

# Limp Bizkit "Jump Around"

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Get up, pack it in, let me begin  
I came to win, battle me that's a sin  
I won't tear the sack up, punk you'd better back up  
Try and play the role and the whole crew will act up

Get up, stand up, come on, throw your hands up  
If you've got the feelin' jump across the ceilin'  
Muggs is a funk fest, someone's talkin' junk  
Yo, I'll bust 'em in the eye and then I'll take the punks  
home

Feel it, funk it, amps it are junkin'  
And I got more rhymes than there's cops that are  
dunkin'  
Donuts shop, sure 'nuff I got props from the kids on the  
Hill  
Plus my mom and my pops  
I came to get down, I came to get down  
So get out your seats and jump around

Jump around, jump up and get down  
Jump around, jump around  
Jump up and get down  
Jump up, jump up and get down

Jump, jump, jump  
Jump, jump, jump  
Jump, jump, jump  
Jump, jump, jump  
Jump, jump, jump  
Jump, jump

I'll serve your ass like John McEnroe  
If your girl steps up, I'm smackin' the hoe  
Word to your moms I came to drop bombs  
I got more rhymes than the Bible's got Psalms

And just like the Prodigal Son I've returned  
Anyone steppin' to me you'll get burned  
'Cause I got lyrics and you ain't got none  
So if you come to battle bring a shotgun

But if you do you're a fool, 'cause I duel to the death  
Try and step to me you'll take your last breath  
I gots the skill, come get your fill  
'Cause when I shoot ta give, I shoot to kill  
I came to get down, I came to get down  
So get out your seats and jump around

Jump around, jump up and get down  
Jump around, jump around  
Jump up and get down  
Jump up, jump up and get down  
Jump, jump

Listen to the sound that pounds, I jump around  
I'm no clown, I get down  
To the funk, listen to the wig out  
And step to the rear, dear, 'cause I'm here

The P to the E to the T E rockin'  
The runs in your stockin'  
So hon, put the lock in  
Chillin' with the House Of Pain  
Blood stains the ground, huh, I jump around

I'm the cream of the crop, I rise to the top  
I never eat a pig 'cause a pig is a cop  
Or better yet a Terminator, like Arnold Schwarzenegger  
Try'n to play me out like as if my name was Sega

But I ain't going out like no punk bitch  
Get used to one style and you know I might switch  
It up up and around, then buck, buck you down  
Put out your head then you wake up in the Dawn of the  
Dead

I'm comin' to get ya, comin' to get ya  
Spittin' out lyrics homie I'll wet ya  
I came to get down, I came to get down  
So get out your seats and jump around

Jump around, jump up and get down  
Jump around, jump around  
Jump up and get down  
Jump up, jump up and get down

Jump, jump, jump  
Jump, jump, jump  
Jump, jump, jump

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