The Paul The Dan

Drapht

(Mr. fucking paranoid!)
(Hey man that's, that's what I heard man.)
(Yeah I know. You just talk a lot of shit as well Daniel.)
(That's a little unfair Paul.)

Ok Dan, yeah I know, I know that I can be paranoid.
But paralytic I can't avoid Eric Banner's voice,
telling me to kill them. Kill then kill.
Never been a fan of Troy either man.
Now what's the deal? What? I got some issues
which wouldn't understand that.
Most dangerous male since the fucking Japanthrax.
Man, where's your pants at? It's pants off Friday.
Uh, I think it's a Wednesday. Not here to fight mate.
Made too many enemies, I got a tendency to offend friends
with Miriam hidden agendas
Avenging Jimmy Hendrix in this scene.
needing another temper trap and less Spencer Prat
Practicing what I preach.
And you just talk about yourself.
Need a hell lot of practice being me Dan. (Okay)
Pauly Poltergeist and Brothers Grimm.
Yeah, yeah, you told them the last album we did.
It's the Paul!
(Ha! See that shit bitch?)
It's the Dan!
(Uh, Uh, no fucking way mate, my album.)

It's the Paul. The Dan. The Dan? The Paul.
The soul, the hip hop, the rock-and-roll.
It's the Paul. The Dan. The Dan? The Paul.
Gonna get them, hit them with the rhythm.
None better than Paul.
None better than Dan.
Together we the Brothers Grimm. Understand?
You're kicking it with the
Paul. The Dan. The Dan? The Paul.
Gonna get them, hit them with the rhythm.
What? What? What?

(Wait, hey Dan, you're looking thinner. How'd you lose that weight?)
I started running on the spot for every useless day
I spent working for the man and birthing up the plan
to get loose with a van full of Pakistans.
(You're so stupid!)
The trendy say, je ne sais quoi
I say it's just another lap and that we tell a grey yarn.
No matter where you go, managers got up in your shit,
fuming and yelling, forgetting that you made them,
what they're selling. What the fuck?!
It's a living. At least 'til I'm dead.
You gotta be a be a fucking Com to get a piece of the bread.
(And you say that I'm paranoid!)
Hmm there's a difference, bro.
This shop keeper's never helped me turn to witness mode.
Women pop blackhead just to cover them up,
Cobbers do that too, but find it funny as fuck.

That's why I stay home, reading and writing and raps.
It's all the necessary stress to leave them liking the tracks
It's the Dan!
(You like that shit Paul? That's a new one man, I wrote...)
It's the Paul!
(Hey, listen I didn't, I didn't really interrupt
you that much, man. Far out.)

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I'm named after Paul the Apostle.
Apocalyptic, I lock it and load it.
Quicker than cops stopping for doughnuts.
Owe nothing to no one. Rocking the show.
Show up rocking the robot,
not gonna stop me cos I'm grownup. (Nah!)

I never blossom, part of the tree.
The part of my fan that believe someone parted the sea.
I'm like, "Nup, me, Drapht, the odd couple Brothers Grimm."
I'm like him, we just odd mother fuckers.

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