

# Danny, You Owe Me

[Intro: scratched by Danny]

[Jay-Z] &quot;Can I get...can I get a minute&quot;  
[Phonte] &quot;I went from niggaz tellin' me I really  
shouldn't rhyme to droppin' a cla...droppin'  
a classic&quot;  
[Common] &quot;Y'all assumed I was doomed...out of tune&quot;  
[Krump] &quot;Niggaz whisperin' like bitches&quot;  
[Juelz Santana] &quot;Niggaz know me&quot;  
[the Notorious B.I.G.] &quot;Lucky they don't owe me&quot;  
[Pharoahe Monch] &quot;Y'all know the name&quot;  
[Danny] &quot;D. Swain!&quot;  
[Cam'ron] &quot;You owe me nigga!&quot;

[Verse 1]

Yo

Next up it's the kid with the fresh cut  
Stepped up my lyrics and my spirit's in check, yup  
I'm here in the flesh but, a lot of people envy my spot  
They pray I'll get shot and rot in a box  
I got, more detractors than I do benefactors  
I'll try to interact but then it's back to basics  
Back to bass kicks, penning tracks in the basement  
Class act, matter fact I'm giving rapping a facelift  
Haters talkin' all that smack get smacked  
I rap ex-act-i-ly how I have to be  
I'm glad to be the talk of the town  
I offered you clowns pound  
You left me hangin' so I'm tossing you down  
They tried to stone me  
Kicked, punched; six months later now they  
Clone me; holding me up, they postpone me  
Niggaz that don't know me, they're backing me now  
I made it cool to be yourself, they're just jacking my style  
You owe me

[scratches by Danny]

[Eminem] &quot;Back...&quot;  
[Nas] &quot;Owe me back&quot;  
[Eminem] &quot;Back...back...&quot;  
[Nas] &quot;Owe me back&quot;  
[Eminem] &quot;Back...back...&quot;  
[Nas] &quot;Owe me back like you owe your tax&quot;

[Chorus]

If I gave you a beat for free  
Man, you owe me  
If you got your whole style from me  
Nigga you owe me  
Get up off of me dog, 'cause you don't know me  
You below me homie, and you only slowin' me down

[Verse 2]

Okay, you claimed you  
Had a couple rhymes, and your mind was correct  
But I gave you beats for free, now it's time to collect  
You better, stop the moochin' or I'll stop producing  
The rap game kinda remind me of prostitution  
The way they try to pimp me, is senseless  
You ain't gotta lie to kick it dog, that's the common consensus  
Don't tell me you about to blow like I'M interested  
If you're, reachin' for fame  
Then the fee is the same  
And all these MC's in the game

Want beats from D. Swain  
I ain't givin' up these treats for free  
I'll tell these rappers 'no' and that'll be wise  
They using lies as collateral  
&quot;Hey lemme get that beat dog, I swear I'll give it back to you&quot;  
Cats claimin' that they reppin' the streets  
I'll hook you up but how you expect me to eat? That's real  
These niggaz forcin' me to go the unemployment route  
Now that I'm famous I'ma be sendin' invoices out  
You owe me

[Danny!: talking]

Yeah...you remember that beat  
The one I tracked out for you?  
Yeah, THAT one, the one with the hi-hats you said was all loud and shit  
Well make the check out to Kiss My Ass III, nigga...ASAP

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yo I been out here in the struggle since the struggle began  
I'm 'bout to blow, I ain't talking 'bout a plug and two fans  
My third album and I'm lovin' it man  
The Times & Democrat ain't gotta interview me, the Republican  
Pat Buchanan, I pack two cannons:  
My beat-making abilities and raps you can relate to  
I hate to, come off like I'm arrogant but  
I really -- who am I kiddin', I'm arrogant as fuck  
Niggaz forced to take snapshots, 'cause staring ain't enough  
Food for thought; I hope you let it marinate enough  
Who'd have thought, this cat inherit major bucks?  
Wow! I can picture all these MC's now  
They'll be like, &quot;Funny how D. Swain was on some cruddy shit  
Took home '3 Feet High & Rising', listened, studied shit  
Now he's on some 'Buddy' shit, insightful out the blue&quot;  
They'll hate but then they'll try to bite like Tyson's mouth'll do  
Now that I'm famous all these strangers that was doin' me favors  
Like my success they had a hand in, now they got their hands out  
Niggaz that don't know me try to act like they my homie  
Tap me on the should-ey  
Like, &quot;D. Swain, I think ya owe me&quot;