

Bizkit Limp

"Livin' It Up"

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This is dedicated to you Ben Stiller,
You are my favorite mother fucker.
I told you, didn't I?

Drama makes the world go around. (go around)
Does anybody got the problem with that? (yeah)
My business, is my bussiness, who's guilty?
Can I get a witness?
First thing first
The chocolate starfish's is my man Fred Durst.
Access Hollywood liscences to kill
A redneck fucker from Jacksonville.
Bringning on the dumb stuff funk
A microphone machete in the back of my trunk.
Rock is so steady with the he-says she-says,
And don't forget about the starfish navigation system.
Don't hate me, I'm just an alien
With 37 tons of new millenium.
Dum-Di-Di-Dum, where is it coming from?
Miss Aguil-eira, come and get so-me.
Oh no, which way to go?
Through the dance floor into the stereo.
Hanging on mine
I've seen the Fight Club about 28 times.
And I'ma keep my pants saggin'
Keep the skateboard, a spray can for the taggin'
And I'ma keep a lot of girls in my pimp wagon,
Cause I don't give a fuck..

Living life in the fast lane
I'm just a crazy mother fucker livin' it up
Not giving a fuck
Living life in the fast lane
Another crazy mother fucker livin' it up
Not giving a fuck in the fast lane

Take two (ooo-wa!)
Now who's the star sucka?
I'm the starfish, you silly mother fucker
The puff puff give, the marijuana cig
Oops, I don't even smoke but I love the way it smells

Give a toast to the female (female) sippin' on the
champagne from a sea shell (sea shell)
I think you're counterfeit
Then pop his ass like a zit
With the starfish navigation system.
No cheap thrills, (baby)
Fill the briefcase with 3 dollar billz
I'm just an ordinary run at the mill
Fella spittin' out hella mic skills

And I'ma keep my pants saggin
Keep the skateboard, a spray can for the taggin'
And I'ma keep a lot of girls in my pimp wagon
Cause I don't give a fuck

Living life in the fast lane
I'm just a crazy mother fucker livin' it up
Not giving a fuck
Living life in the fast lane
Another crazy mother fucker, livin' it up
Not giving a fuck in the fast lane

Cause it's so easy to tell a lie
And it's so easy, to run and hide
But it's not easy to be alive
So don't be wasting NON OF MY TIME!

[This is the part Fred Durst performed on the MTV
VMA2k]
This world is like a cage
And I don't think it's fair
And I don't even think
That anybody cares..
And it'll eat a hole (what!) down inside of me (what!)
And it'll leave a scar (what!), can anybody see? (what!)
That we got to get it out. (got to get it out)
We got to get it out. (got to get it out)
We got to get it out. (got to get it out)
And I'm'a get it out with the mother fucking
MICROPHONE PLUG IT IN MY SOUL.
I'm a renegade vibe gettin' out of control
I'ma keep it alive and continue to be
Flyin' like an eagle to my destiny!
Can you feel me? (hell yeah)
Can you feel me? (hell yeah)
Can you feel me? (hell yeah)
Can you feel me mother fucker?!
Did you say? (hell yeah)
Did you say? (hell yeah)
Can you say hell yeah?
I'm living life in the fast lane.

Cause it's so easy to tell a lie,
And it's so easy, to run and hide.
But it's not easy to be alive,
So don't be wasting NOT OF MY TIME!

Yeah, bring it on!

I'm just a crazy mother fucker livin' it up.
Not giving a fuck.
In the fast lane

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