

# Slipknot "Spit It Out"

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Since you never gave a damn in the first place,  
Maybe it's time you had the tables turned  
'Cause in the interest of all involved I got the problem  
solved  
And the verdict is guilty...

... Man nearly killed me  
Steppin' where you fear to tread  
Stop, drop and roll  
You were dead from the git-go!  
Big mother fucker, stupid cocksucker  
Are you scared of me now? Then you're dumber than I  
thought  
Always is, and never was  
Foundation made of piss and vinegar  
Step up to me, I'll smear ya  
Think I fear ya? Bullshit!  
Just another dumb punk chompin' at this tit  
Is there any way to break through the noise?  
Was it something that I said that got you bent?  
It's gotta be that way if you want it  
Sanity, literal profanity hit me!

Spit it out  
All you wanna do is drag me down  
All I wanna do is stamp you out  
Spit it out  
All you wanna do is drag me down  
All I wanna do is stamp you out

Maybe it's the way you gotta spread a lotta rumor  
fodder  
Keepin' all your little spies and leaving when you  
realize  
Step up, fairy  
I guess it's time to bury your ass with the chrome  
Straight to the dome  
You heard me right, bitch, I didn't stutter  
And if you know what's good, just shut up and beg,  
brother  
Backstab - don't you know who you're dissin'?  
Side swipe, we know the Ass that your kissin'

Bigity-biggidy bitch boy, halfway hauser  
Don't hear shit cuz I keep gettin' louder  
Come on, and get a face full 'o tatic  
Lipping off hard, going home in a basket  
You got no pull, no power, no nothing  
Now you start shit?  
Well, ain't that something?  
Payoffs don't protect, and you can hide if you want  
But I'll find you, comin' up behind you!

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'Bout time I set this record straight  
Cuz all the needlenose punchin' is making me irate  
Sick o' my bitchin' fallin' on deaf ears  
Where you gonna be in the next five years?  
The crew and all the fools, and all the politics  
Get your lips ready, gonna gag, gonna make you sick  
You got dick when they passed out the good stuff  
BAM! BAM! BAM!  
Are you sick of me?  
Good enough, had enough!

Fuck me! I'm all out of enemies!  
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Spit!  
Spit!  
Spit!  
Spit!  
Spit... it out!

