

# Danny, Goodbye

Man, I'm 'bout to leave this rap shit alone dog  
Word up

[Chorus:]

(Goodbye!) I'm 'bout to say goodbye to the game  
I'm tired of playin'  
(Goodbye!) Goodbye to the fame and money  
Yo ain't a damn thing funny  
(Goodbye!) Goodbye to the hatin' for real  
Too many niggas talk greasy, fa' sheezy  
(Goodbye!) [Jay-Z:] ( "Can't leave rap alone, the game needs me!" )

[Verse 1:]

I've been in the rap game for a minute  
Stackin' change, but the fact remains: this is a business  
Now I've gotta call it quits, all of this  
Hatin', it isn't called for; pride tried to swallow it  
I even tried at Apollo, it  
Was one fine-ass model, said she's feelin' all my shit  
But I had a hard time believing it  
She didn't know my songs by heart, hard time repeating it  
I swear, no one else appreciates me  
I'm from the home of white tees, and geechies maybe  
I should call it a day, and put the mic away  
I'd like to say I'm playin', but I can't say "sike"  
And stayin' ain't an option, but patience might stop him  
From making the mistake of a lifetime, I write rhymes  
And make beats, but if it don't move your feet  
I might as well just take a seat  
Peace out

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Fuck rap, you can have it back  
I feel like a FOX special, "When Doormats Attack"  
'Cause I don't feel welcome  
It's gonna take more than an autograph signing in the store to help him  
Change his mind, 'cause I'm the same guy that brought you  
My other hits, like "Stay Away" and "Talk To You"  
I'm catchin' Flack but my name ain't Roberta  
These other rappers get away with murder  
'Cause every other joint that they pumpin' on the radio  
Is soundin' like the same ol' lame ol' shit they played way before  
Meanwhile, I'm out bustin' my ass  
Can I get an applause? Is it too much to ask?  
Dag, I think I might as well hang it up  
Either that or take my style and just change it up  
D. Swain is just another jaded MC  
Man I tried to be as patient as can be  
But I gotta leave

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

He said this, and she said that  
And he claimed that D. Swain couldn't rap  
I'm better off in the game cookin' crack  
Took this slack for a minute, sick of people lookin' at  
Me like I lost my mind  
I couldn't sell a copy of my CD even if it cost a dime  
Even the radio won't play my hits  
I rap about positivity, they hate my shit  
I gave my album to a friend at the camera shop

Man he said that he was feelin' it, he said it was hot  
But a couple days later, as luck would have it  
I overheard another nigga say that HE said it sucked ass, shit  
I tried to bring something new to the table  
At the rate I'm going I'll be dropped from my label  
So I'm done, yo I quit, I'm retirin'  
Applyin' at McDonald's, yo I hope they're still hirin'  
'Cause I'm gone

[Chorus]