

Limp Bizkit "Stinkfinger"

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I've seen your campus
And thinking I've been there before
You know something, I live
In this pig pen and this filthy pig pit next door

Another stench of my aroma
Stick that nose up in the air
Is that the excuse you use to ruin me?

I need to get you outta my way
Pack them bags punk, get the fuck outta here
Need to get you outta my way
Love thy neighbor, love my neighbor, yeah right, right

Yo J, drop that one down

Your existence means less now
That it probably ever has before
You've got your head up your ass
Out of your mouth comes nothing but shh

Still I listen, I absorb
You amuse me, idiot
All bent outta shape
'Cause I piss on your gate

I need to get you outta my way
Pack them bags punk, get the fuck outta here
Need to get you outta my way
Love thy neighbor, love my neighbor, right, right

And you don't stop and we won't stop, that's right
And you can't stop, this shit, it just won't stop

Let's take it to the curb if you can stand it
Put yourself in my position man
Let's take it to the curb if you can stand it
Put yourself in my position man

Let's take it to the curb
Put yourself in my position man
Ah, take it to the curb

Put yourself in my position man

Punk, how you wanna take it to the curb

Ah, you wanna take it to the curb

Ah put ya, put ya, ah

Put yourself in my position man

And you don't, break, break, break it

And you don't stop

Got it, stinky, stinky finger

And you don't and you don't

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