

Danny, Give Me A Chance

[Chorus]

I'm still waitin' on that one phone call
That one conversation that can change it all
I'm tryin' to get me a deal, I'm tryin' to get it and chill
If I can make a mil', all my problems'll be solved
Give me a chance to make it work
So much at stake, it hurts
Gotta stay alert
If I miss my one shot, my chances'll be gone
I can't leave it alone

[Verse 1]

Bare my soul in every page that I write
I promise you this, I'm gonna make it tonight
So when I finally pop, and I make it to the top
I'm prayin' I ain't afraid of heights
Makin' tight beats, spittin' flows is my M.O.
Tryin' to get the industry's ear, like +Please Listen To My Demo+
'Cause Dan's vicious, full of dreams and ambitious
Schemes and scam-pitchin', I'm sick of these damn dishes
I'm sick of bustin' these tables for minimum wage
That's why I'm shakin' everytime I put pen on the page
That's why my tightest shit's ignited with venom and rage
I've tried to fight it everytime that I've been on the stage
I shake hands with the rap fans
The teeny-boppers say they love me
Underground niggaz tell me 'that's wack Dan'
Man...can't you see that I'm on the grind?
My CD circulated in a couple states and they responded just fine
You mean to tell me if Akon can get signed
I can't get mine?
Sometimes I wanna grab the mic and just rhyme
Stand on a corner with a hat and collect dimes
My daughter just turned two
Couldn't afford the Pro Keds, so I bought her just one shoe
Landlord screamin' at me, rent six months due
If I can make one wish come true...

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Yo, my mind's spinnin' like the
Rims on the wheels of a Rolls-Royce
Now I'm feelin' like I'm Rose Royce, 'cause I'm +Wishing On A Star+
I'm wishin' I was far away from here
I grab my pic and my guitar and pray this year maybe I'll
Make it off sheer luck
But I fear luck won't be enough to get
All of my student loans cleared up
My tear ducts are at capacity
Baby moms harassing me
'Cause she says my paychecks don't last a week
Meanwhile, I'm watchin' these cats blow up
And throw up dollar bills like 7-Up Plus soda
...I'm doin' shows for small change
Ignorin' other rappers 'cause I think they're all strange
My eyes on greener pastures, sixteen chapters
Make up my life story, I should be an actor
Hey Mr. A&R, what're you waitin' on?
You know I've been waitin' long, praying and staying strong
And trying to stay sober
Man I swear, if you call me now my pain will be over
So many plots in mind to gain some exposure
Show me the dotted line, like Dame did for Hova

Pour my heart into my penmanship
So won't somebody draft a contract and send one quick?
'Cause most importantly my little girl depends on this
I refuse to lose, take it on the chin and quit
Never