

D-12, I Remember

Your Mother!
You fuckin faggot

There once was a man who liked to jump around
But he got too old to jump up and down
So he put down the mic and picked the guitar up
Started singin the blues like there was no tomorrow
Left his boys in the House Of Pain
It was the wisest decision he ever made

But the dumbest thing that he could ever do
Is try to pump a 380 at those that act shady
Tell me now what you gonna do
Cuz 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
Kid Rock and Limp Bizkit came along
Now nobody wanna here your old ass sing no more

I remember back when you had the knack
And I remember when you had your first heart attack
I was right there laughin when I heard the news
I just wish the cardiac would have murdered you
Maybe Ice-T is right you are a bitch
You come around when your broke
And leave when your rich

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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 outta fame
Like some one doused the flame
And maybe they destined never to jump around again
Or ever 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 came up and sat beside you
Started rhymin then you left the room and didnt say goodbye or nuttin
Like you mad cuz some one else is white and tryin rhyme or sumtin
Im sorry man I wasnt tryin to steal your light or nuttin
But your a homo sexual white rappin irish ()
Man I wish I was irish then I could be a () too
Then I'd be confused as you
And I wouldnt know what to do
Wuts up with you, I never fucked wit you
Why would you fuck with me
Knowing I could rap circles around you
Wut you nutz as me ?

Plus I could sing better then you and I dont fuckin sing
And probably play guitar better and I aint never touched a string
But I aint mad at you I'd hate me to if I was you
Im what your used to be, shit you was me in 92
So ever time I right a lyric Im a think of you
And maybe that will help me know what its like to sing the blues

Cuz i remember all those years
How it was when you were here
I remember how it was
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Yesterday was so long ago
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Fuckin faggot sissy, fuck
And by the way 380's a fuckin sissy gun
You gunna shoot somebody use a fucking real gun
You little bitch, next time you use my name in a song
Dont be subliminal about it
You gunna fuckin diss me, diss me you fuckin faggot
Fuckin punk pussy, fucking little bitch
Fuckin cunt , FUCK IT!