

**Korn F/ Limp Bizkit****"Lock it Up"**

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**[Verse One]**

My shit is thick like a wooly headed black Jesus  
I was born to win skills like my nappy stuff  
But when I gots my nappy stuff I got a flake or two  
These irritatin flakes, I wipe them out the whole crew  
Shinin through like the coconut, all on my scalp  
Hey these irritatin flakes act like locks cause they  
dread  
When I flex my nappy stuff, there's no whack jheri curl  
juice  
In other words, a weak raps I never can produce  
So cut them jheri curl raps, and try again naps  
In skilled hard work, professor needs wax  
Cause I got as many locks as the skins I busted  
Extensions get dissed cause they can't be trusted  
But I love it when they blow it feels good to my head  
It's about the same length but two inches thicker  
Like a dread from my bobbin head I swing back and  
forth  
Suckers on me like my locks, they stuck to what sauce?

**[Chorus - repeat 2X]**

MC's dread my skills (but I got 'em locked up)  
MC's dread my skills (but I got 'em locked up)  
MC's dread my skills (but I got 'em locked up)  
Locked what? (Lock lock it up now)

**[Verse Two]**

As my dreadlock twist like a fist I got the punch  
Givin knots like my locks, I roll 'em up like blunts  
Twirled in the riddle, just bring the comprehension  
I kick that real shit, not the whack extensions  
Pay attention did I mention, descended from Egyptian  
Relaxed her then I waxed her, gave the girl kinipion  
fits, misfit, when you use that curly shit  
I'm connected to the source, so I can make the hits  
Like fuck it, I'm gettin, the ducats by the buckets  
My naps are God given, so yo I can't destruct 'em  
with the lye, no lie, so I bust the hemp  
If jheri wanna step, I slam him like Kemp  
With the supersonic boom, we got the dreads in the

room

With the actual, the factual, the self-manufactural  
Diggin up the whack synthetic, pathetic  
Hardcore to the roots, so I keep my nappy dreadded

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I shoot them rocks like locks, I got you dreadded plus  
beheaded  
Every verse disperse this metaphor that be embedded  
in your cranium, MC's I'm slayin  
They get licked and clipped like barbershops so just be  
fadin

Now barby master, rhyme styles get boasted  
Hesitation, just wait a second, for those rappers  
who couldn't guess my combination, cause I got 'em  
locked  
Hooked cause I twist metaphors in knots and kinks  
You're not seein what you think, it's actual  
Just like my nappy skull, my skills are nat-u-ral  
For me to lose you with the style I kick  
I got these suckers locked up (locked what?) ON MY  
DICK!

(Lock it up now!)  
(Lock it up now!)  
Lock what? (Lock it up now!)  
Lock what? (Lock lock it up now!)  
Lock what? (Lock it up now!)  
Lock what? (Lock it up now!)  
Lock what? (Lock it up now!)  
Lock what? (Lock it up now!)  
Lock what?!

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