

Cam'Ron F/ Juelz Santana

"N 2 Gether Now"

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* ONLY Limp Bizkit lyrics featuring RAP artists will be accepted

Dj....Premier...

(Fred Durst)

Uh uh uh

Who could be the boss?

Look up 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 rap

Choked up by the smoke and the charcoal

Lava stamps then brands me like a bar code

I'm bashin all the media strikes

To keep the media dykes

As reinforcements for the fight

And that alone'll keep John Gotti on the phone

I'm tangled in the zone

I got the bees on the track

Where the fuck you at? (Tical!)

Let me hear you pigeons run ya mouth now

(Meth: Shut the fuck up!)

I'm pluggin in them social skills

That keep my total bills

Over a million

The last time I checked it

Thank God I'm blessed with a mind that'll wreck it

Wait until the second round and knock em out

(Method Man)

They call me Big John Stud

My middle name Mud

Dirty water flow

Too much for you thug

And can't stand the flood

What up Doc? Hold big gun like Elmer Fudd

The sureshot

Mr. Meth I'm unplugged (learn)

Temperatures too hot for sunblock (burn)

Playin wit minds
That get you state time
Locked behind 12 bars from a great mine
Killa bees in the club
Wit his ladybug
Brought a sword to the dance floor
Then cut her up
Love is love all day
Till they throw slugs
And take another life in cold blood
Can't feel me til its your blood
Murder rates 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(Meth) 2x

Whats that, I didn't hear you
(Shut the fuck up)
Come on, a little louder
(Shut the fuck up)
Everybody in together now
(Shut the fuck up)
What huh
(Just shut the fuck up shut the fuck up)

(Meth)

Headstrong, dead calm (Method and Fred: GET RIGHT ON!)

Dead weight to dead wrong, let's get it on
Twelve rounds I throw down, who hold crown
Protect land wit 4 pound, Limp Bizkit
Get around like merry-go, bust a scenario
Comin through your stereo, why risk it?
Lifestyles of the prolific and gifted
8 essential vitamins and minerals delicious
Word on the street is, they bit my thesis
Knocked out they front teefers, tryin to taste mine
Actin like they heard it through the grapevine
Dope fiendin for the bassline 2 for 5 rhyme
Pharmaceuticals - hard as nails to the cuticles
Where you find that monster she beautiful
Wu Tang and Limp Bizkit roll on the set
Kick a hole in the speaker pull the plug and inject

(Fred Durst)

Mic check
So whats it all about? (bout)
And where we gonna run? (run)
Maybe we can meet up on the sun
Discretion is advised
For the blood of virgin eyes
We limp on the track with the Method
So get the sunblock (sunblock)
You gettin one shot (haa)
Until you dissolve
I revolve
Around everything you got
From outta nowhere
Prepare
You be blinded by the glare
I told you not to stare
Now you're turned into stone
Without a microphone
But don't you forget you're in a zone
(So shut the fuck up)
And take that shit back
Cuz all your shits wack
(Doo doo is doo doo)
When its weighed out like that
Burnin up your brain like a piston
So all those that didn't listen
Now they even knew what they were missin
And never even knew that the sky was fallin' down
Wu Tang Clan for the crown

Chorus 2x

(Meth)
It was over your head
All day and every day
S I N Y 10304
Wu Tang Killa Bees
And the Limp B-I-Z-K-I-T
Y'all know the time
Y'all know the rhyme
It ain't easy bein greazy in a world full of cleanliness
And, you know, all that other madness
We gone Peace

Limp Bizkit
Method Man
Rock the house y'all
Bring it on

