  
War and peace, I take it to the street  
Land sharp on my lawn chop the thumbs off a thief  
Motherfuck