

Danny

"Media Darling"

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[Danny!]

My gear's all fresh and my sneakers is all white
I think I got a shot at being featured on Nah Right
Yeah right

[Verse 1]

Keep your heart D. Swain
Nowadays, it ain't enough for your music to be bangin'
It's bad enough they always boxin' D. Swain in
Got a little record deal, figured that would give me a
buzz
Sheeeeeit, my "Charm" album got me way more pub
Now Vibe told me from the jump, hit 'em up when I got
signed
Or get the shit to pop like a Glock 9
Now they won't return my calls
Or my messages at all
Why it seem these muthafuckas tryin' to block my
shine?
Now XXL, they probably want cash in the hand, Jack
'Cause all they ever cover is flash-in-the-pan rap
I ain't payin' the staff...
Picture me coughin' up a G for a measley half-a-
paragraph
In their Unsigned Hype, whatever the column's called
I know you're probably thinkin' "Danny's got some
balls"
But who I gotta impress?
I STILL ain't gettin' no press
Now Rico told me hit the Source but that's a bad idea
'Cause they ain't been relevant for the past five years
And besides, I did hit 'em half-hearted
The owner said he forwarded my tape to some mag he
just started
Called Down Magazine, I ain't heard from him since
Sheeeeeit, I don't know if that publication exists
Never seen it on the newsstand, he played me
Fader tried to fade me
The Ave said "maybe" but they hastily declined
Shortly afterward, back to black
I guzzled nine 40's after work, back to back

No fair, like the carnival ain't come this year
So I'm done this year
I couldn't give a fuck really, print media's dead
I'd rather read about myself on Wikipedia instead,
yeah

[Verse 2]

Danny boy, keep your head up
I know that you're gettin' fed up
You ain't gettin' no pub, or no love and shit
Maybe you ain't suck enough dick
That's what the problem is
Don't they know all these rappers sound the same like
homonyms?
They get a column in The Source, of course
But D. Swizzy gotta keep busy to get press and stuff
I'm upset, what do I think of success? It sucks
Too much mess, it's just
All relative
Like, hella kids askin' me "what's up with Def Jux?"
Shucks, I wish a nigga knew
Maybe then I wouldn't have to spit subliminals on
interludes
Tried to get an interview with Billboard, unsuccessful
Guess they thought my shit was just okay, and nothing
special
It's like I gotta mouth off on a B-Side
To get the media to be like "he nice"
'Cause he writes to all these magazines and the
blogspots
Still gets ignored, on the way to California in the Accord
Another trip to the Grammys
What's it all worth
I'm the least talked about artist on this here earth
Matter fact, I'm 'bout to end this here verse, fuck it

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