

## Danny

### "Lip Flappin'"

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[Verse 1]

Another day, I think I'll take the pony for a spin  
Do or die, I got +The Bluest Eye+ like Toni Morrison  
Get it...Toni Morrison?  
Attack the clones, I'm back to bonin' bony whores again  
Used to beat my meat, I guess I got bologna fore-uh-  
skin  
(Ewwwwww) Hey girl you feelin' lonely? Pour the gin  
We gonna get you rocky, but this dick is only for your  
friend  
So choose your poison, either Beef-A-Roni or a tin  
Can full of hors d'oeuvres, served on phony porcelain  
They forcin' my hand...  
"Danny, you ain't right"  
I beat the Blue Man Group in a blue paint fight  
I'm your favorite rapper's rapper  
Rap depraved me, made me  
Wrap my fingers 'round your sister's throat  
Impatience made me snap her  
Neck; man I'm 'bout to cash this check  
I had respect a couple years ago  
I'm fearless, phone my dad collect  
My crew? Thicker than Steinbeck novels  
We visit Milan, and do the Heimlech on models

[Chorus x 2]

"There's so many people who can talk and talk and talk  
and just say  
Nothing, or nearly nothing"

[Verse 2]

Everbody talkin' pistols, gats; it's boring  
I'll flip a new topic for you: rabbit abortions  
(Ewwwwww) I'm a fetus's nightmare  
No one can save 'em, even if Jesus was right there

(beat stops)

Danny!: Yo yo yo, stop the beat, hol' up hol' up hol' up

Engineer: Yo, why you stoppin' son, what's good? You

was  
doin' aiight!

Danny!: Dog, DOG...I'm not making any sense, like,  
whatsoever...  
this shit has NO topic at all --

Engineer: Man, are you crazy nigga? This joint is hot  
flames  
son, yo this is real hip-hop...this is real hip-hop, yo your  
joint  
is hot flames son. Yo keep recording, we still recording  
right now

(beat continues)

[Verse 2]

The pie-jacker, I jack pies for money  
You niggaz is sweet, must've got baptized in honey  
Rockin' skirts like that bagpipe country  
Speakin' of pipes, Danny lays more pipe than a  
Plumber on a summer afternoon  
When I'm in the tabernacle  
I can make the daughter of the pastor swoon  
Watchin' cartoons...my alter ego is a  
Raccoon with a pair of shades, I call him Master Poon  
Hey Master Poon, what'chu doin' today?  
"Well I was gonna do a track with you  
But you went away!"  
Hey -- what more can I say?  
I can't help it that these rappin' cats is borderline gay  
"You mean to tell me that cats can rap too?"  
Never mind Master Poon, it's time for a nap soon  
If I ain't the dopest on the mic then I'm the closest  
Pneumonultramicroscopicsiliconiosis  
(...just a random big word, y'knowwhatlmsayin'  
so I can sound smart!)

[Chorus x 2]

[Verse 3]

The streets is in a panic  
Police need to increase the peace  
Even though priests and obese people are  
Destined for heaven even when they get beaten  
I'll invite your grandfather out to Denny's and eat him  
Mind of a psycho  
Rhyme with my eyes closed  
No piece of paper, a freak of nature with nine toes  
I know you nerd rappers gon' love this  
I just spit a whole song and I didn't say shit

I know you backpackers gon' love this  
I just spit a whole song and I didn't say shit  
I know the underground gon' love this  
I just spit a whole song and I didn't say shit

[Chorus x 1]

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