

## **Limp Bizkit**

# **"Cowgirls From Hell"**

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Fire it up!  
C'mon.

Fire it up!  
Fire it up!  
C'mon.

Good news the sky is fallin,  
UFO's with stereos,  
They keep on callin Freddy D and,  
Tellin me I need to be in Cleveland.  
Wait a minute! One suggestion,  
Go to Portland, look at breasts and,  
All around the world in 3 minutes  
These aliens never seem to get it.  
Huh? I'm dreamin, wake me up and,  
Beam me up, cause I'm red to go.  
Gimmie cow girls, gimmie spaceships,  
Gimmie powers, like The Matrix.  
Oh my god, I lost my direction,  
Anime girls, my collection.  
All this time, I've been paying dues.  
And speaking my mind, ya got nothing to lose, C'mon.

Giddeyup Giddeyup yee-ha x3

Oh no! There's a cop at the door and he  
wanna stop all the mosh from the floo.  
Whoa! They wanna keep me in line,  
so I freak me a rhyme for your mind,  
then I'm dressed to kill.  
Whoa! Gas chamber, take it slow and,  
Grab your partner, Dosey-Doe and,  
Be my guest with, the young and restless.  
B-I-Z-K-I-T all day.  
Dr. Evil, the chief inspector.  
Hannibal Lecter, he's my cousin.  
At least a dozen, aliens are inside my oven.  
Eyes are buggin.  
Tyler Durden just left a message.  
But rock and hip hop, I'm all your left with.  
And all this time, I've been paying dues.

And speaking my mind, ya got nothing to lose, C'mon.

Giddeyup Giddeyup yee-ha x3

C'mon. Fire it up! yee-ha x3  
Fire it up! C'mon.

Gimmie one one.

Gimmie two two.  
Gimmie three three.  
Gimmie four four.  
Gimmie five five.  
Why you squeeling like a what? Like a pig.  
Weeeee (whole x4)

All the cowgirls say: Giddeyup Giddeyup.  
Let's try it cowgirls. C'mon.  
Giddeyup Giddeyup.  
And all the cowboys say: Fire it up!  
Let's try it cowboys.  
Fire it up!

Cowgirls: Giddeyup Giddeyup x3

Aight Now

Cowboys: Fire it up! x3

Go ahead call the law, quickdraw.  
Lockin up on your jaw, limpdawg.  
In the form of a gorilla, forrilla.  
Better known as a backstreet killa.  
High speed. Ride the lightning.  
Ladies dance, with no underpants.  
Cause I'm living low, my flow on your creep,  
And I'm a vampire startin fires in the street.  
huh? Pulp Fiction, microchip in-side my lip and, I'm red  
to go.  
So outrageous, it's contagious.  
Teleport me, back to Vegas.  
Angelina, the perfect form.  
I'm the panty sniffer.  
The Perfect Storm.  
And all this time,  
I've been paying dues, And speaking my mind,  
ya got nothing to lose, C'mon.

Giddeyup Giddeyup yee-ha x3

C'mon.

Fire it up! yee-ha x3  
Fire it up! C'mon.

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