

Bizkit Limp

"Rollin Urban Assault Vehicle"

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Play the fucken' track!

Play that fucken' track!

Oh there it is

Limp Bizkit, DMX, Redman, that's right y'all, Method Man

We just keep on Rollin' baby

Are you ready?!

Move in, now move out

Hands up, now hands down

Back up, back up

Tell me what you're gonna do now

Breath in, now breath out

Hands up, now hands down

Back up, back up

Tell me what you're gonna do now

Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'

Uggh

Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'

What?

Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'

Uggh

Now I know y'all be lovin' this shit right here

L.I.M.P

Bizkit is right here

People in the house put them hands in the air

Cuz if you don't care, then we don't care

See I ain't giving a fuck

When pressing your luck

Untouchable, branded unfuckable

So keep me in this cage

Until you run that mouth

Then I might have to play

And break the fuck out

And then we'll see who's left

After one round with X

And what am I bringing next?

Just know it's Red and Meth

So where the fuck you at?

Punk, shut the fuck up

And back the fuck up

While we fuck this track up

Are you ready?!

Move in, now move out

Hands up, now hands down

Back up, back up

Tell me what you're gonna do now

Breath in, now breath out

Hands up, now hands down

Back up, back up

Tell me what you're gonna do now

Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'

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Uggh

Oh what, y'all thought y'all were promotion me?

Check my dangerous slang

Atrocious

When I let these nuts hang

Focus

It's Wutang

What the fuck's a Hootie and the Blowfish

I wave my black flag at the roaches

Who approach us

These twin supersoakers

Who have poisonous darts for copers

Too late to get your blowgun unholsted

You lept, light it up, and lightly toasted

So what?

I drink and smoke too much

So what?

I cut too much

Shut the fuck the up

Now when we roll

You mutherfuckers turn in your gold

Cause for the platinum

I'm jackin' niggers up in limos

It aint nothin' for bullets

To unbutton your clothes

This wretched yellow mellow tissue

Up in his nose

You bitches

Swing the vine on the bad boom nuts

I'm hairy as hell

Ahh to hell

And tatooed up

I'm a dog

Only fuck in the bathroom, what?

In highscool I dealt only with the classroom sluts

My name is Johnny Donny Brascoe

Talk the gat low

Cut your cash flow

Yell if you want money

Funny how hungry they'll be

Snatch crumbs from me

Dark and hard

Mix bodies in the mosh pit

Yo, and I'm the D.O.

You're lookin' at the raw invented

On Friday I spit

Thirty five to forty minutes

Smell up the bathroom

Like Craig Paul was in it

Ending up on your back

Whose whore's up in it

Anyone can match me

I crack 'em all a Guinness

Fuck how many thugs are playas?

A ball is in it

Brick city, Shaolin

Better call 'em sinners

Boys that'll run up in your

White mall and spill it

Yo, peace and come on!

Move in, now move out

Hands up, now hands down

Back up, back up

Tell me what you're gonna do now

Breath in, now breath out

Hands up, now hands down

Back up, back up

Tell me what you're gonna do now

Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'

Uggh

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What?

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Uggh

It just don't get no darker than that

Kid with the park

Go ahead with the boots

And shoots to make it spark

Now I'm a fair nigger

But ain't there nigger

Quicker than the hair trigger

Took you dead nigger

It'd better like

Yo man, trying to hold your breath

In your head

Cause you'll be shitting on yourself

Cause you're already dead

And at the funeral you won't need a casket

I'm leaving just enough

For them to stuff their basket

But their skippin'

Task it

I'm gonna need my ass kicked

My mom never let me forget

That I'm a bastard

I aint never been shit

There ain't gonna be shit

That's why I take shit

But if I see shit

And to their D shit

D Sharp

Do what I wanna do

And that's what I'm gonna do

Right here in front of you

And I'll be running you

Wait up man, stand up out

Yeah niggers aint running a fucken' thing

But your mouth

Move in, now move out

Hands up, now hands down

Back up, back up

Tell me what you're gonna do now

Breath in, now breath out

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Tell me what you're gonna do now

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You wanna mess with Limp Bizkit? (Yeah)

You cant mess with Limp Bizkit (why?)

Because we get it on (when?)

Every day and every night (oh)

See this platinum thing right here? (uh huh)

Well we're doing it all the time (what?)

So you'd better get some better beats

And uh, get some better rhymes (d'oh!)

And if you really really really wanna get shit started

Then people everywhere just get retarded

Get retarded!

People everywhere just get retarded!

Move in, now move out

Hands up, now hands down

Back up, back up

Tell me what you're gonna do now

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That's right baby!

Punk

Limp Bizkit

DMX

Method Man

Method Man

Swizz Beats

Where the fuck you at?

Punk that shit

Visit [Bizkit Limp](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.