

Danny, Prove Myself

[Verse 1:]

Picture me tryin' to prove myself
Like I'm convinced a shot of vodka would improve my health
Or move my wealth to seven-hundred-and-four figures
Got more niggas tryin' to hate on my flow than Rah Digga
Bigger balls than last year, I'm cocky as ever
And more fly than a box of Czechoslovakian sweaters
When I hop in the Jetta
I put my CD on blast
If you don't like me nigga fuck you, kiss my ass
I ain't got nothin' to prove, so you can beat it
Niggas heated when I breathe on the mic, I'm so conceited
I give a shit if you don't like what I'm rappin'
Go back to your rims, your grills, your pills, your ice and your trappin'
Y'all ignorant niggas, y'all need help
Don't you know my track record? Man it speaks for itself
I kept the best beats for myself
My instrumentals out of reach on the shelf
You can't touch me

[Chorus: x2]

I don't need to prove myself
I don't need to prove myself

[Verse 2:]

How many times must I tell ya?
Catering to everyone turns you to a failure
That's why I don't get mad when they say that I'm wack
Or hate on my tracks, talkin' all that shit in my ear, yeah
Get off my dick and tell your bitch to come here
The first cat to drop an album and get rich in one year
Got more status in my pinky than Patricia Romer'
In her whole career
Charismatic with a capital K
The Smooth Kriminal is back to put the wackness to shame
It didn't have to happen this way
But I got sick of niggas rappin' the same
You need practice mayne
I'm in a class of my own
The rap game's George Thorogood, I'm +Bad To The Bone+
I'm glad to be home, quit talkin' all that trash on the phone
Don't call me with that bullshit, you can rap to the tone
Holla

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

I give a fuck who you battled against
Underground/mainstream, yo I straddle the fence
When I step up to the mic, all the kids say "wow"
I'll bet you're probably gonna want me on your mixtape now
It's great how a dude tries to do his own thing
Tries to spread his own wings then a diss breaks out
First album that I dropped was a classic
Took it to the radio and then they tried to trash it
Callin' me a lame but really I'm the last sick
Nigga with a habit of kickin' niggas asses quick
And I don't really give a fuck about who's tough
You'd figure that the lyrics that I'm spittin' would be proof enough
But no; if I ain't talkin' 'bout 'caine-sniffin'
Wood grain-grippin', lane-switchin', bangin' the fifth
Then I ain't really sayin' shit or D. Swain is a bitch
But I ain't changin' what I spit until D. Swain is richer than you
The fuck I gotta listen to you for?

You niggas swear you're too hardcore, I'm havin' fun with this shit

[Chorus x2]