

## Danny

### "Prove Myself"

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[Verse 1]

Picture me tryin' to prove myself  
Like I'm convinced a shot of vodka would improve my  
health  
Or move my wealth to seven-hundred-and-four figures  
Got more niggas tryin' to hate on my flow than Rah  
Digga  
Bigger balls than last year, I'm cocky as ever  
And more fly than a box of Czechoslovakian sweaters  
When I hop in the Jetta  
I put my CD on blast  
If you don't like me nigga fuck you, kiss my ass  
I ain't got nothin' to prove, so you can beat it  
Niggas heated when I breathe on the mic, I'm so  
conceited  
I give a shit if you don't like what I'm rappin'  
Go back to your rims, your grills, your pills, your ice  
and your trappin'  
Y'all ignorant niggas, y'all need help  
Don't you know my track record? Man it speaks for  
itself  
I kept the best beats for myself  
My instrumentals out of reach on the shelf  
You can't touch me

[Chorus] - 2X

I don't need to prove myself  
I don't need to prove myself

[Verse 2]

How many times must I tell ya?  
Catering to everyone turns you to a failure  
That's why I don't get mad when they say that I'm wack  
Or hate on my tracks, talkin' all that shit in my ear, yeah  
Get off my dick and tell your bitch to come here  
The first cat to drop an album and get rich in one year  
Got more status in my pinky than Patricia Romer'  
In her whole career  
Charismatic with a capital K  
The Smooth Kriminal is back to put the wackness to  
shame

It didn't have to happen this way  
But I got sick of niggas rappin' the same  
You need practice mayne  
I'm in a class of my own  
The rap game's George Thorogood, I'm +Bad To The  
Bone+  
I'm glad to be home, quit talkin' all that trash on the  
phone  
Don't call me with that bullshit, you can rap to the tone  
Holla

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 3]

I give a fuck who you battled against  
Underground/mainstream, yo I straddle the fence  
When I step up to the mic, all the kids say "wow"  
I'll bet you're probably gonna want me on your mixtape  
now  
It's great how a dude tries to do his own thing  
Tries to spread his own wings then a diss breaks out  
First album that I dropped was a classic  
Took it to the radio and then they tried to trash it  
Callin' me a lame but really I'm the last sick  
Nigga with a habit of kickin' niggas asses quick  
And I don't really give a fuck about who's tough  
You'd figure that the lyrics that I'm spittin' would be  
proof enough  
But no; if I ain't talkin' 'bout 'caine-sniffin'  
Wood grain-grippin', lane-switchin', bangin' the fifth  
Then I ain't really sayin' shit or D. Swain is a bitch  
But I ain't changin' what I spit until D. Swain is richer  
than you  
The fuck I gotta listen to you for?  
You niggas swear you're too hardcore, I'm havin' fun  
with this shit

[Chorus] - 2X

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