## Danny, I'm Back

[Verse 1:] Yo I'm tryin' to make these kids stop cursin', and these clones Would agree, I'm the hip-hop version of Quincy Jones Could it be? A maestro with a nice flow Like clothes and dyke hoes, and drive a white Rov'? Ho! Y'all muthafuckas still don't get it I can spit some superficial shit and still won't let it Define my persona, I'm fine wine plus I'ma Refined rhymer, line for line It's my time to shine ...yeah, like a lamp, flourescent Haters spit on me and wanna see the champ more pleasant? Nigga please, I know you tired of the kid And the fire that he spits, I'm as live as it gets Black jeans, yes -- but a throwback? No The best Kappa on the scene since Ho Frat Ho All these other rappers wanna do is smoke that dro But I'm tryin' to get my paper let my dough smack mo' Whoa...did I hurt your head? Yo, maybe I should use smaller words instead I don't know if you noticed or not But so far, this album hasn't even gone over the top You don't even know if I'm focused or not While you debate, I'ma pick which Ford Focus to cop Fuck a Benz, and I don't want a Beemer Rather have a shack, and a styrofoam water heater, uh "But didn't Danny say he drove a white Rov'?" I was bullshittin', but thanks for paying attention though You couldn't stop me with divine intervention, no But you can catch me at the Rhymers' Convention, yo I'll be the guest speaker I'd be the best teacher I'd spit some lyrical bullets and watch your chest leak a Gallon of blood, drop face-down in the mud You just mad they called that new Mase album a dud Welcome ME back [Chorus: Danny! talking] I see y'all muh'fuckas right now man Y'all ain't even expect me to come back You'll be sittin' there with a lil' smile on your face Like, "awww, he gon' fail, he gon' fail" But naw, fuck that shit Y'all muh'fuckas make me laugh, dog I'm actually...man, y'all entertain me I'm here to entertain y'all Y'all makin'me laugh, what the fuck C'mon now [Verse 2:] My redemption song Is sweeter than a senior citizen with dentures on

I never really meant to leave you, it's been so long You know I write eighty miles an hour, pen so strong, uh My first LP? Critics didn't like it But it's all good, just as long as pregnant women buy THIS I don't care if niggas hate on my shit because The negativity just gives me a buzz And I appreciate the radio spins (Y'all muh'fuckas got me on the radio real good, that shit was mad funny yo) Your show is trash, watch who get the last laugh Half-ass wack nigga, lookin' like you crashed Your face into a brick wall, nigga get some balls And get off of my nuts You lost yo' mind, cuz? I ain't the best lookin' nigga, but damn This ugly muh'fucka must've got hit by a Grand Am Am, I being too hard on this nigga? Can't believe I fuckin' wasted four bars on this nigga, peep How I transition back, but damn this and that 'Cause this is where it's at I used to wear a hat but my head kinda swolled up Dropped " The College Kicked-Out", everybody goin' nuts Didn't think I had it in me I drink a splash of Remy These half-rappers only half-offend me, I ain't fuckin' with 'em The whole world can kiss my ass 'til their lips stick to my pants Controversy like Lindsay Lohan gettin' breast implants I'm the next Rembrandt of rap Give me a chance, in fact I'll have you shakin' like a panic attack Dammit I'm back and I ain't goin' nowhere Everybody so scared 'cause I'm so prepared It's D. Swain, I'm still pimpin', still smackin' snitches Still flowin' ill and the rap's vicious I'm back bitches [Chorus: Danny! talking] Y'all muh'fuckas man, y'all ain't got shit else better to do, dog What y'all need to do right now is anticipate my arrival dog, I'm back

Muh'fuckin' pull out the red carpets and shit, dog

Pull out the flowers and shit

Get the elephants, man get the fuckin' giraffes and shit Dog, I'm back in this bitch

Shit, long time comin'

2005, c'mon man