

Danny, Where Is The Love

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