

Bizkit Limp

"Jump Around"

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Pack it up, pack it in,

Let me begin,

I came to win,

Battle me that's a sin

Punks with yer back up

punk you better slack up,

Try and play the role and

Yo the whole crew will act up.

Get up, stand up, come on throw your hands up,

If you got the feeling jump across the ceiling,

please let the funk flow

me i'm talking junk

Yo I'll bust'em in the eye

And then i'll take the punks home

Feel it, funk it, amps in the trunk

And i got more rhymes than there's cops in the Dunkin

Doughnut shops

Show'em the fuck up props form the kids in Korn

Plus my mom and my pops.

Chorus:

I came to get down(2x)

So get your ass up and jump around, c'mon

Jump around (3x) g'tup

Jump up, jump up and get down

Jump (16x)

I'll serve your ass like John MacEnroe

If your bitch steps up, I'm smacking the whore

Word to your mom's i came to drop bombs

I got more rhymes than the Bible's got psalms

And just like the radical Son i've returned

Anyone stepping to me you'll get burned

fuck your lyrics coz you ain't got none

If you come to battle bring a shotgun

But if you do you're a fool, cause duel to the death

Try and step to me, you take your last breath

Cause i got's the skill, man i got your fill

Cause when i shoot to get i shoot to kill

Chorus:

I came to get down(2x)

So get your ass up and jump around, c'mon

Jump around (3x) everybody

Jump up, jump up and get down

Jump (16x)

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