

Limp Bizkit

"Why Try"

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Oh no, guess who's back
Strapped with the flow like a Gatling blow
walk with the limp it's the pirate pimp
on a nightmare track where the smackdown goes
struck with the psycho, white bread, hybrid
pennies get plucked from your eyelids, get that
y'all better come quick, better come fast
I'm a drop a match in the gas, boom!
every hit don't lie
pitch you a fit when your shit don't fly
eat you alive, got that punk
spit this fire to the bizkit funk
uno dos tres in your face
catch me a case when you run from the ghost
with a cut in the clip one little slip
the alligator grip gonna turn you to toast

So WHY TRY, you're gonna die
you're going straight to the gate in the sky
with all the hate I relate to the cry
one more sucker mc gonna fry

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Round two, stagger to your feet
homies in your corner thought you'd done went to sleep
this one ought to do it, so step it on back
or you'll be seeing stars when you're knocked out flat
I'm a tell you something you probably never knew
tangle with the lion you're gonna end up in the zoo
check out all your crew
looking in my cage
it's feedin' time playa I'm a eat you like the plague
times are gettin' tough
but I ain't had enough
this heavy metal beatin' on your brain is gonna crush
oh what a rush
like a million woman

sour on the crush with all of you lemons
maybe I'm explicit, but man it's just the bizkit
having me some fun with you dumb little chicklets
you know who you are
you insecure gorillas
the underdog Freddee D now became your killa

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I'm a rock it like some TNT
blow it up like a g with the dollar bill three
all the cheese on you fleas gonna freeze don't lie
fuck with me and you'll fry, ooo yeah.

I'm a rock it like some TNT
blow it up like a g with the dollar bill three
all the cheese on you fleas gonna freeze don't lie
fuck with me and you'll fry.

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