

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 I) 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
>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