Fort Minor "Do What We Did"

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If anybody's out there listenin' to this broadcast o' mine Let me tell you ladies and gentlemen what's on my mind

I won't pull any punches hold anything back/I'll Tell you the way that it is When it's all said and done I'mma leave you wonderin'

How did we do what we did?

Yo, I don't care if you're a woman or a child or man When I'm done everybody's gonna understand Some rappers get mad when you say they're in a band But, not me

'Cause I really am

It's LP for your fuckin' information pal

So you can stop starin' back over your shoulder now

You can stop me muggin' with that twisted brow

Concentratin' on mine

You're wastin' your time buddy

Erase that face

Replace the frown

Look at the ground

Look down

Quit fuckin' around

Now jeez, everyone's been so tightly wound

From the minute that we became the new menace in

Could it be that these cool, contagious

Phrases sprayed aimless

Are makin' ya'll hate us?

Shit, you can hate 'til your face turns blue

Everyone else

Let me cut up a question for you

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Oh, there goes another one

Better call all your people in Bury the body quick stupid

Show you where I'm coming from

Open up the cellar

To the pelican's bliss

With delicatessenal sittin' 'til your skeleton's blitz

He sets us off now

Don't know which direction is which

We all fell

Little weapons with consecutive hits

But that'll be that

So never mind your battery pack

'Cause in reality nobody gives a crappity-crap

Move over, before you get your flattery snatched

Tiny caterpillars act like you don't have any sex

Hoping over the gums drillin' holes in cavity caps

They're full of shit to the root now

Pass me that Jack

On the rocks is Tak

Back on the block what?

Tappin' your vest like I just happen to pop up

Trapped in a circle

And now he's itchin' to box

But no way I'm a stop

Until I'm waiting your snot puss

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I just say what I feel I don't care if I'm black ball

Walk up in the label start wavin' a hack-saw

Hit the bathroom strip naked and jack-off

This white boy's gettin' more gangster than Mac Mall

I'm in the crowd I'm feedin' your fans roofies

Nope, that ain't a coke it's a vikiten smoothie

Yeah, acting boozy a thug like fuck it

Got a champagne tazed with a bud light budget

Got a little-ass dick with some ***** on it

So sick I could make a fuckin' maggot vomit

No Shit

Get the mic's out

Kick it in gear

It's Ludacris

All I needed was some chicken and beer

You better roll out while the coast is clear

We've been hit with thick bottles and a broken chair

Bitch please you can leave with a couple of cracked teeth

Don't pump me for the fame
I ain't crapped for six weeks/So

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