

Fuck any rapper rappin' if the nigga ain't dappin'  
Show respect, I'm the greatest - oh shit, I killed your ladies  
I don't give a fuck if you've got a billion dollars  
Your rhymes are cheap, you release a poor product  
You a servant in my world, the rap gods curse you  
When judgement day's upon you, reality's a virtue  
I walked a thousand miles recitin' a hundred rhymes  
Brought smiles to faces, braced, labels owe me from lines  
I don't give a fuck, a dirty Detroit nigga  
Ain't-got-the-bud-but-show-up-with-a-Swisher-ass nigga  
Say "bitch, I'm still hungry", they actin' like I made it  
I ain't make it 'til my mama fuckin' sittin' on some acres  
I'm a motherfuckin' threat in the booth, these niggas know  
Poet of the century, decades later they quote it  
Deserve a Nobel Peace Prize for what I recite  
Incite a riot with the speech, I'm Detroit Red on ecstasy  
Sores on my scalp 'cause my last perm burnt me  
Hair straight, jumpin' head first in an orgy  
With a pool of blonde hoes, sniffin' on that white shit  
So much caucasian pussy, starting to think that I'm mixed  
But I be writin' that shit, have you rappers pissed, like  
"How'd he think of this? I wish I'd thought of that shit"  
Rhymes so real thought I wrote it in Janice Joplin's vomit  
With the mic GG Allin wiped his ass with...

I carry the cross for anybody lost or findin' it rough  
Days of no sunshine like a maze in my mind  
No enter or exit, Adderall anorexic  
Pill-poppin' dyslexic, naughty nature Treach shit  
I think about my next line like you think of the next dime  
I'm the future and the present, same damn time  
An OG told me "you're only as nice as your last bar"  
So with that said, suck my dick all y'all  
The Motor City where motor mouths get impounded  
I'm overseas in Australia, lookin' for the blonders  
Ksubi jeans, and Ann Demeulermester  
And she like my shoes so I put it in her kiester  
It's the hybrid like I wrote it in papyrus  
Keep the shit on me, nigga, hood rat, baby diaper  
They heatin' up Caprice like a DC sniper  
Raised off of hotdogs, down-the-middle split 'em  
I'm hotter than Andre Rison with Left Eye  
Rest in peace, baby, but no T-L-C in my life  
And when I reach my fate, and I'm standin' at the gates  
Know that God'll be proud, sayin' "Daniel, you was great"  
But you other niggas? 'Pac said he want an explanation  
Big turned in his grave, an earthquake in Grenada  
When Pun shed a tear it hurricane for a week  
When Big L get upset, it start tornadoing trees