

Fame

D12

Ayo, I know it's been a minute, but we're back
It's the return of the Dozen motherfuckers, let's go!

Fame

I think it's got me goin' crazy, oh-oh-oh
I'm gettin' lost in this game
I'm gettin' tired of all you naysayers, whoa-oh-oh
Keep speakin' my name
And then we'll have reason to hate me, ye-eh-eah
It's like you don't want me to win
So this time I'm goin' in

This the life of a rocker, Jägermeister and vodka
Hopping off of the club's balcony into the crowd, surfing
And when they drop me I'm randomly socking fans
Doin' my interviews in hockey masks, slapped a journalist on her ass
I'm high off speed, driving my car at high speed
Pocket full of weed while lesbians swallow E
I'm in the studio ign'ant, my engineer gon' call police
I feel asleep on the sound board, ain't did a song for weeks (What?)
LSD be 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 it's December
Niggas ask me why I did it, but fuck it, I can't remember

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Them boys are wylin', drinkin', cussin' and hyper smilin'
Been ridin' for days, tour bus look like Rikers Island
Henny, Jack Daniels, spray paintin' a die hard fan
Little Cocker Spaniel fresh outta the damn zoo
Man, you better be cautious, I'm backstage
Livin' it up with a couple of sluts feeling nauseous
From drinkin', it's been a couple of days since I've slept
My dick is sore from fuckin', when I bust there's nothing left, just dust
Back on the stage, gimme 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 aluminium bats, thanks!
Now which one of you bitches down for the cause?
Yeah, I said my dick is sore, but I ain't 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

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Yeah, this game has got me goin' crazy
Fuck it, I am crazy, what's new?
What kind of fuckin' glue you think I'd be if I was glue?
We lost Proof, he was our group's glue but where was you
When we were falling apart? You were shittin' on us too
But no one but us knew we were beefing 'cause that's what happens
When you beef with crew, it stays in your crew 'cause it's just crew
But we're back now, yeah, we took our time but in one crew
Only thing we're in a hurry for now is to rush you
And we're back to say shit you don't got the guts or the nuts too
Pussy, go pick your pussy leaves off your cunt tree, fuck you
Achoo, bless you, I'm allergic to pussy
Sluts too, yeah, you think you're the shit 'til we flush you
Had some bullshit to readjust to
Now there's just a few of us left, but it'd be unjust to rob us our just due
So rest in peace to Bugz and Proof, this one's for you homies, we love you
But we can't stop now, we'd have too much of our blood drew from this...

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It's the Return of the Dozen Volume Number Two. I go by the name of DJ Young
Mase. Welcome back. Swifty McVay, Kon Artis, Kuniva, Bizarre, Marshall Math
ers, Big Proof the mayor forever, and Fuzz Scoota. Let's go!

"You little scumbag! I got your name! I got your ass! You will not laugh! Yo
u will not cry! Now get up! Get on your feet!"