

Danny, I Need A Publicist

[Chorus:]

I need a publicist
'Cause I wanna be famous
I'm tryin' to get my name in the press
And let the world know I'm dangerous
And on the mic, you can't fuck with this
Yeah, I need a publicist

[Verse 1:]

Don't pay attention to these rappers with record deals, spendin' the cheese
I want the world to pay attention to me
South Carolina's prince of peace, 'cause on the piece I don't leave no prints
Blow a hole in your weak defense
Forget that gunplay wordplay
I'm tryin' to get a deal before my 22nd birthday
It falls on a Thursday
Bad press can't hurt me, I'll take the gritty route
Pull a Lil' Kim and walk around with my titty out
At the VMA's, I'd front like I was datin' LisaRaye
But I can't, 'cause I think that she's engaged
Fuck it, I'll drink an E&J with Tina Fey
And do an interview the next day with Rex Hayes
My next phase is to get on Maury
On TV, cryin' with some pitiful story 'bout
How Halle Berry be stalkin' me
And the 12-year-old girl I got caught with last week

[Danny!: talking]

How was I supposed to know
She said she was 20
Shoot, I don't card ID, I'm not a bar
I'm tryin' to get famous man, this is hard work

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

What better way to get my name in the paper
Than to be a mile high on a plane with a razor
Stop, chill, don't be scurred man
'Cause you got the wrong cat, I ain't wearin' a turban
My words can, have my ass up on the front page
Tomatoes thrown at me when I run up on stage
But I remain unfazed
I'm still tryin' to have my face printed on the cover of Blaze
I'm 'bout to give my baby mother a raise
I'll make the hooker happy 'cause she got me eight bookings last week
That's what I call using your head
Addicted to limelight, if I lose it I'm dead
You know? I think I'll fake my own funeral
Or maybe not, because nobody would show
So when they say a word for the dearly departed
I'll hop out the coffin like "yeah, bitch!"
My rap career's started

[Danny!: talking]

The last one was a little bit over the top, I admit it
I'm just trying to do whatever it takes though man
I'm trying to be famous out this muthafucka
For real

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I'm trying to be hip-hop's next media darling

With VH1 specials on at three in the morning
I'm heeding a warning: my black star's so bright
You gotta wear shades when you see me performin', but
Self-promotion is so hard
I'm sick of stickin' my stickers on Decker Boulevard
I need to hire somebody to book my shows
And help me get exposure 'cause I took my flows
And my beats to the top, man I love this shit
You know? I think I gotta get a publicist
But until then, I'll still be payin' my dues
Signing autographs dressed in a tin-man suit, what

[Danny!: talking]

Tin-man suit?

Dang, I hope I don't sound too desperate or nothin'
Yo word up man, I was in the phone book the other day
And I looked up "publicist" in the yellow pages
And I must've dialed the wrong number or somethin'
They was like, "hello, welcome to Spanky's Pizza & Oysters" or somethin'

[Chorus]

I need a publicist y'all
For real, I'm just tryin' to get signed
Tryin' to get a deal
For real
D. Swain, one time, let's go