

Danny, You Owe Me

[Intro: scratched by Danny]

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

[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] "Back..."
[Nas] "Owe me back"
[Eminem] "Back...back..."
[Nas] "Owe me back"
[Eminem] "Back...back..."
[Nas] "Owe me back like you owe your tax"

[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
"Hey lemme get that beat dog, I swear I'll give it back to you"
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, "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"
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, "D. Swain, I think ya owe me"