Fort Minor, Do What We Did (Demo)

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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How did we do what we did?

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 (" faggots" 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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