Danny, Intro

[Verse] Yo

I took a gamble with my own fate

So I can try to get some national exposure for my home state

I had a strategy and mapped it out

The backwards route: blow up, and take it back to underground

Six years, funned around, at it again

With local rap cats, backpacks, pads and pens

The whole time I'm devisin' a plan

Supply and demand, nine songs a day, dyin' to win

My rep's bigger 'cause I spoon-fed niggaz

Dumbed down my lyrics for two albums straight

I said I'd drop another CD, then I'll be straight

Allow me to make these statements, damn I should be proud to be

Hated on, that means niggaz is listenin'

Half these cats dis him, the other half is wit' him

They stand back, admire? I'ma shock them all

Almost, dropped the ball when my plan backfired

I was, supposed to blow so I could stack some loot

Go the mainstream route, then get back to my roots

Buy a house for my mama and an Acura too

But I happened to lose sight of why I started rappin' and

Who's the real Danny

Too surreal, can he

Boost his skill and

Reproduce the thrill, and be a

Shoe-in at the Grammys? I'm doin' this for my family

A lot of you don't, won't, or can't understand me

I'm revealin' my Plan B, the MC is back

But no matter what I spit on a track, it's still Danny

I'm feelin' antsy, I'm about to explode

The pressure's on, and I'm outta control

So now you know

[Outro: scratched by Danny]

[Nas] "We...we...we came a long way"

[Danny] "D. Swain"

[Redman] " The ill...the ill MC step in "

[De La Soul] "Once again"

[Angelika] "He got skill"

[Nas] "Wild golden child"

[Danny] "Can't...can't...can't...you can't touch me"

[fade out]