

My Band

D12

I don't know, dude
I think everybody's all jealous and shit
'Cause I'm like the lead singer of a band, dude
And I think everybody's got a fucking problem with me, dude
And they need to take it up with me after the show, because...
These chicks don't even know the name of my band
But they're all on me like they wanna hold hands
'Cause once I blow they know that I'll be the man
All because I'm the lead singer of my band
So I get off stage, right, drop the mic
Walk up to the hot chicks and I'm all like
"Sup? Ladies, my name's Slim Shady
I'm the lead singer in D12, baby"
They're all like, "Oh my God, it's him
Becky, oh my fucking God, it's Eminem
I swear to fucking God, dude, you fucking rock
Please Marshall, please let me suck your cock"
And by now, the rest of the fellas get jealous
Especially when I drop the beat and do my a capellas
All the chicks start yelling, all the hot babes
Throw their bras and their shirts and their panties on stage
So like every single night they pick a fight with me
But when we fight it's kinda like sibling rivalry
'Cause they're back on stage the next night with me
Dude! I just think you're trying to steal the light from me
Yesterday Kuniva tried to pull a knife on me
'Cause I told him Jessica Alba's my wife to be
This rock star shit, it's the life for me
And all the other guys just despise me, because...
These chicks don't even know the name of my band
But they're all on me like they wanna hold hands
'Cause once I blow they know that I'll be the man
All because I'm the lead singer of my band
My band, my band
My band, my band
My band, my band
My band, my band, my band!
You just wanna see a nigga backwards, don't you?
ADAT? How come we don't rap on Pro Tools?
Smash these vocals and do a performance
But we in the van and he in a tour bus
You don't want my autograph, you's a liar

And no, I'm Swift (oh, I thought you were Kuniva)
What the hell is wrong with our dressing room?!
'Cause my shit is looking smaller than a decimal
See, I know how to rap, see, it's simple, but
All I did was read a Russell Simmons book
So I'm more intact, tryin' to get on the map
Doing jumping jacks whiling get whipped on my back
Look at Em's little punk ass thinking he the shit
Yeah, I know, man, by himself taking all the flicks
Hey, I thought we had an interview with DJ Clue
(No, I had an interview, not you two)
You gon' be late for soundcheck, man, I ain't going to soundcheck
And our mics are screwed up and his always sound best!
You know what, man? I'ma say something
Ayo Em! (You got somethin' to say?!) Man, nuttin
I thought you 'bout to tell him off, wassup?
Man, I'ma tell him when I feel like it, man, shut up!
And you ain't even back me up when we supposed to be a crew
Man, I was 'bout to talk right after you, I swear
Aww, man, whatever I swear, man!
These chicks don't even know the name of my band
But they're all on me like they wanna hold hands
'Cause once I blow they know that I'll be the man
All because I'm the lead singer of my band
They say the lead singers rock, but the group does not
Went from sold out arenas to amusement parks
I'm gon' let the world know that Proof is hot
I should cut his mic off when the music starts
(Eminem: Ayo, it's...) Ready to snap on a dumbass fan
Every time I hear (Hey, dude, I love your band!)
We ain't a band, bitch, we don't play instruments
So why he get 90 and we only get 10 percent?
And these guys acting funny every area code
(Eminem: Proof, carry my bag!) Bitch, carry your own!
Can't make it to the stage, security in my way
(Who the fuck are you? Where's Obie and Dre?!)
God damn it, I'm sick of this group
Time for me to go solo and make some loot
I told you I made the beats and wrote all the raps
Till Kon Artis slipped me some crack
"Lose Yourself" video - I was in the back
"Superman" video - I was in the back
For the media, I got some suggestions
Fuck Marshall! Ask us the questions!
Like who's D12? How we get started?
(What about Eminem?) Bitch, are you retarded?!
Anyway, I'm the popularest guy in the group
Big ass stomach, bitches think I'm cute (hey sexy!)
50 told me to do sit-ups to get buff

Did two and a half and then couldn't get up
Fuck D12! I'm outta this band
I'm gonna start a group with the real RoxanneGirl, why can't you see you're the only one for
me?

And it just tears my ass apart
To know that you don't know my name
(Man, fuck this!)
These chicks don't even know the name of my band
(Ha ha!) But they're all on me
Like they wanna hold hands (Fuck Marshall!)
'Cause once I blow, I know that I'll be the man (Yeah)
All because I'm the *mumbles*
My band, my band
My band, my band
My band, my band
My band, my band, my band!
The hottest boy band in the world - D12!
I'm the lead singer of my band
I get all the girls to take off their underpants
I'm the lead singer of my band
My salsa makes all the pretty girls want to dance
My salsa, look out for my next single, it's called My Salsa
My salsa, salsa, salsa, salsa
My salsa makes all the pretty girls want to dance
And take off their underpants
My salsa makes all the pretty girls want to dance
And take off their underpants, my salsa Where'd everybody go?

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>