

**Korn F/ Limp Bizkit****"All In The Family"**

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Jon on the song: Fred was there after Korn TV and we said, 'Let's do a song together, Hey, man, let's go back and forth and rip on each other like an old school battle.' I don't know who's idea it was, I can't remember if it was mine or Fieldy's or Fred's but we came up with the idea and we started writing and we worked on it together. I came up with some bags on myself for Fred to say. It was all in good natured fun.

Fred: What's up with this fucking 'Ball Tongue' shit?

Jon: All I needed was a Pepsi...

Fred: You better shut the fuck up, punk.

Jon: Whatever nigga...

Fred: Say what, say what?

Jon: My dick is bigger than yours...

Fred: Say what, say what?

Jon: My band is bigger than yours...

Fred: Too bad I got your beans in my bag, stuck-up sucka', Korny motherfucka'. Takin' over flows is the Limp pimp, need a Bizkit to save this crew from Jon Davis. I'm gonna drop a little east side skill, ya best step back 'cuz I'm 'a kill, I'm 'a kill. So watcha thinking Mr. Raggedy man? Doin' all you can to look like Raggedy Ann.

Jon: I'll Check you out punk, yes I know you feel it. You look like one of those dancers from the Hanson video, you little faggot ho. Please give me some shit to work with, 'cuz right now I'm all it kid, suck my dick kid, like your daddy did.

Fred: Who the fuck you think you're talking to??

Jon: Me.

Fred: I'm known for eatin' little whiny chumps like you.

Jon: Whatever.

Fred: All up in my face with that...

Jon: Are you ready?!?

Fred: But halitosis, is all you're rockin' steady. You little fairy, smelling all your flowers. Nappy hairy chest, look it's Austin Powers!

Jon: Yeah, baby!

Fred: I hear ya tweetin' on them fag-pipes clod, but you said it best, there's No Place To Hide.

Jon: What the fuck ya' sayin'? You're a pimp whateva', limp dick. Fred Durst needs to rehearse, needs to reverse what he's saying. Wannabe funk joke is what you're playin', rippin' up a bad counterfeit, fakin'! Plus your bills I'm paying, you can't eat that shit every day, Fred. Lay off the bacon.

Fred: Say what, say what? You better watch your fuckin' mouth, Jon.

CHORUS:

Jon: So you hate me?

Fred: and I hate you!

Jon: You know what, you know what?

Both: It's all in the family.

Jon: I hate you!

Fred: and you hate me!

Jon: You know what, you know what?

Both: It's all in the family.

Jon: Look at you fool, I'm gonna fuck you up twice, throwin' rhymes at me like, oh shit, Vanilla Ice. Ya better run, run while ya can, you'll never fuck me up, Bisc Limpkit. At least I got a phat, original band.

Fred: Who's hot, who's not?

Jon: You.

Fred: You best step back, Korn on the cob, you need a

new job. Time to take them mic skills back to the dentist, and buy yourself a new grill.

Jon: Fuck you.

Fred: You pumpkin pie, I'll jack-off in your eye. Climbing shoots and ladders, while your ego shatters. But you just can't get away.

Jon: Get a gay?

Fred: 'Cuz it's doomsday kid, it's doomsday.

CHORUS

Fred: You call yourself a singer?

Jon: Yep.

Fred: You're more like Jerry Springer.

Jon: Oh cool!

Fred: Your favorite band is winger,

Jon: Winger?

Fred: and all you eat is Zingers. You're like a Fruity Pebble, your favorite flag is rebel.

Jon: Yeeeeeehaaaaaa!!

Fred: It's just too bad that you're a fag, and on a lower level.

Jon: So you're from Jacksonville, kickin' it like Buffalo Bill. Gettin' butt-fucked by your uncle Chuck, while your sister's on her knees waitin' for your fuckin' nut.

Fred: Wait, where'd ya get that little dance?

Jon: Over here.

Fred: Like them idiots in Waco, you're burning up in Bako where your father had your mother, your mother had your brother, it's just too bad your father's mad, your mother's now your lover.

Jon: Come on hillbilly, can your horse do a fuckin' wheelie? You love it down south, and boy, you sure do got a purdy mouth.

## CHORUS

Jon: and I love you!

Fred: and I want you!

Jon: and I'll suck you!

Fred: and I'll fuck you!

Jon: and I'll butt-fuck you!

Fred: and I'll eat you!

Jon: and I lick your little dick motherfucker.

Fred: Say what? Say... what?

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