

Danny! f/ Jinx

"No Guarantees"

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[Verse 1: Danny!]

I can turn it on, but the guarantee's what I'm holdin'
back
I don't care about a Soundscan or a golden plaque
I'm not a throwback rapper, I'm a new jack
And my crew stacks chips, bitch I thought you knew that
How could you boo that? When I be rappin' on stage
The audience, they don't be actin' their age
They'd rather act their shoe size
When my crew tries to put it down
It's like we always gettin' booed, why?
Ain't nothin' worse than looking up at a (dead-eyed
crowd)
And if I +Force+ it on 'em I could make a Jedi proud
But I ain't tryin' to kick what they ain't tryin' to hear
By the same time next year
They'll be saying that D. Swain's kinda weird
You niggaz trying to berate me
This shit is driving me (crazy)
Quit criticizing my ways, please
Y'all haters poppin' up like late fees lately
Spite me? Bite me
You ain't gotta like me, but give me respect nigga

[Chorus]

"I can turn it on
But I'm holdin' back the guarantee"
I get excited every time that I recite it
I can put it down but I can't make you like it
"I can turn it on
But I'm holdin' back the guarantee"
(Jay-Z: "All I need is the love of my crew
The whole industry can hate me, I'll thug my way
through")

[Verse 2: Jinx]

I can switch up the 16 by rehearsing the verse
But the verse should be hot
You can hate, but you're only adding fuel to the fire
I never thought that I would make it this far
Could you even see what I saw?

+For A Dream+, would you put your +Blood, Sweat and Tears+ in it?
Would you see something great to the finish?
I live life like it's a couple of hard beats left to me
Despite the discrepancies...an old man told me
Once before, 'never forget about your people'
I see through those egos
Like guidelines on a picture, on the easel
I don't try to paint what ain't me
I suppose I'm fly but I don't try to sweat the technique
A humble individual; I do it for the love of it
Move back...throw real like a fighter
Joe Louis, not a hider
Wouldn't call the (??) for nothin'

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Danny! and Jinx]

(Danny!)
I made this track to give the people a reason to talk
They criticize me every fart, sniffle, sneeze and a cough
The underground niggaz tell me I ain't deep enough
But when the ladies peep my stuff they be like, "Danny keep it up!"

(Jinx)
Though no matter what they say I still put my all in it
For the people that see you great or rather you fall in it
Gotta get 'em, search for the goals of my dreams
How I live 'em, never stop a flow in its means, no

(Danny!)
I rhyme grown, this is more than peach fuzz
The audience be shittin' me like Morgan Reese does
I ain't switchin' up shit for a cheap buzz
Dope rhymes, dope beats: what more do you want?

(Jinx)
Better yet, describing the whole swagger is me
Enough to snatch points and carry a whole team
I never hold back, but if you don't expect
Hot shit on a track, then here: have THAT

[Chorus 2X]

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