

Korn F/ Limp Bizkit

"Reprogram"

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{*scratched: "Reprogram" - 2X*}

[Verse One]

Internalize, externalize, check the exercise
Kick the lyricals, the buddha smoke, help me reach my
high
My eyes bloodshot, buckshot, for the props
Say what you didn't know tell me why'd you sleep on
Hak'
I'm not Sealy Posturepedic, the +Boom Bap+, I need it
To get this shit correct my style comes orthopedic
Get off my dick fucker, don't play me for no sucker
Herb I'm not a nerd I smoke blunts and kick verbs
When I serve ya like Agassi, pure agony of terror
Try to catch the beam of light reflected in the mirror
Never basic shit is dope cause I laced it with the flow
Ignorance is a sin when in my cyper so you know
Infinite potential, residential is the ol'
Illtown New Jersey if you heard me glock the bow
One two three BDP troops hard
Any questions I was blessed with lessons from God

{*scratched: "Reprogram" - 4X*}

[Verse Two]

Three, six, oh is the flow
I got so many styles I come full circle
I treat you like a jock strap, cause it's my dick you jock
I got more props than Hollywood backdrops
I swing your head like back and forth like tennis
You got no lifestyle cause your style don't exist
I got the code for the green flow and yellow hits
I treat MC's like red lights, cause I be runnin shit
Causin drama, repents crazy like J. Dahmer
I'm hot like a puff goose bomber
And spittin on your crews, and re-fuse to lose
And get bruised rap's got breaded, I pay dues
I am me, don't try me G
I rip the beef off your back
You fuckin with the lion in me
I got troops, for soups or groups

They wanna stoop they get SLOWED DOWN like
parachutes
Rippin ship my flavor kicks, like Ken-Bo kicks
So hold on, you never ever fuckin get it

{*scratched: "Reprogram" - 4X*}

[Verse Three]

Pass the +Boom Bap+ for the rap intoxicated
Pass the +Boom Bap+ to get my head elevated
Your man hesitated got done with the quickness
Cause the BDP crew, always rolls with the thickness
I'm soakin up your flow, on your neck I got the bounty
I heard you're hot and wearin a Jheri Curl in Compton
County
It's Channel Live, I'm touchin on your brain like that
With the flavor for the roughneck that thinks abstract
When the chronic hits, I throw fits like epileptics
If you can't understand it, motherfucker just respect it

Rethink, replan, refine - react and redefine
Rewind this ridiculous rhythm and recline
Realize, as I reword, restructure
the rap game, you can't resist or recover brother
I'm like no other, I smother
from the sub-level thoughts, +Deeper+ than the movie
+Cover+
But I'm not like Larry Fishburne, the mic burns
I rap with no delay, I turn-more-styles than the subway

{*scratched: "Reprogram" - 4X*}

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