

**Danny****"Rhyme Writer Crime Fighter"**

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You know?  
When I ain't spittin'  
I'm out fightin' crime  
'Cause I'm bad like that, uh

[Verse 1]  
Caped crusader  
Stay souped with lasers  
A gray deuce-deuce that I used to blaze  
I slayed spooked troops in my youthful days  
And flew away in the Spruce Goose, ruthless ways  
Now you could say my style was aloof but hey  
I gotta stay elusive  
And that's why I moonlight as a producer, slash rapper  
Slash ass-kicker, ridiculous rat bastards  
Face down on the gravel, have gun will travel  
Out the blue steel barrel, get ya crew killed  
Harold from Peru filled the streets with pills for weeks  
Had his operation based in Brazilian suites  
Women swimmin' in counterfeit bills with grills for teeth  
And had a half a mil' concealed beneath Building B  
Ugh...received word they on the block  
I got the call on my two-way radio watch  
It was a Tuesday, shoes laced, gazed at my clock  
Hope I can ruin their clientele in time to catch Seinfeld  
Crime prevails daily, it's a hundred fanatics  
That's why my hip's equipped with guns and gadgets  
That's why my lip is stiff, no one can match it  
That's why I dip whenever the sun comes, had it  
With Harold and his shenanigans, everyone's frantic  
When they peep the piece and the heat I brandish  
Shut 'em down son, took 'em to police then vanished  
I made it home but I just missed Costanza's antics,  
dammit!  
Such a job is selfless  
But the mayor feeds me eggs, corn cobs and shellfish  
Rebellious for the hell of it, villains audacious  
I'm still in my spaceship, I know that I can fly with my  
cape  
But that's some lame shit, I'm cooler than that  
Preservin' justice, just show me where the hooligans at

And this is my hooligan r-r-r-rap

[Danny! talking]

And you know they don't give a brotha no superpowers  
So I gotta keep more gats than a Papoose verse  
You feel me?

[Chorus: \*scratches by Danny!\*] - 2X

"D-D-D. Swain..." - Danny!

"...r-r-rhyme Writer..." - Street Life

"The best...best...the best looking crime fighter..." - Will  
Smith

[Verse 2]

In the daytime he's meek and mild-mannered  
But the D. Swainmobile is sleek and piled with hammers  
I got a slick pistol that I nicknamed Crystal  
Her thick frame bristles when I exchange missiles  
For some quick pain, whistle at her, see if she don't  
snub you  
I keep the broad around but I don't ever say "I love you"  
I stay between gats and my laser beam hats  
George Bush the button to thwart a crook, it's nothin'  
I got a fly chick as a sidekick  
Always on her Sidekick, tryin to find some Jordan-  
signed kicks  
I try to give her leeway; lost my utility belt  
Assed-out for three days, she copped a new one from  
eBay  
Heesheeeeay! Blowticious, villains so vicious  
Mutated goldfishes, magicians and old witches, and  
Islamic crooks with atomic hooks  
I done battled all of these cats, and still ain't no comic  
book!  
Look! ("we don't believe you!") I know you hear my  
flows and doubt it  
Don't believe me? Ask Edna Mode, she's the broad that  
sews my outfits  
The sensational, back is the +Incredible+  
D. Swain the Vigilante, back-handin' criminals  
..but don't tell nobody

[Chorus]

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