

D-nice

"Call Me D-Nice"

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(Chorus)

My name is D-Nice...

Taking out you suckers and you don't know how I did it

Yo, this is D-Nice and I'm about to drop some funky lyrics on this track I

made up, you know what I'm saying, huh, yea and you don't stop, yo

My name is D-Nice although I hate to admit it

Taking out you suckers and you don't know how I did it

See every episode remains in this mode

Very cool, very calm, there's no sweat in my palm

I just pick up the mic, procede wit a song

I get right to the point, my competition's not long or short

It's like a sport hanging in the middle

But now if you're puzzled, let me kick the whole riddle

That my name is Derek and if I didn't mention

D-Nice is just a description

It describes the kid on the mic

I'm the TR-808, huh, but just call me D-Nice

Chorus

I start to think, a very big conscious all around me

Who will be the sucker MC to try to doubt me

Is it you, or you, or you, or you, or him

But I'm like a tree and every lyric is a limb

You throw it on the turntable, very unstable

But you gamble because you need that example

There's a 1000 MC's on the planet earth now

What is the word you say to get hers

Some like to explain, some talk educated

Some like McBoo, he's X-rated

I like to think of myself as a pure rebel

A radical thinker on a musical level

'Cause suckers wanna stop me and girls wanna kiss

Wherever I go, yo, it seems I can't be dis

'Cause my name is D-Nice but all the girls call me Derek

It ran through my crew so I guess I've inherit

The job of explaining and also retaining

The fact D-Nice is remaining
Not a king nor a prince but as a teacher
Wit dopies like this, I know I'm gonna reach ya
So now I don't think you should all despise
This fact D-Nice is on a rise
Straight to the top like a bubble of water
It's a slaughter so I think you oughta
Think realistically, not egotistically
It's suicide if you even think of dissing me
'Cause if you try, I'm a make you wait
To learn the reason I'm the 808, but just call me D-Nice

Chorus

I live in the Bronx by the D and the 4
Writing lyrics, it's addictive, writing more and more
and more
About peace, about wars, about whores
Breaking city laws to me become a chore
I wear no jeri curls but I still pull girls
I don't slur my words when I rap 'cause that's wack, huh
But in fact, I do not slack
When I drop the funky, funky lyric on a track
I'm not conceited when I walk the streets
And you can tell by the words that I speak
That I'm not just another brother on the mic
'Cause the females love me and they call me D-Nice

Chorus

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