

Danny, D.A.N.N.Y.

Oh, for sure
Y'all better get with the program
Hey yo, I saw my face on America's Most Wanted last night
They said I was murdering tracks

[Verse 1:]

Hey yo, spark up the doobie and pass the beer
The little newbie that came to save rap is here
In a street battle I spit three bars to make you see stars
Niggas say I'm sick with the flow, I sneeze SARS
But uh, I take an aspirin to control it, thanks for askin'
Comparing yourself to me is like a Beemer to a stationwagon
And wack rappers I'm bound to expose
I'm showin' love to them strippers dancing 'round the poles, yeah
I'm from the city where Confederate flags fall
And everybody got a neck redder than rat balls
That's why I rock a sweater with tags off
And keep at least one chain and bracelet on my neck and my wrist
I flip records like bricks
You muthafuckas never seen a nigga flip a record like this
I cock and squeeze my Smith & Wesson like this, nigga BLAOW

[Chorus:]

D, 'cause he does it right
A, 'cause his flow's aight
N, 'cause he's new, to the
N, 'cause he's kinda nice
Y, would you ever wanna doubt the kid?
It's Danny, Danny Danny

[Verse 2:]

(How you livin', Danny Swain?) I'm surrounded by prostitutes
Throwin' my banana around like I was tossin' fruit
Smackin' ass and mad titties
I swear, her booty was telling me to grab on it, just ask it
If getting head from your mom was a class, bet I'd pass it
Shit get drastic, I'm passing her the chapstick
D. Swain, ain't nothing stoppin' him
Make famous dead people hop up out a coffin and
Do the Rockaway, on some Michael Jackson "Thriller" shit
Got my own style, I don't care if you ain't feelin' it
I got fans in places I haven't yet seen
I can even make a lesbian have a wet dream
I guess, the next thing for me to do is sit back
Spit raps with flows that are fresher than Tic-Tacs
Sold beats for my album? Yeah I did that
I bring the heat nigga, keep your socks on
When they want a hot track it's my door they knock up on
All of these producers asking me, what records should they stock up on
If I blow up and everybody act stank
I give a fuck, I'ma shimmy all the way to the bank, yo
Word to Gamma Nu, peace to Alpha Lambda
Any problems with the kid, they'll be bringing out the hammers
And I ain't talkin' 'bout guns
I'm talkin' 'bout sledgehammers bigger than Attila the Hun
We roll deep up in the building, it's done
I even crash award shows, Norah Jones, that's my Grammy
(You that nigga from Da Band?) Naw, that's Miami
One thing come before the music, that's my family
One thing come before that, my Lord
Oh my Lord, I think they 'bout to tow my Accord
I'm double-parked on these Billboard charts, nigga BLAOW

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

...that's the sound they make
When I pull out my 37-pound snake
(Gosh darn it, what's the big idea?
Does he always have to brag on what his dick size is?)
Actually, I was talkin' bout my pet anaconda
He's the best and I'm fond of him
Except there's something wrong with him
All he wanna do is sit next to Wanda Sykes, sike
Change the game what I'ma do
I'll be at a bar mitzvah spittin' a rhyme or two
The rap game needs a change
So I ain't gonna stop 'til I hear everybody screaming my name
Nice guys finish last? Hell naw, nice guys finish first
Competition I'ma put 'em in a hearse
More flavor than a pack of Cinnaburst, nigga BLAOW

[Chorus]