

# 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/>