

# Danny, The Lesson

Aight boys and girls, take your seats  
Class is about to start any minute  
This is the lesson, I'm 'bout to show y'all how to do it

[Verse 1:]

Uh, make way bitch, I'm comin' through  
I'm Danny Swain, nigga who the fuck is you?  
I'm a blast from the past  
So second-guessin' his ass is a bad suggestion  
But class is in session  
I know you're mad and depressed  
When I brag I'm the best, +Ain't No Half-Steppin'+  
Take your pencils out your bag, I'm testin'  
I'm askin' questions, so grasp the lesson, huh?  
Number one: who's the realest MC?  
The answer's 'me', b-boy stance is enchantin'  
And I spit rhymes candidly  
All I need is a mic, sweatpants and a tee  
Number two: who's the best producer?  
It ain't you bruh, guess again  
My instrumentals will impress your friends  
Hell yeah, pay attention unless you intend  
To fail, this is the lesson y'all

Aight for starters y'all need to stop  
With all that 'kill kill, murder murder' shit  
Y'all niggas ain't ever seen blood  
Except from your sister's period  
Don't even try it...c'mon now

[Chorus: scratches by Danny]

[Pharoahe Monch:] 'Y-y-y'all know the name'  
[Danny:] 'D. Swain'  
[Charli Baltimore:] 'G-get it right'  
[Pharoahe Monch:] 'Y'all...know'  
[Danny:] 'D. Swain'  
[Jadakiss:] 'Sl-slow down...slow down'

[Verse 2:]

D. Swain, I'm the next to set it  
So put the hatin' to the side, I suggest you dead it  
Commit to the best, guess I've got a success fetish  
You'll be staying after class for some extra credit  
If you don't take notes, you dope  
Tryin' to pass off as an MC with them fake quotes you wrote  
Talkin' 'bout you did this and did that  
With the click-clack, that's your pop's gun nigga, give it back  
Gotta show these rap cats how to do this, son  
Producer-slash-MC, I'm a two-for-one  
Whose rhymes is more clever? I'm a sure-better  
Designed for your pleasure, you guys is sore-headed  
Like lime and orange sweaters, your style is tacky  
You're better off sweepin' trash piles at Zaxby's  
Meanwhile I'ma smile at that weak  
Shit you tryin' to kick, kinda quick with the gimmicks  
Is you in it to win it or what?

'Cause I am...I'ma teach you the rules of the game man  
Don't rap about shit that you ain't got  
We see right through you dog...lyin' ass

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I'm teachin' rappers how to keep in practice  
But they're looking at me funny like I'm speaking backward  
Sleep in class or read a mag with tig ol' bitties  
And I'll bet your ass'll fail, and get a 50  
On this test that I'm passin' out  
You better throw all your chances of passin' out  
When you see your test scores you'll be passin' out  
And your skills'll still stink, if you pass an outhouse  
You probably couldn't even tell the difference  
Your whole flow's like a bowl of Kibbles and Bits and shit  
I hope you fuckers paid a little attention  
It's a shame that the dean got rid of detention  
'Cause I'd let you sit there  
'Til you learn how to get to where you need to be, lyrically  
Instead of focusing on fame and bucks  
It's D. Swain, here to help you step your rap game up  
Pens down

It ain't about makin' money all the time, man  
It's about makin' a statement...learn a lesson

[Pharoahe Monch:] &quot;Y-y-y'all know the name&quot;;  
[Danny:] &quot;D. Swain&quot;;  
[Charli Baltimore:] &quot;G-get it right&quot;;