

Bizkit Limp**"Outro"**

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You wanted the worst?

You got the worst.

The one, the only...

Limp Bizkit.

You can push stop.

You can push stop.

You wanted the best?!

Then go get the fuckin Backstreet Boys CD.

Cuz in this house, it's Limp, motherfuckin, Bizkit.

Balls made of steel.

Balls made of steel.

But don't kick me in the nuts, though.

Limp Bizkit's in the house!

Limp Bizkit's in the house!

Limp Bizkit's in the house!

Limp Bizkit's in the house!

And you aint shit.

Ha ha ha ha.

You aint SHIT!!!

Ha ha ha ha

HA HA HA HA

YOU AIN'T SHIT MOTHERFUCKER! YOU SUCK!!!

Radio Sucks...by Matt Pinfield

Hey, it's the bald man,

and I'm here to tell you why the new Limp Bizkit album's so important.

That's because CD's like this will spare you from all the chart-toppin,

teenie-boppin, disposable,

happy horse shit that brings up the bile from the back of my neck.

I have no time or tolerance for all shitty wack acts like that.

I wouldn't piss on their CD's to put out a fire.

And I'm tired off all those lame-ass, tame-ass, pre-fabricated,

sorry excuses for singers

and musicians who don't even write their own songs!

What the world needs now is a musical revolution.

We need some rock, we need somethin ass-boss.

We need something with substance, with depth, somethin with soul,

some edge, some passion, some power! SHIT, if it's gonna be mellow,

FUCK, MAN, it better have somethin, it better mean somethin!

I'm tellin you, you gotta hit em with somethin hard.

You gotta stick em with somethin limp, like Limp Bizkit.

I'm so fuckin tired of this shit that I'm hearin on the radio.

RADIO SUCKS!! The same fuckin songs over and over

again,

all the week ones,

all that disposable crap that isn't gonna matter in three months,

its just SHIT.

(Hey, Matt, calm down) It's crap, Fred.

Fred, I'm tellin you, there's nothin but shit goin on

and we need some new music.

(But, well, what about Limp Bizkit?) Limp Bizkit is fuckin cool,

you guys are cool, the new records great,

but FUCK ALL THAT OTHER SHIT!!!

I'm so sick of all that week shit that's takin space on the charts

(hey, Matt, calm down, man).

Fuck this shit, I'm outta here.

(Fuck, dude.

Fuckin Pinfield is pissed.

Oh man I gotta go find that bald bastard.

Hey Matt!)

A Word With Les Claypool

Hit me! Firecracker.

So there you go...fifteen of your

hard-earned dollars right out the window.

Most expensive piece of plastic I've ever come across.

Fifteen dollars...Fifteen dollars on a shiny piece of plastic.

There it is...Limp Bizkit, in all it's glory.

Fred Durst, the man, the myth...the compulsive masturbater.

You love him, you hate him, you love to hate him.

Hello? Ha ha! Once, when I was afraid to speak,
when I was just a lad.

My poppy gave my nose a tweek, and told me I was bad.

And then I learned a brilliant word, that saved my achin nose.

The biggest word you've ever heard,

and this is how it goes..."Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious"

even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious.

"Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious" Ahh, those were the days.

I dunno.

You got any more of that..ah..shmokeable {???

So what did you think you were gettin that Celine Dion record?

No, no, no, young buckey.

You laughed, you cried,

you just kissed your fifteen bucks goodbye.

Limp Bizkit? I dont' think so.

Fred Durst?! I dunno, but what the hell? I got paid.

Good-bye now

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