

Limp Bizkit

"N 2gether 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 Ghatti 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!
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What's that? I didn't hear you
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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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