

# Dangerous

DJ Clue

f/ Lady Luck, Muggs (a.k.a. Paul Cane)

\* send corrections to the typist

[Muggs (Paul Cane)]

Dont get nuthin confused about me, this nigga hea throw clips  
You think you could hold three, nigga hea go six  
I bring +Heat+ like Deniro flix, my team lock and load  
and rock and roll like Aerosmith  
Fuck cops I got Cochran Shapiro chips  
One point five in ice in each earlobe shit  
Fuck who you and your man go get  
Me and cat take +Pussy's+ on boat rides on some Soprano shit  
Move wit troops in cougar coupes  
like beeno and notes for a G a piece, they'll remove your roof  
Ya better spread when the ruger shoot  
Paul Cane got fire, everything ya heard on Clue was the truth  
It's like who want what what ever  
Tou and your man play tough ya gon get plucked together  
At gun point gettin stuck together  
Black Benz tinted out, buggy headlights stuck together

[Chorus 2X: Lady Luck + Muggs (Paul Cane)]

We aint jokin no more (This ain't a game to us)  
Got a lot of hungry niggas that came wit us (We dangerous)  
Cock back aim and bust  
(Lady Luck, Paul Cane, who could bang wit us)

[Lady Luck]

They said I rap like a man, and act like a man  
So when it come to war she gon clap like a man  
Short arrogant wit this gat up in my hand  
Chicks dont play cute I'm still attractin your man  
Rock many lands, Japan to Philly sands  
Luck stay ghetto like Rican dolla bands  
Only thing I take serious is garments and money  
and late periods [there she is]  
Screamin in a 2 by 2, too fly 2 seater  
too much ice, too cold, 2 heaters  
Love men but got lesbian guns  
that love to lick off at you pussies for fun  
So play dumb in these dum dups  
hit you where you pump cum  
stick you for your lump sums  
we the ones you run from  
Till the day my lungs done for blocks  
I hit hard like Ronnie Lotts  
Lady Luck got it locked

[Chorus]

[Muggs (Paul Cane)]

Ya talkin greasy like Paul ain't a nigga wit fire  
like I aint got guns or killers for hire  
Got wolves that'll run through mask and arms  
like point break clear the safe out and smash your moms  
Over 40 years old still blastin chrome

Smiles never cross they face till there's cash in palm  
Cause they still do murders for bucks  
Gave em put hollow points through you then pass the burner to Luck  
We like a 2 G Bonnie and Clyde, back to back in beef  
wit two heats a piece, mami gon' ryde  
Spit four, she behind me wit five  
Y'know Paul Cane and Lady Luck MO catch homo's and slide  
Before we drop the guns  
Wipe off the prints push the pedal through the floor  
and get away back to the bricks, ya don't want nothin wit us  
Paul Cane, Street Life, Desert Storm, we dangerous

[Chorus]