Juvenile F/ B.G., Big Tymers, Lil Wayne "Call Me D-Nice"

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(Chorus)

My name is D-Nice...

Taking out you suckers and you don't know how I did it

Yo, this is D-Nice and I'm about to drop some funky lyrics on this track I made up, you know what I'm saying, huh, yea and you don't stop, yo

My name is D-Nice although I hate to admit it
Taking out you suckers and you don't know how I did it
See every episode remains in this mode
Very cool, very calm, there's no sweat in my palm
I just pick up the mic, procede wit a song
I get right to the point, my competition's not long or
short

It's like a sport hanging in the middle
But now if you're puzzled, let me kick the whole riddle
That my name is Derek and if I didn't mention
D-Nice is just a description
It describes the kid on the mic
I'm the TR-808, huh, but just call me D-Nice

Chorus

I start to think, a very big conscious all around me Who will be the sucker MC to try to doubt me Is it you, or you, or you, or him But I'm like a tree and every lyric is a limb You throw it on the turntable, very unstable But you gamble because you need that example There's a 1000 MC's on the planet earth now What is the word you say to get hers Some like to explain, some talk educated Some like McBoo, he's X-rated I like to think of myself as a pure rebel A radical thinker on a musical level 'Cause suckers wanna stop me and girls wanna kiss Wherever I go, yo, it seems I can't be dis 'Cause my name is D-Nice but all the girls call me Derek It ran through my crew so I guess I've inherit

The job of explaining and also retaining
The fact D-Nice is remaining
Not a king nor a prince but as a teacher
Wit dopies like this, I know I'm gonna reach ya
So now I don't think you should all despise
This fact D-Nice is on a rise
Straight to the top like a bubble of water
It's a slaughter so I think you oughta
Think realistically, not egotistically
It's suicide if you even think of dissing me
'Cause if you try, I'm a make you wait
To learn the reason I'm the 808, but just call me D-Nice

Chorus

I live in the Bronx by the D and the 4
Writing lyrics, it's addictive, writing more and more
and more
About peace, about wars, about whores
Breaking city laws to me become a chore
I wear no jeri curls but I still pull girls
I don't slur my words when I rap 'cause that's wack, huh
But in fact, I do not slack
When I drop the funky, funky lyric on a track
I'm not conceited when I walk the streets
And you can tell by the words that I speak
That I'm not just another brother on the mic
'Cause the females love me and they call me D-Nice

Chorus

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