

Bizkit Limp

"N 2 Gether Now"

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FD: Who could be the boss, Look 'em 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 wrath, Choked up, by the smoke in the
charcoal, Lotta stamps and

brands me like a barcode, I'm dashin' all the media
strikes, to keep the

media dikes, that's reinforced me for the fight, And
that alone will keep

John Gotti on the phone, I'm tanglin' on the zone, I got
the bees on the

track, Where the fuck u at?

MM: Tical

FD: Let me hear your pigeons run your mouth now,

MM: Shut the fuck up

FD: I'm pluggin' in them social skills, to keep my total
bills, that run a

million, the last time I checked it, thank God I'm
blessed with the mind that

I wreckin', wait until the second round then knock 'em
out.

MM: They call me big john-sta, my middle name-uh,
dirty water flow, too much

for you thug, I can't stand the flood, what up doc? Hold
big gun like Elmer

Fudd, the sure shot, Mister Meth, I'm unplugged, learn,
temperatures too hot

for sun block, burn, playin with minds that get you state
time, locked behind

12 bars, from a great mine, killa bees in the club, with
this ladybug,

brought a sword to the dance floor, to cut a rug, love is
love all day, till

they no slug, and take another life in cold blood, can't
feel me, till it's

your blood, murder is tremendous, crime is endless,
same shit different day,

father forgive us, they know not what they do, all praise
is due, I'm big

like easy, and big bamboo

Chorus: 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, just

shut the fuck up. (2x)

Method Man: Headstrong, deckhorn, get right on, dead
weight they dead wrong,

let's get it on, 12 rounds of throw down, who whole
crown, protect land with

full pound, limp bizkit, get around like merry-go, bust
the scenario, comin

through your stereo, why risk it, lifestyles of pro limp
thinkin' gifted,

essential vitamins and minerals delicious, word on the
street is, they bit my

thesis, knocked out they front teeth is, try to taste my,
actin' like they

heard through the grape vine, dope feedin' for the
baseline, to provide by,

pharmaceuticals, hard as nails to the cuticle, where'd
you find that monster,

she beautiful, wu-tang and limp bizkit roll on the set
kick a hole in the

speaker, pull a plug and then jet

FD: Mic check, so what's it all about, and where we
gonna run, maybe we can

meet up on the sun, discretion is advised, for the blood
of virgin eyes, me

limpin' on the track with the method, so get the sun
block, you gettin' one

shot, until you dissolve I revolve around everything you
got, from outta no

where, prepare, you be blinded by the glare, I told not
to stare, now you've

turned into stone, without a microphone, but don't you
forget your in the zone

MM: So shut the fuck up

FD: and take that shit back, cause all your shit's whack

FD: When it's weighed out 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

knew that the sky was falling down, wu-tang clan for
the crown.

Chorus

MM: It was over your head all day everyday S-I-N-Y, 1-0-
3-0-4, wu-tang killa

bees, and the limp B-I-Z-K-I-T, ya'll know the time, y'all
know the rhyme it

ain't easy bein' greasy, in the world full of cleanliness
and, you know all

that other madness we gone, peace.

Scribbling: LIMP BIZKIT! METHOD MAN! R-R-ROCK THE
HOUSE Y'ALL! BRING IT ON

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