Fred Buscaglione "Gecha Groove On"

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Yes, millenium shit Limp Bizkit, hah, X to the Z, yeah, hah Bringing it live to you and yours Ladies and gentlement Hahaha, my home boy Yo, get at 'em dog

You don't wanna fuck with me today Cause a little somethin' somethin' Didn't go your way So try not to feel like that today Cause I'm a real mutherfucker from Round the way

Come on

We don't give a fuck when we're rockin' the place We're only giving a fuck If you're invading this space Gotta getcha groove on (Gotta getcha groove on) Don't keep us waiting too long (keep us waiting too long)

Don't you treat me like a toy kid Are you enjoying this? Every single I'm alive I'm a mess Got these laser beam mic checks Communicating through the genelect High tech Kick you on the run now Don't wanna be that guy Every single second I'm alive I'm alive I don't understand why I've got control for the candy in ya soul I'm bumpin' up the sweetness This is what you need Another little piece of me Inside of you Cause you that I always keep it true And that's exactly what I do

It's what I do Yeah, it's what I do

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I've got breakneck delivery No time for chivalry Extraordinary ability Shit longevity Dig deep in your soul And find yourself Cause mind control Can turn y'all into someone else So fast you'll hear the party spin the fuck right off Me and Fred about to go half of Microsoft (yeah) Burning twenty percent Your little half ass, direct hits Aint even making a dent Running the red All hell Xzibited lick As we attempt to bring home the championship It's all in the rist I still lead the league in assist Give me the fifth I'm drinking while I'm taking a piss

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I've got untapped material
I serial kill shit
Give me the real shit
X finish him off quick
Making your jaw split
When I'm touching the mosh pit
Constant conflict
Knock you faggots unconscience
Nauseous, raising the stakes
Increasing the weight
Got homies I can lay down
And lift their plate
So quit trying to invade my space
Before I call for a face to face
And gotta rest my case

This is how we do it Just recognise We can get you right to it Look into these eyes Look into these eyes And you'll see the size of the fame Then you might despise The size of my game Step the fuck back Xzibit's on the track You should a buckled up Before your head hit the dash You gotta hate that A demo from an eight track Brought me to a place Where platinum comes in eight stack, bitch

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