

Do What We Did

Fort Minor

If anybody's out there listening to this broadcast of 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'm gonna leave you wondering
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 fucking information pal
So you can stop staring back over your shoulder now
You can stop me mugging with that twisted brow
Concentrating on mine
You're wasting your time buddy
Erase that face
Replace the frown
Look at the ground
Look down
Quit fucking around
Now jeez, everyone's been so tightly wound
From the minute that we became the new menace in town
Could it be that these cool, contagious
Phrases sprayed aimless
Are making 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 sitting '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 drilling 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?
Tapping your vest like I just happen to pop up
Trapped in a circle
And now he's itching 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 waving a hack-saw
Hit the bathroom strip naked and jack-off
This white boy's getting more gangster than Mac Mall
I'm in the crowd I'm feeding your fans movies
Nope, that aint 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 [something backwards] on it
So sick I could make a fucking 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 aint crapped for six weeks / so

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