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