

# Danny, No Guarantees

[Verse 1:]

I can flow with the best of 'em  
Do shows with the rest of 'em  
Mos Def, Kweli, Kanye West and 'em  
But when it comes to doin' a gig  
Down where I live, man the shit is ri-dic-u-lous  
I did a show at the Colonial Center  
But the crowd was real cold like the snow in the winter  
Damn! It must've been the lyrics I spit  
'Cause 'round here, they don't wanna hear no spiritual shit  
Ain't nothin' worse than lookin' up at a (dead-eyed crowd)  
And if I jumped into the audience, I bet I'd drown  
'Cause I'm about one song, maybe two or three  
Maybe four songs away from the crowd booing me  
Feel like a failure when the crowd gets shady  
Man this shit'll drive you (crazy)  
I'm a product of the eighties  
So I sit in my Mercedes, after a show  
Then I cry like a baby but don't let nobody know

[Chorus:]

"I can turn it on  
But I'm holdin' back the guarantee"  
I get excited every time that I recite it  
I can put it down but I can't make you like it  
"I can turn it on  
But I'm holdin' back the guarantee"  
[Jay-Z:] ("All I need is the love of my crew  
The whole industry can hate me, I'll thug my way through")

[Verse 2:]

It ain't the same when I perform in a different state  
Up in Wisconsin they be feedin' me fish and steak  
Don't get me wrong now, I love the Metro  
And the Metro got love for me  
But it's hard for me, to bring a new kind of sound  
When all they wanna hear from me is "Second Time Around"  
Damn! There's more to Columbia than thugs  
And drugs, and studs and dubs and wylin' in the club, what  
I got booed at a show downtown  
But at the afterparty all I ever got was pounds  
And daps; this one cat said "I like your raps  
But could you talk about guns? That'd be kinda phat"  
Dude I'll be right back...I took a stroll outside  
And gave my head another blow to the bike rack  
Now I ain't gotta rap about havin' guns, but instead  
I can tell everybody I be bustin' heads, take 'em to the house

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

All I ever do is rock a show and hope for the best  
I told a Seinfeld joke and it went over their head  
And I ain't even tryin' to be the Dennis Miller of rap  
I'm tryin' to get the crowd jumpin' 'til the ceiling collapse  
'Cause on the mic +I Try+ hard like Macy Gray  
And when the DJ puts on "Stay Away"  
The whole crowd wyles out, and starts riots  
But when he puts on "Talk To You" the whole room get quiet  
Now I could get frustrated and forget the game  
But that shit would be (crazy), yo I'd miss the fame  
Catchin' flights to Korea, takin' trips to Spain  
It'd take a whole lot of money to convince my brain  
So until then, I'ma do what I does

It ain't the fame or the money, it's the music I love  
...and if I ever get desperate  
I'll fuck around and put Lil' Jon on a record, say I won't do it

[Chorus x2]