

## Danny

# "Wanderland"

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Life...life...dreams...

[Verse 1]

Rhyme kicker, Mister Mister Sick Line Spitter  
Uploadin' all his videos with QuickTime, to get a  
Quick shine, courtesy of YouTube buzz  
His niggas tell him "no one rap like you do, cuz"  
Now who knew cuz was so savvy?  
Mama told him that he get it from his daddy  
Homie hit her for her Caddy  
Every Friday night, so he can cruise around the  
boulevard  
Full of hard niggas pullin' card  
And sell his little demo tape he recorded upstate  
With his boy Nate's pirated copy of Cubase, but he's  
Sick of livin' in the same place  
Seein' the same faces runnin' in the same race  
Seein' the same hundred-and-twelve fans on MySpace  
Just 'cause he nice doesn't guarantee plays  
But hip-hop is what he needs, what he breathes  
Made him go and throw some D's on the segway  
He never dreamed of Jeannie but he dreamed of Jean  
Grae  
His baby mama wanna see him succeed, she give him  
leeway  
Now even she say he save heat for Open Mic Night  
Might motivate him if his chain was soaked in ice, right  
And the dream don't stop  
Homie gets love in the street, but his seed can't eat  
those props  
Meanwhile he's starvin' for the jewels and wealth  
He want the fortune and the fame but kid is foolin'  
himself  
He could've been the next Nas, been the next Ra  
But he didn't have connections so he couldn't get far  
Homie is 37 and he stil dwells  
On the same dreams that he had when he was 12, he's  
in Wanderland

[Verse 2]

Bamboo bangels

Honey loved to waltz and to tango  
And they say she got the voice of an angel  
Pixie hoops and rings  
Shorty was a bedroom superstar, tryin' to live her  
Whitney Houston dreams  
Graduated 18, full-ride scholarship  
But she got a gift  
First semester, dropped out  
Didn't tell her mother, moved to California  
Never had anybody that was in her corner  
Never had a plan, she began life as a stripper  
Mr. Plaid Pants always was a big tipper  
Convinced her he was into music, told her that he  
owned a label  
And was able to stop her from dancin' on tables  
Now homegirl was reluctant  
The bright type, but them bright lights had blinded her  
better judgment  
'Cause dude drove a Saturn, and after a while she saw  
a pattern  
Every time he'd get her a gig, he'd be hittin' the skins  
Seven years, three kids and a month later  
She's still waitin' on her break yo, dude bounced ages  
ago  
And that's the way it go...her dreams never faded away  
She still believe she'll get discovered someday  
But until then, she is back on the pole  
Back in the hole-in-the-wall, strippin' again  
Honey dip still young, only 25  
And she has NO clue what she's gonna do with her life  
She's in Wanderland

[Bridge]

One for the money  
Two for the show  
Three to get the... (three to get the...)  
H-h-h-here we go

[Verse 3]

I seen niggas in the hood  
Trade a noose for a loose-leaf  
And spit flows that they boosted from Boosie  
And tip hoes at the Blue Streak  
Gentleman's Club, with their cash  
Delusional as hell, goin' nowhere fast  
And I fear I'm headed down the same path sometimes  
Worried if my dreams of hittin' big are asinine  
I pray to God I'm never past MY prime  
Wonderin' if I should scrap these rhymes, or live in  
Wanderland

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