

# Limp Bizkit "Rollin Remix"

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Play the fucking track  
Play that fucking track, oh, there it is  
Limp Bizkit, DMX, Redman, Method Man  
That's right y'all, we just keep on rollin' baby  
Are you ready, are you ready, are you ready

Move in now move out  
Hands up, now hands down  
Back up, back up  
Tell me what you gonna do now  
Breathe in, now breathe out  
Hands up, now hands down  
Back up, back up

Tell me what you gonna do now?  
(C'mon)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
(Uh)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
(What)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
(Uh)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'

Now I know y'all be lovin' this shit right here  
L I M P Bizkit is right here  
People in the house put them hands in the air  
'Cuz if you don't care, than we don't care

See I, ain't givin' a fuck, quit pressin' your luck  
Untouchable, branded unfuckable  
So keep me in this tape, until you run that mouth  
Then I'ma hafta play, and break the fuck out

And then we'll see you slept after one round wit X  
And what am I bringin' next, just know it's Red and Meth  
So where the fuck you at punk, shut the fuck up  
And back the fuck up, while we fuck this track up

Are you ready  
Are you ready  
Are you ready

Move in now move out  
Hands up, now hands down  
Back up, back up  
Tell me what you gonna do now  
Breathe in, now breathe out  
Hands up, now hands down  
Back up, back up

Tell me what you gonna do now?  
(C'mon)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
(Uh)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
(What)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
(Uh)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'

Oh what, y'all thought y'all wasn't gon' see me?  
Check my, dangerous slang atrocious  
When I let these nuts hang, focus, it's Wu Tang  
What the fuck's a Hootie and the Blowfish

I wave my black flag at the roaches  
Who approaches, these twin, supersoakers  
Who have poisonous darts for culprits

Too late to get your blow gun unholstered  
You're left buttered up and lightly toasted  
So what, I drink and smoke too much  
So what I cuss too much, shut the fuck up

Yo, yo, now when we roll  
You motherfuckers tuck in your gold  
'Cuz for the platinum, I'm jackin' niggas up in Limos  
It ain't nothin', for bullets to unbutton your clothes  
Description, yellow male, tissue up in his nose

You bitches, swing the vine on the bathroom nuts  
I'm hairy as hell, outta hell and tattooed up  
I'm a dog only fuck in the bathroom, what  
In high school, I dealt only with the classroom sluts

My name is, Johnny, Donnie, Brasco  
Tuck the gat low, cut your cash flow  
Yell if you want money, funny  
A hungry dummy snatch crumbs from me  
Doc and Hot Niks, bodies in the mosh pit

Yo, and I'm the D.O., you lookin' at the raw invented

On Friday, I spit 35 to 40 minutes  
Smell up, the bathroom like Craig Paul was in it  
Endin' up, on your back, Wu swords up in it

Anyone can match me I crack 'em all to Guinness  
Fuck how many thugs, players, and ballers in it  
Brick City, Shaolin, better call us sinners  
Boys that'll run up in your wife, maul and spill it, pow  
(Aah)  
Yo we said c'mon

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Tell me what you gonna do now  
Breathe in, now breathe out  
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Back up, back up

Tell me what you gonna do now?  
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(What)  
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(Uh)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'

It just don't get no darker than that kid with the barker  
Bald head with the boots who shoots to make it spark  
I'm a fair nigga, but ain't nann nigga  
Quicker than the hand trigga, so if you dare nigga

It'll be like your man tryin' to hold your brain to your  
head  
But you'll be shittin' on yourself 'cuz you already dead  
And at the funeral you won't need a casket  
Leavin' just enough of him to stuff in a basket

Just get the casket, I really need my ass kicked  
My mom never let me forget, that I'm a bastard  
I ain't never been shit and ain't gon' be shit  
That's why I taste shit, whenever I see shit

It's just that D shit, D's short for do what I wanna do  
And that's what I'm gonna do, right here in front of you  
And I'll be runnin' you and your man straight up out  
And y'all niggas ain't runnin' a fuckin' thing but your  
mouth

Aahh

Move in now move out  
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(Uh)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
(What)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
(Uh)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'

You, wanna mess with Limp Bizkit?  
(Yeah)  
You can't mess with Limp Bizkit  
(Why?)  
Because we get it on, every day and every night  
(When? Oh)

See this platinum thing right here?  
(Uh huh)  
Well, we doin' it all the time  
(What?)  
So you better get some better beats

And uh, get some better rhymes  
(Ooh)  
You really, really, really wanna get shit started  
Well, people everywhere just get retarded  
Get retarded, get retarded, people everywhere just get  
retarded

Move in now move out  
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Tell me what you gonna do now  
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(What)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
(Uh)  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'

That's right baby, watch out punk  
Limp Bizkit, DMX, Method Man, Redman  
And Swizz Beatz, where the fuck you at?  
(DMX bark)  
Bump that shit, bump that shit  
Bump that shit, bump that shit  
Ruff Ryders, punk

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