

Danny

"What Now"

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[Verse]

Two years, eight months, three weeks, eleven days
Twenty-seven minutes, forty seconds since heaven
gave
Me a reason for breathin'
Remember when our daughter grew her teeth in?
Me and you, we used to stay up
Late nights, play fights
Pillow-fightin', "Thriller" Michael Jackson
Was our jam, now our love is so surreal, it's frightenin'
...I knew that somethin' was strange
When I got the voice mail sayin' 'Danny, you changed'
How did I change? I know that I don't call as much as I'd
like to
But baby girl I wanna spend my life with you
It's bad enough my friends are sayin' the same thing
I figure this is one of the ills that fame brings
Besides, I Western Union you two times a week
And I gotta be doin' somethin' right by buying that Jeep
For your moms, sometimes I wish the price for trying
was cheap
So tell me what do I do now?
I got a beep, hold on

(Phone conversation between Danny! and a groupie)

Danny!: Hello?

Groupie: Yeah...is this D. Swain?

Danny!: This is Danny Swain, who's this?

Groupie: Mmmmm, hey baby -- what you got on?

Danny!: (laughs) Yo, who is this yo?

Groupie: It's me, Cristal...remember? You met me in
Jersey
after the concert -- which was hot, by the way -- you
know?
Look, I was just --

Danny!: Yo, yo...on some real shit...I'd love to chat with you right now, but my baby mama's on the line and I'm tryin' to work things out with her right now, y'know? We got some things goin' on --

Groupie: Hey baby, why stress over her when you can have me on the side? I won't haggle you, youknowwhatImsayin? I'll keep my mouth shut, you can come through anytime you want...it's yours Daddy.

Danny!: (ponders) Nah, I can't...I can't do it yo, I'm sorry... I'm sorry -- my girl, you know, I love her -- I really love her, and I, um...I got a little girl! Yeah, I got a daughter and a baby on the way, my baby mama just told me she's two months pregnant.

Groupie: Two months?! Nigga, you were on tour in Jersey FOUR months ago, have you been home since then?

Danny!: Uh...naw, I guess I haven't but that's not really any of your business!

Groupie: Hmph...yeah nigga. I'll chat with you later. I think you've got some, um, I guess BUSINESS you need to handle...

Danny!: Man, whatever, whatever...I'll holla at you later yo...

Groupie: Bye!

Danny!: Shit, bye! (clicks over) Hello? Hello? Keiya? Keiya? Hello? Keiya? Damn!

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