

# **Limp Bizkit**

## **"N 2gether Now (All In Together Now)"**

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Who can be the boss?  
Look upon the cross  
Stranded in the land of the lost  
Standin' up, I'm sideways

I'm blazin' up the path  
Runnin' on the highways of rap  
Choked up by the smoke and the charcoal  
Lava stamps and brands me like a barcode

I'm dashin' all the meteor strikes  
Keep the media dykes  
As re-enforcements for the fight  
And that alone with keep John Gotti on the phone

Tangled in his own I got the bees on the track  
Where the fuck you at? Tical  
Let me hear you pigeons run your mouth now  
Shut the fuck up!

I'm pluggin' in them social skills  
That keep my total bills over a million  
The last time I checked it  
Thank God I'm blessed with the mind that I wreck it  
Wait until the second round, I'll knock him out

They call me big John stud, my middle name, Mud  
Dirty water flow too much for you thugs  
That can't stand the flood what up doc? Hold big gun  
like Elmer Fudd  
The sure shot Mr. Meth I'm unplugged

Learn, temperature's too hot for sunblock  
Burn, playin' with minds can get you state time  
Lock behind twelve bars from a great mind  
Killa bees in the club when there's ladybug

Brought a sword to tha dance floor to cut a rug  
Love is love all day 'til they both slug  
And take another life in cold blood  
Can't feel me? 'Cause it's your blood

Murder is tremendous, crime is endless  
Same shit different day Father forgive us  
They know not what they do, our praises do  
I'm big like easy, ya bigbamboo

What's that? I didn't hear you  
Shut the fuck up!  
Come on a little louder  
Shut the fuck up!

Everybody N 2gether now  
Shut the fuck up!  
What?  
Shut the fuck up!  
What?  
Shut the fuck up!

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Headstrong, deadcon, dead by dawn  
Dead weight they dead wrong  
Let's get it on  
Twelve rounds of throw down

Who hold crown?  
Protect land with both pound Limp Bizkit  
Get around like merry-go, what's the scenario?  
Comin' through your stereo

Why risk it? Lifestyles of the prolific and gifted  
Eight essential vitamins and minerals  
Delicious, word on the street is  
They bit my thesis

Knocked out their front teethes  
Tryin' to taste mine  
Actin' like they heard through the grapevine  
Dope fiendin' for the baseline

To provide rhyme pharmaceuticals  
Hard as nails to the cubicle

Where you find that monster dhe beautiful  
Wu-Tang and Limp Bizkit roll on the check  
Kick a hole in the speaker pull the plug and inject

So what's it all about? Where we gonna run?  
Maybe we can meet up on the sun  
Discretion is advised  
For the blood of virgin eyes

We're limpin on the track with Method  
So get the sunblock, you get your one shot  
Until you dissolve  
I revolve around everything you got

From outta nowhere prepare  
You'll be blinded by the glare, I told you not to stare  
Now you're turned into stone without a microphone  
But don't you forget you're in the zone

So shut the fuck up!  
And take that shit back  
'Cause all your shit's whack  
Doodoo is doodoo

When it's way down like that burnin up your brain like a  
piston  
So all those who didn't listen never even knew what  
they were missin'  
And never even knew that the sky was fallin' down  
Wu-Tang Clan for the crown

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It was over your head all day every day  
S I N Y, 1 0 3 0 4  
Wu-Tang, Killa Bees, and the Limp B I Z K I T  
Gotta know the time, gotta know to rhyme  
It ain't easy bein greezy  
In a world of cleanliness and you know all that other  
madness

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