

# Danny, We Gonna Make It

[Verse:]

All I ever really wanted was my name in the bright lights  
Tryin' to get my fanbase expandin' from Asians to white dykes  
I still need a fuckin' publicist  
It's D. Swain, and I'm giving you my butt to kiss  
Let me take it way back when I didn't have scratch  
Listenin' to music, sayin' "I can do this too!"  
It's cool, just do your thing  
Don't ever let these haters try to ruin your dreams  
I knew things would start slow  
Dealin' with a DJ with mood swings  
Cheap articles were made, I played my part  
I stayed on the charts  
Gotta keep my mind and my tongue razor-sharp  
Back then, when I did venues for chump change  
Why they wanna keep the top billing from Swain?  
Dropped the first name, added a dot  
And kept the last name -- "is that Swain?" -- daggit, he's hot  
I went away to school, then I got kicked out  
Shit happens, but I gotta stick to rappin'  
I'm still doing shows but they won't quit laughin'  
When I tell 'em what went down at Claflin, so that's it  
I get down on my knees and pray  
For a chance to say everything I need to say  
Matter fact, I said eight prayers  
"The College Kicked-Out" dropped five months and eleven days later  
All of a sudden, a star is born  
And to think, it all started in a dorm room  
More boom than a lil' bit  
I'm a little nitwit that made good  
A little quick wit will get you real far  
If you know how to use it  
Got my whole school doing music, it's true bitch  
And I'm still tryin' to make it in the game  
Tryin' to soak up all the fame  
But I hope it don't choke up all of Swain  
Yo I'm trying to get these folks to call my name  
I let 'em clown me so the weak could win  
Now I'm headed to the top with a sheepish grin  
Only one hit away like Bleek would've been  
If he would've been in my shoes, who would've thought?  
D. Swain taking the blame and never get caught  
The fame don't come easily, or cheap, or free  
You gotta work hard to get to where you need to be  
Take it from me, I know what I'm sayin'  
All the hatin' in my ear is getting old, but I'm waitin'  
For the day that I'm famous  
I'll have fans in Alabama like, "Man, D. Swain is a genius!"  
Danny Boy, not the one to mess around son  
Thought you suckers had me 'til I dropped the second album  
Fresh like a pair of starched jeans  
I'm still tryin' to be rap's next media darling  
If success is the next best thing to gettin' sex  
Well then, gimme that there  
Wait'll you see my hits  
I'm gon' be successful as fuck, watch me