

Danny

"My Whole World"

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[Verse 1]

I see skies of blue and clouds of white
Fuck that, I see hungry children cryin' every night
Single mothers on welfare, these kids can't eat
The whereabouts of their daddy is a mystery
Poverty, probably is keepin' blacks in debt
And that's why every first of the month we cash our
checks
And ask to get, a lottery ticket and some Newports
So surreal, kinda like a movie of sorts
I see so many things in my world goin' on
So this song was conceived with my heart on my sleeve
Little boys droppin' out of school, it's hard to believe
And little girls being raped, now it's hard to conceive
A child, I'm seein' niggas that'll stab you in the back
For a pack of cigarettes, and a jacket that matches
His bandana, gangbangers, 'caine slangers, chain
swingers
Check out the picture that D. Swain paints for us

[Chorus]

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls
Let me welcome you to (my whole world, my whole
world)
No diamonds and pearls, just stones
And broken homes (my whole world, my whole world)
I'm only paintin' a picture
I care about it this much (my whole world, my whole
world)
Follow me and we can see some things
C'mon and walk with D. Swain (my whole world, my
whole world)

[Verse 2]

I see trees of green, red roses too
I see a preacher doin' things he ain't supposed to do
Collection plates, he's puttin' in his back pocket
But karma's a bitch, so best believe he's gettin' robbed
quick
Fake gangstas and wanna-be thugs
Shootin' up the club, hot over a bottle of bub

I see a bunch of drunken junkies, potholes and drugs
A lot of homeless families with no one to love, but um
The worst thing is that it hurts to see
An uneducated black man in his thirties
But y'all don't hear me or your eyes are wide shut
Dudes goin' to job interviews high as fuck
What the fuck? I see politicians makin' promises
To fuck us up quicker than the '80s Reaganomics did
I see bums on the stoop lookin' stupid
They had a shot at life and didn't use it

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Twelve-year-olds with cell phones
Callin' their man up so he can hit it when nobody else is
home
I see kids havin' kids, man it is what it is
Homie this is how we live
Prostitutes, they're on the street corner peddlin' sex
Disabled vets, waitin' on their settlement checks, yep!
20 percent of money is spent on women
The other 80 is wasted on vodka
Stop the madness kid, ain't no adjectives
That can describe how I feel when I look back at this
shit
Pops drunk, now he's smackin' the kids
The next day, can't remember what he did
I see people settin' up their own kinfolk
Babies gettin' sick from their mama's secondhand
smoke
I see a man hittin' a lady but he ain't a pimp though
I'm just sittin' by my window
And this is what I see

[Chorus]

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