

## Dangerous

O.C.

Ahh you don't stop  
You don't stop you don't stop  
O.C.'s on the mic and you don't stop  
You don't stop you don't stop  
Big L is on the other you don't stop  
You don't stop and you don't stop  
Mr. Walt on the beat you don't stop  
Check it out yo

Yo, I'm lookin for the big see notes like Al Pacino  
Here's a new slang word: you pussino  
What it means is just that: PUSS  
My nickname to some know me as Mush  
Fly like a Testarossa, my God  
Do not attempt to diss me and my squad  
Diggin in the Crates crew click my brother  
I'm on the mic, Big L is on the other  
For those that know me, indeed I flow  
maneuvers, like shells bust from a Luger  
Satisfaction, I bring the action  
Blowin your backs in, with only a fraction  
A mic set, mindset; O.C. design this  
finest, rap lord, Your Highness  
Pulsatin, vibratin, Shorty Wop  
on the dancefloor with the hips gyratin, come here  
Ass swingin like a chandalier; like  
a cat in heat, with her ass all up in the air  
Bust this, who said I can't cut the mustard  
Rappin is a bitch boy and I got a lust for it

[Chorus]

If you want it, we got it  
Ladies, spot it  
No doubt about it  
Fly and exotic  
When we on the scene it's a major plus  
And whoever facin us we dangerous

[Chorus]

I be that smooth cat you never seen rollin with clowns  
One of the few from Uptown that's holdin it down  
Hoes is on me like I'm welfare, even rich ones  
that live in Bel Air, is this Big L yeah, hell yeah  
Word up, I use a chrome gat to push domes back  
Watch how you talk when you call me, Feds got the phone tapped  
This rap game, I put my life in it, chain got  
mega ice in it, push an Infinite, chrome rims, light tinted  
You can see pal, it's all about me now  
Twenty G's a show punk three thou just to freestyle  
I made this cheese it didn't grow on trees  
Can you hold somethin? Sure, you can hold on these  
Yo I'm fat like the old Cray-on, smooth as Rayon  
L is who the ladies stay on (yea baby play on)  
I chew chumps like chewsticks, known for poppin new hits  
I know you want me hoe if I was you I'd want me too bitch!

[Chorus]

Time to show, who get it on like soap  
Derived from nature so I'm pure like snow  
Brown skinned nigga with a low cut Caesar  
Travellin the world with my name on the visa, as said

Legendary already  
Rhyme flow cut like a machete  
First time rappers, I bust your cherries  
Bitch hold still so I can put it in steady  
The more you squirm, the more pain I'ma inflict  
She stayed still and let me pump this dick  
Microphone raw diggin, almost won't fit in  
I'm still hard when I'm bustin off semen  
Semi; y'all in my way, OK rhymes are gay  
I'ma make you a M.I.A.  
'Cause I find you not a itsy-bitsy bit raw  
I'ma grind you like the bicuspidises in my jaws  
When I rock it feel like you bein fucked  
on all fours, this ain't meant for the stores  
This is for the niggaz in the clubs with thug mugs  
And for the chicks thinkin they cute without mustard

Shaolin... "makin money"  
Niggaz in Brooklyn... "ma-makin money!"  
Queens and the Bronx... "makin money"  
Yeah, Manhattan.. "ma-makin money!"

I rock the blue face Prezzie, pockets heavy with cheddi  
I met these two lezzies in a Chevy Betty and Desi  
They like to menage-a-trois, then blase blah  
with L Corleone cause I'm a suave star

No doubt Baby Pah, platinum rings, mean niggaz  
lookin at my ice from the chain it swing  
In the party, pop Dom, lampin like a Don  
Low key smilin at the bitches with my gold teeth

You can't fuck with the place cause we just too hot  
So all that mess you pop I suggest you stop  
Quit while you ahead cause you ain't built like that  
Better chill cause on the real cats get killed like that

Mmhmm, two crisp type figures, clean cut niggaz  
Plussed out cribs rock twin Ac' Vegas  
Livin' life to the fullest gettin rich ain't far  
Chillin with women bankin dough avoidin sluts and scars

[Chorus]