

Bizkit Limp

"Stink Finger"

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I see your campus.

And thinkin' I've been there before.

You know somethin' I live in this pig-pen, this filthy pig-pen next door.

Another stench of my aroma, stick that nose up in the air.

Is that the excuse you used to ruin me?

I need to get you outta my waaaay!

Pack them bags punk, get tha' fuck outta heeere.

Get you outta my waaaay!

Love thy neighbor, love my neighbor? Yeah, right. Right.

Yo J, drop that one.

Your existence means less now than it probably ever has before.

You got your head up your ass. Out of your mouth comes nothing but sh...

Shhh, still I listen, I absorb. You amuse me idiot.

All bent outta shape, cause I piss on your gate.

I need to get you outta my waaaay!

Pack them bags punk, get tha' fuck outta heeere.

Get you outta my waaaay!

Love thy neighbor, love my neighbor? Right. Right.

And ya' don't stop, and we won't stop. That's right.

And ya' can't stop, no. Cause you jus', just won't stop.

Let's take it to tha' curb if you can stand it.

Put yourself in my position man.

Let's take it to tha' curb if you can stand it.

Put yourself in my position MAAAAN!

Let's take it to the curb. Put yourself in my position
maaaan!

Oh, take it to the curb. Put yourself in my position man,
punk!

How you wanna take it to tha' curb, ahh! You wanna
take it to tha' curb! Wait, ahh, ahh!

Put your self in my position maaaaan.

And you dont. Break, break, break it, don't stop.

Got it. Stinky, Stinky Finger

And ya' don't, and ya' don't

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