

Danny

"The Lesson"

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Aight boys and girls, take your seats
Class is about to start any minute
This is the lesson, I'm 'bout to show y'all how to do it

[Verse 1]

Uh, make way bitch, I'm comin' through
I'm Danny Swain, nigga who the fuck is you?
I'm a blast from the past
So second-guessin' his ass is a bad suggestion
But class is in session
I know you're mad and depressed
When I brag I'm the best, +Ain't No Half-Steppin'+
Take your pencils out your bag, I'm testin'
I'm askin' questions, so grasp the lesson, huh?
Number one: who's the realest MC?
The answer's "me", b-boy stance is enchantin'
And I spit rhymes candidly
All I need is a mic, sweatpants and a tee
Number two: who's the best producer?
It ain't you bruh, guess again
My instrumentals will impress your friends
Hell yeah, pay attention unless you intend
To fail, this is the lesson y'all

Aight for starters y'all need to stop
With all that "kill kill, murder murder" shit
Y'all niggas ain't ever seen blood
Except from your sister's period
Don't even try it...c'mon now

[Chorus: *scratches by Danny*]

"Y-y-y'all know the name" - Pharoahe Monch

"D. Swain" - Danny

"G-get it right" - Charli Baltimore

"Y'all...know" - Pharoahe Monch

"D. Swain" - Danny

"Sl-slow down...slow down" - Jadakiss

[Verse 2]

D. Swain, I'm the next to set it
So put the hatin' to the side, I suggest you dead it

Commit to the best, guess I've got a success fetish
You'll be staying after class for some extra credit
If you don't take notes, you dope
Tryin' to pass off as an MC with them fake quotes you
wrote
Talkin' 'bout you did this and did that
With the click-clack, that's your pop's gun nigga, give it
back
Gotta show these rap cats how to do this, son
Producer-slash-MC, I'm a two-for-one
Whose rhymes is more clever? I'm a sure-better
Designed for your pleasure, you guys is sore-headed
Like lime and orange sweaters, your style is tacky
You're better off sweepin' trash piles at Zaxby's
Meanwhile I'ma smile at that weak
Shit you tryin' to kick, kinda quick with the gimmicks
Is you in it to win it or what?

'Cause I am...I'ma teach you the rules of the game man
Don't rap about shit that you ain't got
We see right through you dog...lyin' ass

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm teachin' rappers how to keep in practice
But they're looking at me funny like I'm speaking
backward
Sleep in class or read a mag with tig ol' bitties
And I'll bet your ass'll fail, and get a 50
On this test that I'm passin' out
You better throw all your chances of passin' out
When you see your test scores you'll be passin' out
And your skills'll still stink, if you pass an outhouse
You probably couldn't even tell the difference
Your whole flow's like a bowl of Kibbles and Bits and
shit
I hope you fuckers paid a little attention
It's a shame that the dean got rid of detention
'Cause I'd let you sit there
'Til you learn how to get to where you need to be,
lyrically
Instead of focusing on fame and bucks
It's D. Swain, here to help you step your rap game up
Pens down

It ain't about makin' money all the time, man
It's about makin' a statement...learn a lesson

"Y-y-y'all know the name" - Pharoahe Monch

"D. Swain" - Danny

"G-get it right" - Charli Baltimore

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