

# McGruff, Dangerzone

( intro )

The uptown connec' is very powerful  
What we need to do is  
Build somethin, so powerful  
That nobody can f\*\*k with us  
See what I mean?  
Okay  
F\*\*k those cockroaches

( mase )

Yeah  
Check it out  
Here come  
Mase  
The muthaf\*\*kin big I  
My nigga gruff  
Bout to bring it to you faggots  
So when this shit drop  
Y'all niggas be ready to go for your guns, nigga  
Check it out  
1-2  
Hit em one time, yo

( verse 1: mase )

Yo, I barely know you  
But the way you front, make you wanna blow you  
You rappin, but you local, my shit is goin global  
Niggas ain't ready, nah, f\*\*k figures that petty  
I want bricks so thick, you cut em with machetes  
Any nigga met me know I'm bout gettin cheddy  
Ain't nothin fancy, settle for 1500 chevy  
I watched my man get banned tryin to plan scams  
Done ran grams on a pan am to san fran  
We want the money, so it's a must we get paid  
I puff in the shade, rock clothes custom-made  
Send bricks to poppy, be big as liberacce  
You don't believe me? nigga, watch me  
Unfold your phone and call up all your soldiers at home  
Tell em you saw mase in rolling stone holdin a chrome  
Now he probably out in a pocanose strokin hoes  
Smokin those, celebratin, open the mo? s  
A cool guy, even a cool guy can't get too high  
Even his boo'll try to set him for his moolah  
The cops take us to where a cell block await us  
I watch my capers clock and paper rock on glaciers  
Yo I, I ain't got to tell you what to do  
( big I ) (what up, what up? )  
Man, just lace them niggas  
( big I ) (aight, you know how we gon' do this)  
Word up, dun  
( big I )  
Harlem nyc style  
B-i-g style  
Mvp style  
Baby, check it out

( verse 2: big I )

Check it, I got more papers than the new york post  
Packin toast, this host is quick to roast the mic, then I'm ghost  
I'm not a soprano like that italiano sammy gravano  
Mc's be gettin knocked off like paulie castellano  
This little menace be guzzlin hennessy  
Props from here to tennessee, police wanna finish me

You know I hate jakes, they mad cause I make papes  
I'm large like the great lakes, with drug spots in 8 states  
Chillin, makin sure this money is right  
Sippin sunny delite, hittin every honey in sight  
Playboy, tracks I like rough, ain't that right, gruff?  
I might puff some green shit, but no white stuff  
I shoot the gift like a quick fix, front and get your shit stitched  
I drop slick hits (go l) get off my dick, bitch  
When I was broke, you ain't wanna see me get rich  
Now I kill tracks and flip bricks and murder nitwits  
And I'm all about big bankrolls, clothes and hostin shows  
Smokin foes and strokin hoes in a pocanose  
Without cash you ain't meant to live  
Signin out corleone, the uptown representative

Hey yo, gruff, man  
This is yo track, man  
What you waitin for?  
Rip this shit

( verse 3: mcgruff )

Now my life somethin finer, it wasn't when I was a minor  
See, but now I'm pumpin china  
White, nigga, yeah, right out the diner  
For this shit here I could get time in either  
Facility, locked up where all the villains be  
Make your first move if you're bored of grillin me  
&gt;from harlem world, take care of your mob and your girl  
Too much dom, gruff can't starve in this world  
.38 revolve with the pearl  
My wolves hollerin at the moon as the earth revolve in a twirl  
Blood thirst, nigga with dough get rushed first  
Get him, a thug search, tell him these slugs hurt  
Do you in, hooligans, timbs and rough shirts  
Bust jerks, better duck when gruff squirts  
Leave niggas in more pain than when your nuts hurt  
Give niggas the business, done-done much dirt

Alright, alright  
You see what I'm talkin about?  
That's what I'm talkin about  
Who started this?  
Uptown  
Who made this?  
Harlem  
Soon the whole world...  
Everything's sugarless, baby  
Now okay