

# **Limp Bizkit**

## **"Ready To Go"**

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[Hook: Limp Bizkit]

They say that rock shit doesn't rock anymore  
They say that whole game done went pop so I'm back in  
this ho  
We drinking gin 'till we pass out and fall on the flo'  
Is that your bitch? Cause she told me she ready to go  
She ready to go, she ready to go  
Is that your bitch? Cause she told me she ready to go

[Verse 1: Fred Durst]

Back it's the motherfucking rock god  
I'm so poker-faced, ladies going Ga-Ga  
That's right it's Freddy D, the public enemy  
You know, the one to have Britney drop it to her knees  
(OOOOOOOH!)

I don't give a fuck, I probably never will  
Bitch get at me if that ass is like Jessica Biel's  
Who down with me tonight? You know I'll treat you right  
You shake for me until they turning on them ugly lights  
Throw them fingers up, and finger-fuck the sky  
She like the way we pump it, I call her pumpkin pie  
I ain't about to lie, I came up in it high  
You got a problem and I'll bust you in your fucking eye,  
player

Baby you're a rockstar, I know who the fuck I am  
40 million records later, I am still the fucking man  
I came to rock, all she wanna do is roll  
Now she at my house sliding up and down that pole

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[Verse 2: Lil Wayne]

What the fuck is up?  
Fuck the world, bust a nut  
I'm on this and that, and such and such

It's ashes to ashes, dust to dust, come on  
Rock! Rock, rock with a real nigga  
Everything I touch turn to gold, she a gold digger  
Shots! Shots, shots, have a lil liquor  
Got the bitch taking shots like Reggie Miller  
Uh, Lil Weezy in this bitch ho  
She want the green light-let the bitch go  
I go hard, I go nuts, I go schizo  
And now they wanna copy me like ten-fo'  
Uh, I can't stop, I won't stop  
I got the pistol on me, I guess I went pop  
Now I'm free-falling, yeah, head first  
Red hat to the back like Fred Durst

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[Verse 3: Fred Durst]

Lil Weezy that's my patna, we drinkin' Russian vodka  
Bout to take your bitch cause she ain't never fucked a  
rock star  
I'm a fucking outlaw, packing me a chainsaw  
I'm at the afterparty about to start another brawl  
I'm getting fucked up, so you can go to hell  
I'mma need a ride home, I know myself  
And you know I put it down like no one else  
I'm the champ bitch, I ain't gotta show the belt

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