

# Fort Minor, Get Me Gone

The dude, he said that, like, when we were making the first Linkin Park record

He was like,

"Yeah you know, I don't know about the rapping like, I don't know... maybe you should just be

You know what I mean, like, trying to change us

like they signed us as an act like what we sound like and then he's like

"Oh I don't know maybe you should just play keyboard"

Before the first song that you heard me on

There were people already tryin' to get me gone

Tellin' me to quit rapping

"Just play the keys"

That my band had a singer

They didn't need me

But my band had my back

So we did the tracks

Put out the album and the talk went flat

It was funny at first but then the humour faded

When some magazines printed that our label made us

We were to be good to be true

Some were saying ghost writers were writin' all that we do

So we had to disprove it

We spelled it out to the detail how we do it when we're making this music

After that I made it a rule

I only do e-mail responses to print interviews

Because these people love to put a twist to your words

To infer that you said something fucking absurd

Oh, did I lose you at infer?

Not used to hearing a verse that uses over first grade vocabulary words?

People used to infer that we were manufactured

Now I've got the interviews on file

Which people said what

Which number to dial

So now every enemy screaming insanity

All they're ever gonna be's another big fan of me

Bitch