

# **Limp Bizkit**

## **"Middle Finger"**

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Yeah

In the house

Ladies and gentlemen

Paul Wall

The balling is big

Cuz the hustle is hard

The grind is kinda huge

So jealousy is quite large

With credit cards and cash stacks

My mind focused on greenbacks

I go and get it

I don't relax

The player hating is to the max

Kush sacks and powder packs

No time to eat

It's just snacks

That's whiskey and congiac

Getting fucked up like

College frats

Just facts

Fascination with paper stacks

And masturbation on baby's backs

Assassination my player stacks

Gang sharp like thumb tacks

Go dump on horse gump

They chew me up like orbits gum

Swallow cock and eat cum

Eat crumbs

Run from cops but bar none

In the streets like a bum

If you don't like come get you some

I hear em talking that shit

But they ain't saying shit

They don't wanna start shit

Tell them they can eat shit

They all full of shit

Cuz they not about shit

If they keep on talking shit

Im'ma gonna make them eat shit

Motherfucker fuck you

With my middle finger up  
Motherfucker fuck you  
With my middle finger up  
Fuck you (fuck you)  
Fuck you (fuck you)

Hold up  
I got moves to makes  
I cruise this globe you  
Gonna hafta wait  
Imma slap that bitch upside your face  
But bitch don't smile  
Imma hafta hate  
I don't take to that shit so lightly  
Microphone got me in the zone  
What that shot patrol  
We gonna hafta brone  
Imma smack this shit upside your brain  
Upside your dome  
What  
You know what me and Paul Wall  
Gonna fuck this shit like some slut  
Yo bitches go get lubed up  
Get chewed out and spit out  
Like snot i blow this shit out  
I love when rock and roll gets mix with hip hop ho!  
Lets shot this clock  
Blasting classics  
Now you know  
I'm head to toe  
On abby road  
I flip that super nasty flow  
Keep the ladies on the go and they keep coming back  
for mo'

I hear em talking that shit  
But they ain't saying shit  
They don't wanna start shit  
Tell them they can eat shit  
They all full of shit

Cuz they not about shit  
If they keep on talking shit  
Im'ma gonna make them eat shit  
Motherfucker fuck you  
With my middle finger up  
Motherfucker fuck you  
With my middle finger up  
Fuck you (fuck you)  
Fuck all the haters  
Fuck you (fuck you)

Cease the fake  
Increase the stakes  
This gold cobra is wilder great  
Please wait no sweet escape  
Just swisher sweets  
Ain't KUSH great  
Police on the take  
No beefs with fate  
No peace for fate  
Peace is the shit they speak the hate  
Just broken bones and body aches  
You gotta leap from the waist  
Hello police state  
Keep my mind on the cake  
I'm fly like superman  
But no cape  
Dripped and draped in that street scholar  
Hardly awake and half baked  
Peak the technique  
Clean the slate  
The flow is so well done like steak  
Break em down  
I got some moves to make  
Go fuck yourself if you can't relate

They talk yeah  
They talk  
They talk  
They talk  
They done dug themselves a hole  
They know it's all they fault  
Gonna pour salt straight on the wound  
Getter catch this jet it's leaving soon  
Infection might be settling in  
But this doctor done checked out the room  
We blazing through like Xananadu  
What?  
Now you know what not to do  
This crack here might not be for you  
But imma gonna leave you crackers black and blue  
We wrack this shit like hand grenades  
This blunt is smoked up all day  
But had to piss on your parade

I hear em talking that shit  
But they ain't saying shit  
They don't wanna start shit  
Tell them they can eat shit  
They all full of shit  
Cuz they not about shit

If they keep on talking shit  
Im'ma gonna make them eat shit  
Motherfucker fuck you  
With my middle finger up  
Motherfucker fuck you  
With my middle finger up  
Fuck you (fuck you)  
Fuck you (fuck you)

Take all the pieces of the puzzle (you heard me?)  
If they ain't fittin' we in trouble  
Busting all your asses like a bubble  
You know i'm mad at you  
Fuck you and your attitude (yeah)  
Fuck you and your attitude  
(that's right y'all)  
Fuck you and your attitude  
Freddie D and Paul Wall  
You know i am mad at you  
Fuck you and your attitude  
Ha ha

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