

# The Dangerous Crew

Too \$hort

Tell em what we do in here, Dangerous...

Get some drums from a break and then break yo ass  
You want beats from the crew? we'll take yo cash  
Five g's for a muthafuckin song  
And if you can't pay it, keep movin on  
I'm into somethin that your fake ass never can handle  
With your SP-12 and your raggedy samples  
Better stick with the James Brown and pay him  
Cause the JD-800 ain't even playin  
Unless Pee Wee hit them keys  
Ant Banks on the beats, now we makin g's  
Shorty B got the bass and we sellin it  
Shit kinda fat like a muthafuckin elephant  
Sample that shit if you want  
You better try to sample this dangerous funk  
Cause ain't nobody trippin on your fake-ass tape  
Shoulda got some beats from my nigga Ant Banks  
But Banks ain't thinkin bout no weak shit  
Now you're goin out like MC Bitch  
And ain't nothin worth killin like a sucker  
Why you wanna make fake beats, muthafucka  
Shoulda came real like the Oakland city  
Beat your ass to death with a S-950  
It's not a James Brown loop, it's not Parliament  
But you can smell it cause it sho' got a funky scent  
It's called The Dangerous Crew, make you feel stupid  
Play a thousand records and you still can't loop it  
Cause it's not to be found, but if you do  
Nothin you could try make you sound like the crew

Geah man

Just another gangsta kickin tha playa pimp shit for nine-trey

When you're with the dangerous crew  
Bitches wann hang with you  
Think about the thang in you  
She can suck a thang or two  
Niggas in other gangs wanna hang with you  
Learn your slang, made a few fools wanna slang, would you  
Tell them bitches they sang or would you  
Lie to get that thang cause they gameless  
Them aimless, niggas get extinguished  
But they're just muthafuckas  
Got bitches duckin suckers  
When we come to town, mayn  
We rollin fat with dank, ain't fuckin with that brown thang  
To Shorty B and \$hort, we goin international  
Fuck the local fashion show  
Niggas can't be broke  
Mhisani for the money fuck a bitch until she dizzy  
And me and the bigged-Banks is gettin perkin off Aliz'  
Big Bob's down with the crew ready to do  
Any muthafucka steppin to  
F.M. Blue and Randy Austin  
You're lost when  
You thought that you can hang with this

Niggas, this is dangerous

I'm committin a 187 so gimme the clip and let me - pow  
I'm down with the Dangerous Crew, so nigga, whatcha wanna do  
The alias East Bay Gangsta, you can catch me peelin caps  
Known for killin every muthafucka dead in my raps  
Nigga, so gimme the clip and let me pow one  
Cause everbody dyin on this next fuckin album  
Dumpin em up in ditches, kill the snitches  
Sell a glock to a gee for these playa-hatin bitches  
Gets my smob on, gets my mob on  
And niggas be talkin the shit, but yo I'm quick to get my rob on  
Cause peelin your cap will put my dick on swoll  
Muthafucka you, bitch, godddam-ass hoe

It's the Big Badass back on that ass, so it's on, gee  
I'm kickin the funky shit for the gangstas only  
Straight dangerous, we cold mack the most  
(Yeah bitch) and we do that coast to coast  
Now all the macks in the house, just grab your dick  
And tell em funky-cock hoes to have a lick  
Fuckin with the gin and juice, dick hard as a rock  
Hoes block to block, so what's up with the cock?  
I gotta get it goin on till I reach my peak  
With a late night freak everyday of the week  
Ant Banks, the hoes keep yellin my name  
But I ain't trippin cause a nigga got all the game  
From the streets of Oakland, the City of Dope, and  
I'm hopin that the hoes keep the pussy hole open  
To a nigga like me cause the pussy is free  
Never pay to play cause it's plain to see  
That the big-dick gangsta's in the house  
And the Dangerous Crew's gonna turn it out  
So everybody out there that's talkin shit  
I'ma wash my name out your mouth with my dick  
Cause it's a dangerous thang, and I thought you knew  
Boy, you can't fuck with the crew

Clinch your booty cheek, shut your eyes, and grit your teeth  
Goldy's bout to explode, I put your shit to cease  
I'm like the wick on a stick of dynamite  
Light me up when I find a mic  
And watch me flow real tight while you're flowin - kinda tight  
Goldy bitches comin tighter than some virgin pussy  
If I ever get loose and start stinkin, please douche me  
The Dangerous Crew ain't no strangers to  
What these fingers do, hang his crew  
A cold dead nigga changes blue  
The skull and crossbones  
Bitches get tossed on, niggas get flossed on  
Take your mic and bury it like it's a lost bone  
If you was a pussy you'd get fucked  
If you was a dick you'd get circum sized  
You better back the fuck up or I hurt them eyes  
Fuck with Goldy you be hoein  
With your shoulder above your stomach in a bow tie  
Unbuttoned with your nipples showin  
D to the a-n-g-e-r-o-u-s is the true test  
In Oakland makin the funk, so won't you stick to what you do best  
Keep a dick in your ass and keep your nine to five  
And don't be runnin and rappin about you signed to Jive  
And I don't give a fuck if it angers you  
Fuck you woodhogs, I'm down the \$hort Dog and the Dangerous Crew

Bitch