

## **Limp Bizkit**

# **"Killer In You"**

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There's a motherfucking killer on the loose  
And he'll destroy every single one of you  
You'd better watch it cos he's lookin' for your ass now  
Better lock all your doors shut the house down  
He's making a list and he's checkin' it twice  
He was born pissed and he's ready to slice  
His reality ain't like yours and mine  
He can she'd blood I hope it ain't mine  
He don't give a fuck if you cryin' for help  
He was born blind in the chambers of hell  
Satan gave this homeboy a licence to kill  
And if he comes knockin' I'mma show him the deal

What the fuck you gonna do about that (x2)  
When the killer showing up with a gat  
You goin' have to grab your ass a baseball bat  
Remind this motherfucker where the home run's at  
What the fuck you gonna do about that (x2)  
You gonna have to face the moment of truth  
You know what to do  
You gonna to have to go and find the killer in you

He's got a trunk full of hatchets and shit  
Bombs, gasoline, matches and shit  
Anything that make a human die quick  
Creepin' in the night like some super-sly shit  
So?scardiless? everything about him wrong  
Chainsaw stalk none at the crack of dawn  
Leatherface is a pussy, It don't compare  
He'll have you shitting in your motherfucking  
underwear  
All you homies that can hunt better get a grip  
He'll kill your wife and your baby sleeping in the crib  
We gotta stop him  
Shut this motherfucker down  
Show his ass who runs this motherfucking town (x2)

What the fuck you gonna do about that (x2)  
When the killer showing up with a gat  
You goin' have to grab your ass a baseball bat  
Remind this motherfucker where the home run's at  
What the fuck you gonna do about that (x2)

You gonna have to face the moment of truth  
You know what to do  
You gonna to have to go and find the killer in you

Plant that motherfucker on the curb

Saw the killer in you

Show that motherfucker what the deal  
What's real

Now it's real

Yeaaahhh (Kill that motherfucker)

What the fuck you gonna do about that (x2)  
When the killer showing up with a gat  
You goin' have to grab your ass a baseball bat  
Remind this motherfucker where the home run's at  
What the fuck you gonna do about that (x2)  
You gonna have to face the moment of truth  
You know what to do  
You gonna to have to go and find the killer in you

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