Limp Bizkit Feat. Method Man
"N 2 Gether Now"

Who can be the boss? Look up to the cross
Stranded in the land of the lost
Standin' up, I'm sideways, I'm blazin' up the path
Runnin' on the highways of rap

Choked up by the smoke and the charcoal
Lava stamps and brands me like a barcode
I'm dashin' all the meteor strikes
Keep the media dykes as re-enforcements for the fight

And that alone with keep John Gotti on the phone
Tangled in his own, I got the bees on the track
Where the fuck you at?
(Tical)
Let me hear you pigeons run your mouth now
(Shut the fuck up)

I'm pluggin' in them social skills
That keep my total bills over a million
The last time I checked it
Thank God, I'm blessed with the mind that I wreck it
Wait until the second round, I'll knock him out

They call me Big John Stud, my middle name Mud
Dirty water flow, too much for you thugs
That can't stand the flood, what up, doc?
Hold big gun like Elmer Fudd, the sure shot

Mr. Meth, I'm unplugged, learn
Temperature's too hot for sunblock, burn
Playin' with minds can get you state time
Lock behind twelve bars from a great mind

Killa bees in the club when there's ladybug
Brought a sword to tha dance floor to cut a rug
Love is love all day 'til they both slug
And take another life in cold blood
Can't feel me? 'Cause it's your blood

Murder is tremendous, crime is endless
Same shit, different day, Father, forgive us
They know not what they do, our praises do

I'm big like Easy, ya big bamboo

What's that, I didn't hear you? Shut the fuck up
Come on a little louder, shut the fuck up
Everybody n 2 gether now, shut the fuck up
What? What?

Headstrong, dead con, dead by dawn
Dead weight, they dead wrong, let's get it on
Twelve rounds of throw down, who hold crown?
Protect land with both pound

Limp Bizkit get around like merry-go
What's the scenario? Comin' through your stereo
Why risk it, lifestyles of the prolific and gifted
Eight essential vitamins and minerals, delicious

Word on the street is they bit my thesis
Knocked out their front teethes
Tryin' to taste mine
Actin' like they heard through the grapevine
Dope fiendin' for the baseline to provide rhyme

Pharmaceuticals, hard as nails to the cubicle
Where you find that monster? She beautiful
Wu-Tang and Limp Bizkit roll on the check
Kick a hole in the speaker, pull the plug and inject

Mic check, so what's it all about?
Where we gonna run? Maybe we can meet up on the
sun
Discretion is advised for the blood of virgin eyes
Limpin' on the track with Method

So get the sunblock, you get your one shot
Until you dissolve, I revolve around everything you got
From outta nowhere prepare
You'll be blinded by the glare, I told you not to stare

Now you're turned into stone without a microphone
But don't you forget, you're in the zone
(So shut the fuck up)
And take that shit back 'cause all your shit's whack
(Doo doo is doo doo)
When it's way down like that

Burnin' up your brain like a piston
So all those who didn't listen
Never even knew what they were missin'
And never even knew that the sky was fallin' down
Wu-Tang Clan for the crown

What's that, I didn't hear you? Shut the fuck up
Come on a little louder, shut the fuck up
Everybody n 2 gether now, shut the fuck up
What? What?

It was over your head all day, every day, S I N Y, 1 0 3 0
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Wu-Tang, Killa Bees, and the Limp B I Z K I T
Gotta know the time, gotta know to rhyme
It ain't easy bein' greezy in a world of cleanliness
And you know, all that other madness, we gone, peace

Limp Bizkit, Method Man, rock the house y'all, bring it
on
Hey wait up, where you guys going? You're not
recording are you?
I'm all alone, I can't do this, feel it
You guys feel it out there? Check your head if you feel
it
Hey, hey, hey, every day is brighter than the next day
At least that's what you think

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