

Danny, Lip Flappin'

[Verse 1]

Another day, I think I'll take the pony for a spin
Do or die, I got +The Bluest Eye+ like Toni Morrison
Get it...Toni Morrison?
Attack the clones, I'm back to bonin' bony whores again
Used to beat my meat, I guess I got bologna fore-uh-skin
(Ewwwwww) Hey girl you feelin' lonely? Pour the gin
We gonna get you rocky, but this dick is only for your friend
So choose your poison, either Beef-A-Roni or a tin
Can full of hors d'oeuvres, served on phony porcelain
They forcin' my hand...
"Danny, you ain't right"
I beat the Blue Man Group in a blue paint fight
I'm your favorite rapper's rapper
Rap depraved me, made me
Wrap my fingers 'round your sister's throat
Impatience made me snap her
Neck; man I'm 'bout to cash this check
I had respect a couple years ago
I'm fearless, phone my dad collect
My crew? Thicker than Steinbeck novels
We visit Milan, and do the Heimlech on models

[Chorus x2]

"There's so many people who can talk and talk and talk and just say
Nothing, or nearly nothing"

[Verse 2]

Everbody talkin' pistols, gats; it's boring
I'll flip a new topic for you: rabbit abortions
(Ewwwwww) I'm a fetus's nightmare
No one can save 'em, even if Jesus was right there

[beat stops]

[Danny!:] Yo yo yo, stop the beat, hol' up hol' up hol' up

[Engineer:] Yo, why you stoppin' son, what's good? You was
doin' aiight!

[Danny!:] Dog, DOG...I'm not making any sense, like, whatsoever...
this shit has NO topic at all --

[Engineer:] Man, are you crazy nigga? This joint is hot flames
son, yo this is real hip-hop...this is real hip-hop, yo your joint
is hot flames son. Yo keep recording, we still recording right now

[beat continues]

[Verse 2]

The pie-jacker, I jack pies for money
You niggaz is sweet, must've got baptized in honey
Rockin' skirts like that bagpipe country
Speakin' of pipes, Danny lays more pipe than a
Plumber on a summer afternoon
When I'm in the tabernacle
I can make the daughter of the pastor swoon
Watchin' cartoons...my alter ego is a
Raccoon with a pair of shades, I call him Master Poon
Hey Master Poon, what'chu doin' today?
"Well I was gonna do a track with you
But you went away!"
Hey -- what more can I say?
I can't help it that these rappin' cats is borderline gay

"You mean to tell me that cats can rap too?"
Never mind Master Poon, it's time for a nap soon
If I ain't the dopest on the mic then I'm the closest
Pneumonultramicroscopicsiliconiosis
(...just a random big word, y'knowwhatlmsayin'
so I can sound smart!)

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

The streets is in a panic
Police need to increase the peace
Even though priests and obese people are
Destined for heaven even when they get beaten
I'll invite your grandfather out to Denny's and eat him
Mind of a psycho
Rhyme with my eyes closed
No piece of paper, a freak of nature with nine toes
I know you nerd rappers gon' love this
I just spit a whole song and I didn't say shit
I know you backpackers gon' love this
I just spit a whole song and I didn't say shit
I know the underground gon' love this
I just spit a whole song and I didn't say shit

[Chorus x1]