

Limp Bizkit

"Wicked"

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Let's get wicked!

This is the Limp Bizkit version motherfucker!

One, two, three and I come with the wicked
style and you know that I'm from, the wicked
crew, act like you knew
'Cause I got everybody jumpin to the voodoo, kick it
Wicked, rhymes, picket, signs
While me and the Mob gotta trunk fulla 9's
Play ya and I'll slay ya
I got thug-made dough by the ha-ir
Ready to - - - and it's a must
to - - - before I bust
Lookin for the one that did it
but like En Vogue, no you're never gonna get it
Cos I'm the one with the fat mad skills
and I won't choke like the Buffalo Bills
Sittin at the pad just chillin
'cause Larry Wilkins just got two million, oh what a
fucking feelin
So shake that nigga and pass me the pill
and I'll slam dunk ya like Shaquille O'Neal

Kick it 'cause I get wicked!
I get wicked!
I get wicked!

Won't say nuttin, just listen
Got me a plan to break Tyson outta prison
Come my way and get served
Still got a duece that'll bunny hop the curb
Nappy head, nappy chest, nappy chin
Never seen with a happy grin
Show the fat foul 'cause I'm down
Take a look around
and all you see is big black boots steppin
Use my steel toe as a weapon
Kick ya and flip ya, now they want to
label this nigga, tape with the sticker
Kickin out girls that's nicety

Yo, I gotta body count like Ice-T
From here to New York
I get skins and ain't talkin bout pork
You Swine, pig, dick
Listen to the flow of a so-called bizkit
who didn't know I was funky as Wilson Pickett
Dig it 'cause I get wicked

I get wicked!
I get wicked!
I get wicked!

Bring it on!

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