

Fame

D12

[Eminem - Intro]
Ayo, I know it's been a minute
But were back!!!
It's the return of the Dozen Muthaf-ckers
Lets goooo[Hook - Eminem]
Fame, fame, fame
I think it's got me going crazy, ooo-ooooh
I getting lost in this game, game, game
I'm getting tired of all you naysayers, ooo-ooooh
Keep speakin' my name, name, name
And you'll have reason to hate me
Yeaaaah
Its like you dont want me to win
So this time i'm going in[Verse 1]
This the life of a rah
Jager-meister and vodka
Hopping off at the club's balcony into the crowd surfing
And when they drop me, I'm randomly socking fans
During my interviews, hocky masks, left the journalists on her ass
I'm high off Speed, driving my car at high speed
Pocket full of weed while lesbians swallow E
In the studio ignant, my engineer gon' call police
I feel asleep on the sound board, aint did a song for weeks
And it's ? all up in my head, giving thanks for grateful dead
Bussing in the air with 30 bitches up in my bed
I'm kickin' em out naked, and its December
N-ggas ask me why I did it, but f-ck it I can't remember[Hook - Eminem][Verse 2]
Them boys are wildin'
Drinkin', cussin' and hyper smilin'
Been ridin' for days, tour bus look like Rikers Island
Henny, Jack Daniels, spray painting a die hard fan
Little cocker spaniel, fresh outta the damn zoo
Man you, better be concious I'm backstage living it up
With a couple of sluts feeling nauseous, drinking
It's been a couple of days since I've slept
My dick is sore from f-cking, when I bust there's nothing left
Just Dozen, back on the stage
Give me my microphone
Scrapping with the audience while we perform hyper songs

Our label presented us with a plaque
Brought it on stage, and bash it to pieces with aluminum bats, thanks!
Now which one of you bitches down for the cause
Yeah I said my dick is sore but I aint say shit about my balls
Last call, then we off to the next city
Whatever I didn't drink on my rider, bag it up and take the rest with me[Hook][Eminem]
Yeah this game has got me going crazy
F-ck it I am crazy
Whats new, what kind of f-cking glue you think I'd be if I was glue
We lost Proof, he was our groups glue but where was you when we were fallin' apart?
You were shittin on us too
But no one but us knew we were beefing cause thats what happens
When you beef with crew, it stays in your crew
Cause its just crew, but were back now
Yeah we took our time but we punched through
Only thing were in a hurry for now is to rush you
And we back to say shit you dont got the guts or the nuts too
Pussy, go pick your pussy leaves off your cunt tree, f-ck you
Atchooo, bless you
I'm allergic to pussy, sluts too
Yeah you think you're the shit till we flush you
Have some bullshit to readjust to
Now theres just a few of us left but it'd be unjust to rob us our just dues
So Rest In Peace to Bugz and Proof, this ones for you homies we love you
But we can't stop now we'd have too much of our blood drew from this fame[Hook]

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