

## **Korn, Limp Bizkit "All In The Family"**

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Say what? Say what? Say what?  
Say what? Say what? Say what?  
My dick is bigger than yours  
My band is bigger than yours

Too bad I got your beans in my bag  
(Aha)  
You stuck up sucker, Korny motherfucker  
(Ooo)  
Taking over flows, it's the Limp, pimp  
Need a  
(Dick)  
Bizkit to save this group from Jon Davis

I'm gonna drop a little East Side skill  
(Ooo)  
So you best step back, 'cause I'ma kill, I'ma kill  
So what you thinking Mr. Raggedy Man  
Doing all you can to look like Raggedy Anne

Check you out punk, yes I know you feel it  
You look like one of those dancers from the Hanson  
video  
(Say what? Say what?)  
You little fagot ho

Please give me some shit to work with  
'Cause right now I'm all it kid  
Suck my dick kid, like your daddy did

Who the fuck you think you talkin' to?  
I'm known for eating whiney little chumps like you  
(Whatever)  
All up in my face with that, "Are you ready?"  
When halitosis is all you're rockin' steady

You little fairy, smelling on your flowers  
Nappy hairy chest, look it's Austin Powers  
(Ah yeah, baby)  
I hear you tokin' on them fag pipes clod  
But you said it best, "There's no place to hide"

What the fuck you saying?  
You're a pimp whatever  
Limp dick, Fred Durst needs to rehearse  
Needs to reverse, what he's sayin'  
(Say what? Say what?)

Wannabe Funkdoobie's what you're playin'  
Rippin' at my bag, counterfeit, fakin'  
Plus your bills I'm payin'  
You can't eat that shit every day Fred  
Lay off the bacon

Say what? Say what?  
You better your fuckin' mouth Jon

So you hate me  
And I hate you  
You know what, you know what  
It's all in the family, I hate you  
You hate me  
You know what, it's all in the family

Look at you fool, I'm gonna fuck you up twice  
Throwing rhymes at me like, oh shit alright, Vanilla Ice  
You better run, run while you can  
Can never fuck me up, Bitz Climpkit  
At least I got a phat original band

Who's hot? Who's not?  
(You)  
You best step back, Korn on the cob  
(Okay)  
You need a new job  
(Ha)  
Tryin' to take 'em mic skills back to the dentist

And buy yourself a new drill  
(Fuck you)  
You pumpkin pie, I'll jack off in your eye  
Climbing shoots and ladders, while your ego shatters  
But you just can't get away  
(Get a gay?)  
Because it's doomsday kid, it's doomsday

So I hate you  
And you hate me  
You know what, you know what  
It's all in the family, I hate you  
And you hate me  
You know what, you know what  
It's all in the family

You call yourself a singer  
(Yep)  
You're more like Jerry Springer  
(Oh, cool)  
Your favorite band is Winger  
(Winger)

And all you eat is zingers  
(Zingers?)  
You're like a fruity pebble  
Your favorite flag is rebel  
(Yee haa)  
It's just too bad that you're a fag  
And on a lower level

So you're from Jacksonville, kicking it like Buffalo Bill  
Getting butt-fucked by your uncle Chuck  
While your sister's on her knees  
Waiting for your Fuckin' nut  
(Oh yeah)

Wait, where'd you get that little dance?  
(Over here)  
Like them idiots in Waco  
You're burning up in Bako  
(Huh)

Where your father had your mother  
Your mother had your brother  
(Nah uh)  
It's just too bad your father's mad  
And your mother's now your lover

Come on hillbilly, can your horse do a fuckin' wheelie?  
You love it down south and, boy  
You sure do got a purty mouth

I hate you  
And you hate me  
You know what, you know what  
It's all in the family and I hate you  
And you hate me  
You know what, you know what  
It's all in the family

And I love you  
And I want you  
And I'll suck you  
And I'll fuck you

And I'll buck fuck you  
And I'll eat you  
And I'll lick your little tainty prick, mother fucker  
Say what? Say what?

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