

## **Danny! f/ Che Grand**

### **"Yoko Ono"**

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[Verse 1: Che Grand]

Listen

My mind work a little different

I can see the vivid in the most vague description

Try not to be a hypocrite

Everything can kill you, don't smoke cigarettes

Binge quick the dollar menu

Folk crazy hate you in the same vein they shootin'  
heroin in

That's why either way, I don't listen

The point you've been missin'? I'm hot

You strugglin' like tryin' to warm a mansion

With a stove in the kitchen

It might happen with a little bit of patience

A case of pneumonia, whole lot of prayin'

European euphoria, I need a Desparate Wife

Like a Eva Longoria, I can see the whore in ya

Huh, and your gimmicks is fresh hardly

Pardon me, my interest is to get that money

Fuck being in the Concrete Loop and makin' buddies

That's a buddy with a female anatomy and she's  
smutty

The answer is Grizzy, the question is what's really  
better

Than your average backpacker doin' a lot of chatter?

Who want a lot of cheddar, it's not for flossin'

My whole fam got a gift that need endorsin'

So I'm takin' a portion and givin' it back

Other than that I'm fixin' to throw some D's on the 'Lac  
Desalena Pass, we can talk when I get back

Cook a little more audio crack

"Grand" tatted on the small of her back, and Danny she  
like that

(She like that?) She like that Danny, she like that

(She like that?) She like that Danny, she...

[Verse 2: Danny!]

Blessed with a style but

You clones messin' my style up

Big mess in my house, wrestlin' with Jessica Alba

I dubbed this whole album on tape decks for nostalgia

Let me break it down for ya  
I defy the standards, I supply the anthems  
Hold rap for ransom, y'all ain't gettin' it back  
I seen all these wack niggas get championed  
Yo where's the love for Danny and Grand?  
Far be it from me, I'm tryin' to set an example  
You wack niggas startin' to run out of Curtis Mayfield  
records to sample  
So I +Hit 'Em Wit Da Hee+, took it overseas  
Now my crates bigger than Quarter Pounders With  
Cheese  
Resort to poundin' my keys if it needs enhancement  
Y'all niggas STILL sample Gladys Knight? Goddamn,  
son  
Not again, get your hands out the dollar bin  
Don't fake moves, take cues from Colin Quinn  
'Cause I swear, some of y'all are better off as  
comedians  
I gave you the blueprint, but you can't be him  
I gave you a few hints, but you can't see him  
D.I.Y. 2.0, go cop my new joint yo  
2003, made y'all aware of my prophesy  
Beats, rhymes, equal on both sides, isoceles  
Arrogant, I gotta be  
The derelicts might bother me  
Claim non-violence then chop you in your larynx (it's  
hypocrisy!)  
So 'til the kid's Def Jux debut  
(Whenever that is!) Wish him the best of luck, stay  
tuned  
They tried to play me but they can't fade me  
I call this track "Yoko Ono" 'cause this bitch is crazy  
Can I kick it? (Yes, you can)  
Can I kick it? (Yes, you can)  
Can I kick it? (Yes, you can)  
Yo can I kick it? (Go on then)

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