

# Dana Dane, Cinderella Dana Dane

Once upon a time, Brooklyn was the scene  
In the project that they called Fort Greene  
There lived a young man, Cinderella's his name  
To make it interesting it's me, Dana Dane  
I lived in a house with my cruel step-dad  
And two step-brothers who treated me bad  
I cooked, I cleaned, I scrubbed the floors  
And I was like an errand boy runnin' to the stores  
My brothers, they used to boast and brag:  
'We've got fresh gear and you've got rags!'  
Even worse than that, to make me feel low  
They gave me a straw hat, while they had Kangols  
Girls used to say, 'Dane, you're so cute  
But you gets no rap with them polyester suits'  
Well, one day, up the avenue  
There was a man surrounded by the Fort Greene crew  
He said, 'Hear ye! Hear ye! Come one, come all!  
The princess is having a royal ball  
If you can rap, also dress fresh  
You might win a date with the sweet princess'  
Well I, um, ran home when I heard the newsflash  
I bust through the door, straight to my step-dad  
I said 'Step-dad, may I?'  
And before I could finish, 'Hell no!', he replied  
My brothers were goin', they were geared down  
Even Pops was goin' for a piece of the crown  
They flaunted, they haunted, they knew what I wanted  
'We can and you can't' is what they taunted  
They all stood there laughing in my face  
And as they walked out they said, 'Clean up this place!'

(Cinderella Dana Dane!)  
But I'm the rapper Dana Dane with fame  
(Cinderella Dana Dane!)  
Yes, I'm the rapper Dana Dane with fame

Well I shrugged, I hissed, 'They're all tryna diss  
I'd get them back if I had one wish'  
Before I could make my thought a phrase  
There appeared a man from a puff of haze  
He said, 'What's up, Dane? My name is Hurb  
I'm your fairy godfather, you know it, word!  
Now I've came here with the main purpose  
Of granting you your fondest wish'  
I said, 'Hurb, my man, just make me fresh  
And I'm sure that I can handle all the rest'  
With a snap of his fingers sparks began to shoot  
And I was tough and on my body: a slick silk suit  
On my feet there was argyle socks  
And a fresh pair of Ballys from the Bally shop  
I showed him my hat and don't you know  
With a snap the hat became a Kangol  
Once again his hands began to flow  
Then he changed my skateboard into a Volvo  
He checked me over, passed me the keys  
And said, 'One more thing before you leave...  
You must return before the stroke of twelve  
Or you'll turn back into your old self'

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I jumped in the Volvo, went on my way  
I got to the party 'bout ten, I'd say  
It was after eleven when I rocked the mic  
And by the time I left the stage the people were hyped  
The princess was staring in disbelief  
Reflected from her eyes were my gold teeth  
She waved her hands like 'Hello! Hi!'  
Then gave another gesture like 'Come here, guy'  
I left the stage, girls came in flocks  
Fists were swingin' from the hard rocks  
I heard a sound, not a tick nor tock  
Gong! First bell before twelve o'clock  
No time to waste, I broke out in haste  
The princess followed in a futile chase  
A quick steady pace is what I kept  
Lost one of my Ballys on one of those steps  
For the Volvo I continued my stride  
About this time I heard gong five  
I was down the block when I heard gong eight  
And the princess scream out, 'Wait! Wait! Wait! Wait!'

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I was almost home when my luck ran out  
And there went my suit, my Kangol and clothes  
My fresh Volvo also went too  
And there was no denyin' that my night was through  
The one Bally shoe the freshest thing I sported  
Jumped on my board, for home I skateboarded  
Made it to my pad, no time at all  
Went to my room, or better yet the far wall  
Hid the shoe away still feelin' pleased  
Then jumped in my cot to catch some Z's  
Early the next morning when I awoke  
I threw on me old slippers and me old housecoat  
Went into the front, my family stared at me  
Sayin' 'Wasn't that you?! Nah, it couldn't be'  
They kept askin' me as I did my chores  
My butt was saved by a knock on the door  
'Who is it?', that's what my brothers barked  
'The princess', this sweet voice remarked  
She said she was lookin' for a certain man  
Who could bring her the shoe like the one in her hand  
The family ran around with their heads in the air  
Bringin' on shoes from everywhere  
She just shook her head, a nod of relief  
Sayin' 'No, that's not the one that I'm lookin' for, chief'  
I ran in the room and got my shoe  
And said, 'Is this the one you're referring to?'  
Well she said, 'Yes, and you're so cute  
But where's your Kangol and slick silk suit?'  
I put on the shoe, there came a flash of light  
And I was tough in the gear from just last night  
Looked out the window, saw the Volvo  
Said to my family, 'I've got to go'  
We drove up the avenue, the princess and I  
And in back of me I heard my family cry...

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