

## 2gether "I Remember"

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Your mother, you fuckin faggot

La da da, da da da, da da (repeated)

Aiyo, this next song is dedicated to the memory of Erik Shrody

Rest in peace, we aint forget about you, you fuckin homo

We still remember

There once was a man who liked to jump around (jump around)

But he got too old to jump up and down (up and down) (so then what happened?)

So he put the mic down and picked the guitar up (picked the guitar up)

(and then he what?)

Started singin the blues like there was no tommorrow (was no tommorrow)

(come on) Left his boys in the House of Pain (the House of Pain)

It was the wisest decision he ever made (ever made)

But the dumbest thing that he could ever do (could ever do)

Was try to buck a 380 on those that act shady

Tell me now what you gonna do (now what you gonna do)

[chorus]

Cause I remember all those years

How it was when you were here

I remember how it was, how it was when you were young

Yesterday was so long ago (long ago)

Kid Rock and Limp Bizkit came along now

Don't nobody wanna hear your old ass sing no more

I remember back when you had The Knack (had the knack)

And I remember when you had your first heart attack (heart attack)

I was right there laughin when I heard the news (heard the news)

I just wish the cardiac would'a murdered you (would'a murdered you)

(Damn) Maybe Ice-T's right, you are a bitch (you are a bitch)

(maybe he's right)

You come around when you're broke and you leave when you're rich

(leave when you're rich)

But the dumbest thing that you could ever do (that you could ever do)

Was try to buck a 380 on those that act shady

Tell me now what you gonna do (now what you gonna do)

[chorus]

yo (yo) yo (yo) yo (yo)

Remember back in '94, like right before Ms. Everlast was Whitey Ford

Before his heart attack had him on life support

When house of pain was out of fame like someone doused the flame

And they became destined to never jump around again

Or even further back, when i first had heard The Knack

And you were down with Syndicate, I went to get your shit, man

I was into it

But then you went and took your style and switched the shit

Now you sound ridiculous you dickless piece of shit, How could you diss me, bitch?

I liked you, thought you was alright for a white dude,

Remember Sway and Tech when I came up and sat beside you

Started rhymin, then you left the room

and didn't say goodbye or nothin?

Like you was mad that someone else was

White and tried to rhyme or somethin

I'm sorry man, I wasn't tryin to steal your light or nothin

But you're a homosexual, white rappin Irish {\*Muslim\*}

Man I wish I was Irish, I could be a {\*Muslim\*} too

Then I'd be confused as you, and I wouldn't know what to do

What's up with you?

I never fucked with you, why would you fuck with me?

Knowin I could rap circles around you, what, are you as nuts as me?

Plus I can sing better than you and I don't fuckin sing

And probably play guitar better, and I ain't never

touched a string  
But I ain't mad at you, I'd hate me too if I was you  
I'm what you used to be, shit you was me in '92  
So everytime I write a lyric, I'mma think of you  
And maybe that will help me know what it's like to sing  
the blues

[chorus]x2

You fuckin punk, pussy, you fuckin faggot, sissy, fuck  
And by the way, a 380's a fuckin sissy gun  
If you're gonna shoot somebody use a fuckin real gun  
You little bitch  
Next time say my fuckin name in a song  
Don't be subliminal about it  
You wanna fuckin diss me, diss me you fuckin faggot  
You fuckin punk, pussy, you fuckin little bitch, fuckin  
cunt

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