

## Joan Jett

### "Getcha Groove On"

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\* send corrections directly to this typist

[Xzibit]

Yes

Millenium shit

Limp Bizkit, Ha, X to the Z

Yeah, Ha

Bringin it live to you and yours

Ladies and gentlemen, ha, ha, ha

My homeboy, yo get at 'em dog

HOOK: Fred Durst

You don't wanna fuck with, me today

Cuz a little somethin, somethin didn't, go your way

So try not to be like, that today

Cuz I'm a real motherfucker from 'round the way

We don't give a fuck when we're rockin the place

We're only givin a fuck if you're invadin the space

So getcha, getcha groove on [gotta getcha groove on]

Don't keep us waitin too long [don't keep us waitin too long]

[Fred Durst]

Don't you treat me like a toy kid

Do you enjoy this

Every single second I'm alive I'm a mess

Got these laser beam mic checks

Communicatin through the genelect

High tech, keep 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 got control, full of candy in your soul while

Pumpin up the sweetness

This is what you need

Another little piece of me inside of you

Cuz you know that I always keep it true (keep it true)

And that's exactly why I do just what I do

Yeah, it's what I do

HOOK

[Xzibit]

I got breakneck delivery, no time for chivalry  
Extraordinary ability, shit longevity  
Dig deep in your soul and find yourself  
Cuz mind control can turn y'all to someone else  
So fast, your head'll probably spin the fuck right off  
Me and Fred about to go half on Microsoft  
Me and Limp burnin twenty percent  
Your little half ass direct hits aint even makin a dent  
What an event, all hell Xzibit and Limp  
As we attempt to bring home the championship  
It's all in the wrists I still leave the league an assist  
Gimme the fifth, I'm drinking while I'm takin a piss,  
bitch

HOOK

[Xzibit]

I got untapped material, I serial kill shit  
Gimme the real shit, X finish 'em all quick  
Makin your jaw split when I'm touchin the mosh pit  
Constant conflict, knockin faggots unconscious  
Nauseous, raisin the stakes, increasin the weight  
Got homies I can lay down that lift they plates  
So quit trying to invade my space  
Before I call for a face to face, and gotta rest my case  
like...

[Durst]

This is how we do it  
Just recognize we keep gettin right to it  
Lookin through these eyes, look into these eyes  
And you'll see the size of the flame  
Then you might despise the size of my game  
Step the fuck back, Xzibit's on the track  
You should've 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  
stacks, bitch

HOOK to end

[Xzibit over hook]

Limp Bizkit ladies and gentlemen  
C'mon! Yeah!  
Takin this shit over for motherfucking 2000, 2001  
Limp Bizkit, Mr. X to the Z, Xzibit  
Kickin a mudhole in you bitch ass motherfuckers  
Yeah! Ha! It don't stop what, it never stop huh

Like this! Huh  
Yeah, yeah, 2000  
R.I.P. Roger Troutman, yeah, yeah

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