

Danny, Intro

[Verse]

Yo

I took a gamble with my own fate
So I can try to get some national exposure for my home state
I had a strategy and mapped it out
The backwards route: blow up, and take it back to underground
Six years, funned around, at it again
With local rap cats, backpacks, pads and pens
The whole time I'm devisin' a plan
Supply and demand, nine songs a day, dyin' to win
My rep's bigger 'cause I spoon-fed niggaz
Dumbed down my lyrics for two albums straight
I said I'd drop another CD, then I'll be straight
Allow me to make these statements, damn I should be proud to be
Hated on, that means niggaz is listenin'
Half these cats dis him, the other half is wit' him
They stand back, admire? I'ma shock them all
Almost, dropped the ball when my plan backfired
I was, supposed to blow so I could stack some loot
Go the mainstream route, then get back to my roots
Buy a house for my mama and an Acura too
But I happened to lose sight of why I started rappin' and
Who's the real Danny
Too surreal, can he
Boost his skill and
Reproduce the thrill, and be a
Shoe-in at the Grammys? I'm doin' this for my family
A lot of you don't, won't, or can't understand me
I'm revealin' my Plan B, the MC is back
But no matter what I spit on a track, it's still Danny
I'm feelin' antsy, I'm about to explode
The pressure's on, and I'm outta control
So now you know

[Outro: scratched by Danny]

[Nas] "We...we...we came a long way"

[Danny] "D. Swain"

[Redman] "The ill...the ill MC step in"

[De La Soul] "Once again"

[Angelika] "He got skill"

[Nas] "Wild golden child"

[Danny] "Can't...can't...can't...can't...you can't touch me"

[fade out]