Limp Bizkit "Shark Attack"

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Another one of those days Feelin like a shovel With a lot of shit in the way Gonna clear me a path Right to the culprit Straight to your fucked up past This aint about rage It's about disrespect You should a thought about that Before your track went flat Homie what the deal? Why you talkin' shit like that? I've had enough drama I don't need a chump Talkin' that trash in pajamas Heated up like a sauna Time to pay the piper I ain't givin' hope like Obama I'm spittin out flames Better hit the deck Ima mic check them games You don't need a new coach You need a new neck Hoarse(of course?) I connect with your throat

Still shockin' like a heart attack
Cuz I'm a maniac
Still runnin through the shark attack
Without a single scratch
Still limpin' where the dog is at
Up in my brainiac
Still Bitin while your barkin' back
So you can shut your trap

Check 1-2
I ain't even through
Givin you grief
Put another stain on your teeth
Back up on your feet
Call in the rescue
Better get the whole damn fleet
This attack aint stealth

It's worldwide Homicide bad for your health what I'm goin straight for the gut Closin them minds Sewin them lips straight shut Go ahead put it on me Show me what you got Why you get robbed like a zombie It's a one man army Puff Puff give Watch em get smoked like a cig You heard of Freedy Kruger? I'm kinda like that With a red cap and a Ruger Still slingin it to ya Microphone hustla Bad motha fucka Screw ya.

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