

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]