

## Korn

### "Change"

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Fred: Say what, say what?

Jon: My dick is bigger than yours...

Fred: Say what, say what?

Jon: My band is bigger than yours...

Fred: Too bad I got your beans in my bag, stuck-up  
sucka', Korny  
motherfucka'. Takin' over foes is the Limp pimp, need a  
Bizkit to save

this crew from Jon Davis. I'm gonna drop a little east  
side skill, ya best

step back 'cuz I'm 'a kill, I'm 'a kill. So watcha thinking  
Mr. Raggedy man?

Doin' all you can to look like Raggedy Ann.

Jon: I'll Check you out punk, yes I know you feel it. You  
look like

one of those dancers from the Hanson video, you little  
faggot ho.

Please give me some shit to wreck with, 'cuz right now  
I'm all wicked,

suck my dick kid, like your daddy did.

Fred: Who the fuck you think you're talking to??

Jon: Me.

Fred: I'm known for eatin' little whiny chumps like you.

Jon: Whatever.

Fred: All up in my face with that...

Jon: Are you ready?!?

Fred: But halitosis, is all you're rockin' steady. You little  
fairy,

smelling all your flowers. Nappy hairy chest, look it's  
Austin Powers!

Jon: Yeah, baby!

Fred: I hear ya tootin' on them bagpipes clad, but you  
said it best,

there's No Place To Hide.

Jon: What the fuck ya' sayin'? You're a pimp whateva',  
limp dick. Fred

Durst needs to rehearse, needs to reverse what he's  
saying. Wanna be

funkdoobiest when you're playin', rippin' up a bad  
counterfeit,

fakin'! Plus your bills I'm

paying, you can't eat that shit every day, Fred.

Jon: Lay off the bacon

Fred: Say what, say what? You better watch your fuckin' mouth, Jon.

CHORUS:

Jon: So you hate me?

Fred: and I hate you!

Jon: You know what, you know what?

Both: It's al

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