

Return of King David

D-Why

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Look, look, uh...
I'm not a rapper, told y'all I'm not a rapper
I'm a Golden Globe nominated actor, this is just a chapter
Singing folk songs in my attic, save those for after
I eat the game for breakfast, right now I'm just snacking
What chick should I fuck next? Tell me your favorite actress name
It'll be the walk of shame meets the Hollywood Walk of Fame
I'm James Dean meets Waka Flocka Flame, here to unlock the game
Fuck her so hard that she may never walk the same
Only in competition with myself I'm suicidal
Do or die, the new American Idol holding a rifle
Baby Jesus on the dash, preacher man clutching a Bible
I don't pray for success, I just pray I never stay idle
If I wanted to be these other rappers I'd probably be 'em
If I wanted to see these others then I could see 'em
I know they thinking, "But D, you're up like Europeans"
They don't be letting rappers up in the places we in
Man I'm just trying to win, tell me it's now or then
It's whenever I feel, don't let me relapse again
Don't get me back in that Benz, don't get me back to my sins
Don't get me crashing the party unless you attaching a lens[?]
If I had one goal, one dream before it all ends
It's to die happy and make this real life look like pretend
And it means that enemies always make for the best friends
So I'm cool with everybody but I hate everybody, amen
Money to the ceiling till the fan can't even spin
They say "D, your peers, what you think about them?"
I'm in a league of my own, they better leave me alone
It's sad it took another man to make y'all get in y'all zone, ay!
Check my resume, I've been killing shit everyday
Rap, folk, rock, pop, I've been killing it every way
Tours on tours, man I've been killing in every state

Check the Cleanest Corner, we really killing it everyday
Really illy, you feel me, I'm busy, don't call me, I'm sorry
I'll hit you tomorrow or when I'm having a party
Cause only thing worse than not living the moment
Is celebrating and realizing you weren't a part of it from the start
Shit, I'm half-hearted, half-tired of rapping and satire
Fuck bitches like Quagmire as I pass by her
Fuck your branding, fuck your standing, fuck your underhanded compliments
I'd rather have some real accomplishments than all that nonsense
Hype - I don't like it, I don't try it, I don't buy it
I work for mine and stay on autopilot, man I wait in line
Fuck a VIP, I'm not trying to be too good for anybody
I'm just regular old D, regular old me
The same young man who used to stay in the streets
Writing graffiti, ducking, dodging police
Young boy Dave, also known as D-WHY SE[?]
This is statue of limitations mixed with freedom of speech
Still fighting my own fight, still independent, still trucking
When the dealers out to get you, you get pretty good at bluffing
Funny they think I'm something, really I'm still nothing
I guess I'm more than them, but then again that don't mean nothing
Man I shake hands with these bloggers, like "Man, D the dopest guy"
Then I send him my new shit, what'd I get? No reply
You ain't get my email? Wrong address, no postage
Write my raps on sticky notes, the only way I'm getting posted
Young, loved, hated and broke, but I'm not hopeless
This is me right now putting y'all on notice
Support quality or become irrelevant
That goes for anybody selling shit, it's just common sense
Never said I was a rapper and don't wanna be
Some actors only do comedy or some only do drama, B
But some do it all like Brad Pitt, Will Smith
Johnny Depp, who I wanna be, real shit
They say I'm too pretty for rap, too street for rock 'n roll
Too country for pop, bitch I'm on a roll out of control
You ain't fucking with the kid, but these kids fucking with me
Got a taste of victory, now bitch I'm hungry to eat
What you afraid of? What you made of? Better get your weight up
Put on that make up, girl gon' get made up, we should stay up
Life's a kitchen, let's bake up and get our cake up
Then go to sleep and wake up, it's all easy as a layup
They treat me foul, I'm out here starving, plowing for a harvest
Back in the ring, return of the King, shout out to Martin
Ain't trying to go the hardest, I'm trying to go the smartest
And when you think I'm finished, motherfucker I'm just getting started

Name your favorite artist, fill in the blank
Say their name out loud, go ahead, I'll wait...
Who'd ya pick? I don't give a shit truthfully
Only thing separating me from them is opportunity
And I ain't gotta say it, they know I'm underrated
I'ma do these songs, and those songs and some of y'all gon' hate it
Just know I write all my shit always it's really me
Rap was just the first step to killing this industry
I speak the truth in my sleep, go to bed, leave the mics on
So fucking fresh I could get dressed with the lights off
Check the Cleanest Corner, Fashion Week I got my sights on
Watch my homie's Nikon turn me into an icon
Someone call up GQ
This was just a preview
Fuck your blog, fuck your review
I don't need you, bigger shit I got my sights on
Watch my homie's Nikon turn me into an icon

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