

Danny, Clap Back

[Danny!: talking]

I don't get it

Y'all forget about me for a whole year, right?

I move on with MY life

Drop a CD and now everybody got somethin' to say

Kills me...takin' cheap shots, callin' me names

Y'all must've forgot who I was yo

[Verse 1:]

Check it, allow me to reintroduce myself, my name is

D, A-double-N to the Y, I

Got in trouble last year and I can't lie

Took the rap for a hundred people, and I

Came back to give my side of the story

Head of the class, but jealous people tried to extort me

Tried to say my money stretched a little wider than Porky

Th-th-that's all, leave it to me to re-up with heat

I need to breathe people, so back off

[Danny!: talking]

Y'all had to get me started

It's bad enough I gotta deal with this everyday, y'know

I mean, sometimes it gets lonely man

I think about it at night

Y'know, all the people that claimed to be my best friend

Turnin' their backs on me

Someone even had the audacity to ask me last week

If I knew the code to break into the computer system

I'm like, are you serious?

I'll give you the code all right

And that number is

(7-8-5, 4-7

I'm not givin' out the rest)

Lemme stop before I incriminate myself any further

Charlamagne already does a good job of that

[Verse 2:]

You people can't get past my past

I'm gassed, at last they asked

Me to be the scapegoat, so take note

I'ma say this one time and one time only

I'ma keep pleadin' my case until the sun shine on me

Regardless of what happened at Clafin

I'm glad that I'm rappin'

At least I'm doing something with my life

Unlike, you other cats still sittin' through assembly at school

I'm fixin' to be sittin' in a Bentley, it's cool

Some cats never heard of me

So they run and get their little rumors from Burger King

Last week my label got a phone call from Murder Inc.

But y'all don't care about that

You'd rather try to hold this cat back

Get on radio and mention my past

But I'm laughin' 'cause pretty soon y'all be kissin' my...

D. Swain, the source of Charlamagne's rage

Now we on the same page, maybe YOU should change grades

Holla at ya boy

[Danny!: talking]

Y'all got me embarrassed man

I had to make like, three beats in two hours

Y'know, I'm spittin' over unfinished material right now

But uh, don't worry

I saved the heat for last

Still wanna talk to y'all, so um
Just gimme a minute of your time real quick
I got somethin' to say, get off my chest

[Verse 3:]

Soon as somebody gets a trick, a gimmick
You pricks get in it
Quicker than Christmas dinner with grits and spinach
Invested hard work and made a decent album
Now you people wanna treat me like police did Malcolm?
I'll keep the peace, but how come
Every time I try to turn down the hate, y'all increase the volume?
Dag! Y'all released the beast outta him
Now he's on a rampage, it's too late to reach out to him
Hearsay's for queers, expelled Danny off a hunch?
I guess they had their panties in a bunch
I'm just Payton a picture...oops!
Did I say "Payton"? I meant to say "painting"; a picture
So keep takin' your cheap shots, it don't phase me at all
I dream big but was born small
Callin' me a cornball? I was the best on the yard
Keep poppin' junk, you'll be wakin' up with F's on your card, holla

[Danny!: talking]

And it's final exam season so I would watch out if I were you
The Boogie Man is back, yeah
I do it for the underdogs, man
Can't hate me for this one, I had to
Man, y'all got me started, for real
You can't expel somebody off of hearsay and no evidence man
But the irony of it is, I still want my brick in Legacy Plaza
So um, after I blow up I'ma give a million dollars to Clafin, word up
Can't hate me for that
D. Swain, c'mon let's go