

# Danger

Vic Mensa

Free man shit  
We don't need no cops round here  
I got my dick in hand cause I know a lot of y'all niggas running scared  
I got God on my side and I know the devil trying to take a nigga under  
Really makes me wonder  
And I'm feeling like the 2nd coming  
As I fucked the world for the first time and she love it

I think this life is the only one for me  
I wouldn't trade it for nothing, unless  
She was 5'7, pretty waist, coke bottle, basket case  
You know me I like the danger  
You know me I like the danger

I'm on I-95  
Double fist tequila when I drink and drive  
2016 I gotta get it now  
Pray to God I'm still alive  
Put your lighters up  
Let me take you where I was  
Southside ain't safe outside  
Seen a nigga standing on 47th street with a black Glock nine in the sky  
Put your bangers up, twitch your fingers up, bangers up  
Niggas yelling Game! but niggas ain't tailored up  
Nah, inked up, I'm tatted up  
Run up on the studio and Rata-Tat-Tat it up rrrrtt  
I let all my niggas talk for they self  
They like to jugg, man they like easy money  
They like making that shit hard for they self  
I just realized I don't fuck with y'all  
I just gotta stack my money tall  
You know that feeling when you at the bank  
Tryna quit cigarettes going through withdrawals  
And you always knew you had what it takes  
So you feeling like it's time that you take it all  
Lying through they teeth niggas too fake  
That's the reason really, really why I hate you all  
That's how I feel out here, shit is real out here  
Young niggas really out here in the field out here, yea  
What's the deal out here?  
Trying to turn a couple hundreds to a mil out here, yea  
And it's still our year  
Niggas say they catching up they still not here  
I'm looking around like  
Where the fuck y'all at?  
If you scared better keep your punk ass in the back

I don't like the way that niggas talking like they bullet proof  
Until they gotta find out what a bullet do  
Catch two in your Canada Goose  
It'll turn a nigga into proof, ooh  
Shout out to my niggas on 8 Mile  
Shout out my niggas on Flatbush  
Shout out to my niggas up in Cape Town  
Gang-banging, rolling up the ops and the Backwoods  
Don't get turned into a pack kid  
You know how to act kid

You know where we at yea  
You know what The Blueprint is  
Ain't really shit for me and Jay to lay a nigga flat yea  
And we build it from the ground man  
I made the foundation like bitches with make-up  
You're flexing your Jacob  
You're cut like a shape up  
The city so hot it might dry the whole lake up  
I need it God, I could ride like a race horse  
I need a bitch to stay A1 like the steak sauce  
Pussy so good I might stay like my pesos  
Bitch and my gang, I'm the chief like a Halo  
I go hard in the paint like a DayGlo  
I tell Aoki he look like Towkio  
I'm on my new HOV and Nas its a takeover  
Young boy but I'm an OG like I'm Maco

[Chorus]