

## Babylon Zoo

### "N 2 Gether Now"

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\* ONLY Limp Bizkit lyrics featuring RAP artists will be accepted

Dj....Premier...

(Fred Durst)

Uh uh uh

Who could be the boss?

Look up to the cross

Stranded in the land of the lost

Standin up I'm sideways

I'm blazin up the path

Runnin' on the highways of rap

Choked up by the smoke and the charcoal

Lava stamps then brands me like a bar code

I'm bashin all the media strikes

To keep the media dykes

As reinforcements for the fight

And that alone'll keep John Gotti on the phone

I'm tangled in the zone

I got the bees on the track

Where the fuck you at? (Tical!)

Let me hear you pigeons run ya mouth now

(Meth: Shut the fuck up!)

I'm pluggin in them social skills

That keep my total bills

Over a million

The last time I checked it

Thank God I'm blessed with a mind that'll wreck it

Wait until the second round and knock em out

(Method Man)

They call me Big John Stud

My middle name Mud

Dirty water flow

Too much for you thug

And can't stand the flood

What up Doc? Hold big gun like Elmer Fudd

The sureshot

Mr. Meth I'm unplugged (learn)

Temperatures too hot for sunblock (burn)

Playin wit minds  
That get you state time  
Locked behind 12 bars from a great mine  
Killa bees in the club  
Wit his ladybug  
Brought a sword to the dance floor  
Then cut her up  
Love is love all day  
Till they throw slugs  
And take another life in cold blood  
Can't feel me til its your blood  
Murder rates tremendous  
Crime is endless  
Same shit different day  
Father forgive us  
They know not what they do  
All praise is due  
I'm big like Easy  
And Big Bamboo

Chorus(Meth) 2x

Whats that, I didn't hear you  
(Shut the fuck up)  
Come on, a little louder  
(Shut the fuck up)  
Everybody in together now  
(Shut the fuck up)  
What huh  
(Just shut the fuck up shut the fuck up)

(Meth)

Headstrong, dead calm (Method and Fred: GET RIGHT ON!)

Dead weight to dead wrong, let's get it on  
Twelve rounds I throw down, who hold crown  
Protect land wit 4 pound, Limp Bizkit  
Get around like merry-go, bust a scenario  
Comin through your stereo, why risk it?  
Lifestyles of the prolific and gifted  
8 essential vitamins and minerals delicious  
Word on the street is, they bit my thesis  
Knocked out they front teefers, tryin to taste mine  
Actin like they heard it through the grapevine  
Dope fiendin for the bassline 2 for 5 rhyme  
Pharmaceuticals - hard as nails to the cuticles  
Where you find that monster she beautiful  
Wu Tang and Limp Bizkit roll on the set  
Kick a hole in the speaker pull the plug and inject

(Fred Durst)

Mic check  
So whats it all about? (bout)  
And where we gonna run? (run)  
Maybe we can meet up on the sun  
Discretion is advised  
For the blood of virgin eyes  
We limp on the track with the Method  
So get the sunblock (sunblock)  
You gettin one shot (haa)  
Until you dissolve  
I revolve  
Around everything you got  
From outta nowhere  
Prepare  
You be blinded by the glare  
I told you not to stare  
Now you're turned into stone  
Without a microphone  
But don't you forget you're in a zone  
(So shut the fuck up)  
And take that shit back  
Cuz all your shits wack  
(Doo doo is doo doo)  
When its weighed out like that  
Burnin up your brain like a piston  
So all those that didn't listen  
Now they even knew what they were missin  
And never even knew that the sky was fallin' down  
Wu Tang Clan for the crown

Chorus 2x

(Meth)  
It was over your head  
All day and every day  
S I N Y 10304  
Wu Tang Killa Bees  
And the Limp B-I-Z-K-I-T  
Y'all know the time  
Y'all know the rhyme  
It ain't easy bein greazy in a world full of cleanliness  
And, you know, all that other madness  
We gone Peace

Limp Bizkit  
Method Man  
Rock the house y'all  
Bring it on

