

Dana Dane, Cinderfella Dana Dane

Once upon a time, Brooklyn was the scene
In the project that they called Fort Greene
There lived a young man, Cinderfella'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 newflash
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!'

(Cinderfella Dana Dane!)
But I'm the rapper Dana Dane with fame
(Cinderfella 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 come 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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