

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