

Dana Dane "Record Jock"

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Dana Dane
Never gonna let you fade away, away
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Dana...

[INTRO]

Full-circle, 360 degrees Dane
My style will live forever, my fame will be maintained
Now some can't feel this, and some feel can't that
But all can feel a track that's produced by Battlecat
So gather round and listen to my non-fiction
The picture will come clearer than a Sony television
This ain't about dissin, this is all fact
Women on my nuts cause my vocals makin cash

[CHORUS]

(The Rapper Dana Dane, what time is it?)
She's on the record's jock, she doesn't love me
(The Great Dana Dane, what time is it?)
She's just stressin my fame and my money

[VERSE 1]

I'm bustin this one for Bridget, the hoe
I met at the Emmaco pumpin the petrol into her five
point o
I wanted her because she looked like Janet Jackson
Caramel complexion, sportin sexy fashion
"Hello, how you're doin?" I said, "they call me Dane"
"I could learn to love your flavor, hon, hey, what's your
name?"
She had nothin for me, totally ignored me
High-sided, took it like she never saw me - cool
So I tried again: "What up! How you're feelin?"
Was a hot and humid day, but I felt a cold chill
I figured, let me step before I have to diss her
That's when I overheard her girlfriend try to whisper
(Oh, I know him from somewhere - oh, that's Dana
Dane!
I saw him last week, he performed on _Soul Train_)
Now honey flipped the script like Sybill
"You're not the Rapper Dana Dane with fame, is you?"

Ooh, I like your records, ooh, you're the man
Ooh, you're so fine, I'm your number one fan"
Now she knows that I'm the Dane, all of a sudden I'm
accepted
Ridin on my nuts cause I'm pumpin out hit records

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2]

Next I peeped this honey at the bar scopin the Dane
hard
Loud, money proud, yo, I knew her hoe card
Native New Yorker, Brooklyn fast-talker
Big jewelry-sporter, sippin Johnny Walker
She bought me this drink, she's flashin her cash
She passin me hints like she wanna give me the ass
I avoided her because I knew her man Pedro
She said (Dana, fuck him, let's talk about your stage
show!)
You ??? well, there ain't no brother brother
Hands on my pants, woulda yoked it if I let her
She was gettin tipsy, dancin like a gypsy
Seen her before, but never knew she was this frisky
Tried to break lips, but she wasn't tryin to have it
Playin me close like ??? metal to a magnet
Then she shouted: "Dane, I can't wait to get you
naked!"
Ridin on my nuts cause I'm pumpin out hit records

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

Now last but not least, let me tell you 'bout Judy
Baaya with the tattas, booya with the booty
A cutie with a juicy fat coochie
Felt it was my duty to make her sing like Suzy
??? 'Cha-ya-ya-ya...' - recall the flavor?
>From the first album that the Dane ever gave ya
Anyway, no more delay, she was a hard nut to crack
Kicked the rap like a mack, but she wouldn't give me
jack
But still she's in my grill everytime that she sees me
Askin (When you're comin with that new fat release?)
Well, I seen her 'bout a weak about, I told her 'bout a
week or so
"Wouldn't you like to be in Dana Dane's video?"
Now she started clickin, dissed her in addition
Comin to my crib for the private audition
Again the same game, just a different scenario
Ridin on my nuts to play a part in my video
Must be the music

That's makin her flip
Must be the music
Must be the music

[CHORUS]

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