

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]