

## Danny

### "Where is the Love"

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Shit, this is love?  
Man, if this is love right here  
I sure wouldn't wanna see hate  
Fuck that

[Verse 1]

Man, you jealous-ass niggas just make me laugh  
Nah, fuck that; all of y'all just make me yawn  
Goin' on and on about my rap style  
But it's gonna take a little while for this black child to  
back down  
I'm giving you all my balls and my ass to kiss  
Y'all really got some audacity  
Half of these niggas talk shit like an ass with lips  
The other half don't even know the half, so take a class  
bitch  
Lesson one: I love it when you diss me  
I've been gone so long, you must've missed me  
Lesson number two: you gotta find something better to  
do  
Go rob a bank, bust a nigga's head, sell drugs dude  
Whatever ignorant niggas do, you need to do it  
Talk about me 'til your face turns blue, I give two shits  
Oh, just because I sample soul music  
I'm a biter? Nah muh'fucka, I ain't new to this  
I wish I knew this many people would've been on my  
dick, though  
It's making me sick, they're talking slick  
Yo you never thought I'd bust back  
Why you got a grudge that you ain't budgin' from  
Nigga where's the love at?

[Chorus]

These cats down south  
Don't know what they're talking about  
When they start runnin' their mouth  
It makes me wanna shout  
I'm trying to count  
A hundred mil' and be out  
No doubt  
Where's the love nigga

[Bridge: Danny! talking]

Yo man, stop the beat 'Quest  
'Fore these haters start mumblin' again  
Start poppin' all that shit  
"Oh he's tryin' to be the next Kanye West"  
Sit your monkey-ass down  
I've been doing this shit for like, how long now?  
These cats are really pushing my buttons right now  
Man, nobody wanna see me get angry  
I swear, y'all don't wanna see me get angry  
Y'all need to be gone from my sight, man  
For real, you need to fuckin' fly away from me right  
now  
Shit, let me rock, man let me do my thing  
Fuck outta here

[Verse 2]

Maaaan, y'all remind me of some gossipin' girls  
All that chit-chit-chatterin' behind my back  
Wanna nit-pick at him like my rhymes is wack  
And get a stiff dick everytime I write a track  
Never mind the fact that my beats made your mother  
do a backflip  
Why the hell these haters had to diss me on that tip?  
Talkin' this shit and that shit  
Lookin' for a fat lip? Well, catch  
Oh, now I'm gay 'cause I don't talk to bitches  
All the tricks they got up their sleeve is just ridiculous  
Can I get a witness? (amen)  
Steady schemin' tryin' to break my heart  
Or take me apart; nigga I ain't gay, I'm SMART  
What, I'm gay 'cause I don't wear baggy jeans, nigga?  
You don't know what a faggot means, nigga  
Take a look in the mirror  
I'll bet your homo-vision get real clearer  
I'm just laughin' at you  
Ran up in the tabernacle  
Niggas looking at me fruity like a bag of apples with a  
dash of Snapple  
But oh no, niggas callin' ME gay  
Just because I don't speak, nigga fuck what he say  
Or she say or them say, if I don't speak it means  
I don't like you, get some hair on your chest nigga  
Arrogant, yes...homosexual, no  
As if I really had to say the shit, but I'm just lettin' you  
know

