

## **Limp Bizkit Dmx "Rollin'"**

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Play the fucken' track!  
Play that fucken' track!  
Oh, there it is  
Limp Bizkit, DMX, Redman  
That's right y'all, Method Man  
We just keep on Rollin' baby  
Are you ready?

Move in, now move out  
Hands up, now hands down  
Back up, back up  
Tell me what you're gonna do now?

Breath in, now breath out  
Hands up, now hands down  
Back up, back up  
Tell me what you're gonna do now?

Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
Uggh  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
What?  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
Uggh

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  
'Cause if you don't care, then we don't care

See I ain't giving a fuck when pressing your luck  
Untouchable, branded unfuckable, so keep me in this  
cage  
Until you run that mouth, then I might have to play  
And break the fuck out and then we'll see who's left  
After one round with X and what am I bringing 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?

Move in, now move out  
Hands up, now hands down  
Back up, back up  
Tell me what you're gonna do now?

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Uggh

Oh what, y'all thought y'all were promotion me?  
Check my dangerous slang, atrocious  
When I let these nuts hang, focus  
It's Wutang, what the fuck's a Hootie and the Blowfish?

I wave my black flag at the roaches who approach us  
These twin super soakers who have poisonous darts for  
copers  
Too late to get your blowgun unholsted  
You lept, light it up, and lightly toasted

So what? I drink and smoke too much  
So what? I cut too much  
Shut the fuck the up

Now when we roll  
You motherfuckers turn in your gold  
'Cause for the platinum  
I'm jackin' niggers up in limos

It ain't nothin' for bullets to unbutton your clothes  
This wretched yellow mellow tissue  
Up in his nose you bitches  
Swing the vine on the bad boom nuts

I'm hairy as hell, ah, to 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 Donny Brascoe  
Talk the gat low, cut your cash flow

Yell if you want money  
Funny how hungry they'll be

Snatch crumbs from me  
Dark and hard  
Mix bodies in the mosh pit

Yo, and I'm the D.O  
You're lookin' at the raw invented  
On Friday I spit thirty-five to forty minutes  
Smell up the bathroom like Craig Paul was in it  
Ending up on your back, whose whore's up in it?

Anyone can match me  
I crack 'em all a Guinness  
Fuck, how many thugs are playas?  
A ball is in it

Brick city, Shaolin  
Better call 'em sinners  
Boys that'll run up in your  
White mall and spill it  
Yo, peace and come on!

Move in, now move out  
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It just don't get no darker than that kid with the park  
Go ahead with the boots and shoots to make it spark  
Now I'm a fair nigger, but ain't there nigger  
Quicker than the hair trigger, took you dead nigger

It'd better like yo man, trying to hold your breath in  
your head  
'Cause you'll be shitting on yourself  
'Cause you're already dead  
And at the funeral you won't need a casket

I'm leaving just enough  
For them to stuff their basket  
But their skippin', task it  
I'm gonna need my ass kicked

My mom never let me forget that I'm a bastard  
I ain't never been shit, there ain't gonna be shit  
That's why I take shit but if I see shit  
And to their D shit, D Sharp

Do what I wanna do and that's what I'm gonna do  
Right here in front of you and I'll be running you  
Wait up man, stand up out  
Yeah, niggers ain't running a fucken' thing  
But your mouth

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

See this platinum thing right here?  
(Uh huh)  
Well, we're doing it all the time  
(What?)  
So you'd better get some better beats  
And uh, get some better rhymes  
(D'oh!)

And if you really, really, really wanna get shit started  
Then people everywhere just get retarded  
Get retarded  
People everywhere just get retarded

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What?  
Keep rollin', rollin', rollin', rollin'  
Ugh

That's right baby, punk  
Limp Bizkit, DMX, Method Man  
Method Man, Swizz Beats  
Where the fuck you at?  
Punk that shit

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