

# Danny, Mind's Made Up

[Chorus: x2]

I've made up my mind for a lifetime  
I've made up my mind for a lifetime

[Verse 1:]

Bring in the verse and let's go  
I think I've gotta be the most indecisive person I know  
That incident I can't forget about in Paris, France  
I spent seven hours pickin' out a pair of pants  
I'm just a rapper, a bastard child  
But sometimes, I think my brain is on backwards  
After a while, I'll finally come to a decision or two  
It's kinda funny what a 90/20 vision'll do  
Like this one time, I must've set the time  
One hour too late, woke up at a quarter to 8  
I had to be at work in fifteen  
But it takes me forty-five minutes just to get clean  
After showerin' another half-an-hour when  
I iron a shirt, you've gotta try it, it works  
I'm tryin' to find an excuse to not go to work, but instead  
I swallowed my pride and got out of bed  
Funky as hell

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2:]

Now I'm at my baby mom's house  
If this chick gets to actin' crazy, I'm out  
Kinda mad another nigga treats her better than I did  
But I'm here to see my kid  
Me and Zoe playin' patty-cake  
I put her to sleep, and now I'm wantin' something to eat  
So I'm in the kitchen lookin' for a plate  
I look up and my baby mama's standin' in the doorway  
She said, "Danny boy, we can do it your way  
Give it to me daddy, I don't even need the foreplay"  
Now I COULD smash potatoes and leave  
But she'd be calling me for weeks  
And I wouldn't be able to breathe  
All I want is mashed potatoes and greens  
Apple juice, where the cups at?  
Shorty grabbed my nutsack, panties fell down to the floor  
Ahhh, fuck it; just listen out for the door  
Man, pass me a towel

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

D. Swain, and I'm back as  
The phat trackmaker, for paper  
I would razor-blade your black ass  
But don't think for a second that I'm clueless  
Just because I'm inconclusive, get a clue bitch  
But before I let you go, true story:  
I was rockin' at this show and everyone was rootin' for me  
But this one guy was booin' at the top of his lungs  
Being rude and obnoxious, son  
So I finish my set, walk off the stage and I get  
The same lame nigga in my face, making a threat  
He said go back to the Gap, because my flow was wack  
And my beats are trash, what kind of critique is that?  
A bad decision would've meant I had to listen to him  
But if I did then I'd be missin' music  
It's been a year to the day that I took that chance

I made up my mind to rap and I ain't look back since  
Yo that's real talk man

[Chorus x4]