

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]