

Korn F/ Limp Bizkit**"What!"**

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What! What! What! What! What! What! What! What!
What! What! What! What! What! What! What! What!

[Verse One]

Some rappers, would they be without the use of the
word nigga?
Time to make the switch, from the word bitch
Here's the message, catch it, no more Steppen Fetchit
(Rounds about clowns, here comes the verbal Hessian)
Modern day slaves, niggaz'll trade for the riches
Our brothers ain't niggaz and our sisters ain't bitches
Mental psychosis, negative osmosis
There will be a pimp, with some new type hoe shit
(yeahh)
Self-esteem knockin, yo I ain't your nucca
You call my moms a bitch, here comes the fist so buck
up
Nigga means less than countin three-fifths
Conciousness seperates a woman from a bitch
If you visualize your woman as a bitch you'll treat her
thus
If your woman is a bitch, then your daughter is a puppy
Raised her as a slut, dog scratch the itch
Up, Sugarwater taught her how to be a bitch
Skip past the bitch, and treat her like a woman
Your brother is your brother, not a nigga, fully human
So yo bust the track, this is how we act
If nigga/bitch is on the verbal it's time to counteract

What! What! What! What! What! What! What! What!
What! What! What! What! What! What! What! What!
(Yo! I don't understand this shit man!
Sisters walkin around got it twisted
Brothers rollin around like they holdin
The shit is out of control, it's out of control!)

[Verse Two]

Cause and effects, effect equals the cause
Must be a jig-saw puzzle

Brother love the pieces put together
Illfully clever misfits, bitches to bitches
Bitch-made sister, made hoe by the mister
Broke by my fist-a, I'm fed up, head up with
conclusions
Mass confusion from the words we be usin, or choosin
A lingo, hatches, matches like bingo, nigga
Nigga makes a nigga pull the trigger on another
Yo brother equals brother
Nigga pulls bitch so deep in the ditch of degradation
But little is my civil-, this my -lization
Makes nation, station, vary like a letter
The header from my dick, N.W.A. fits
Like a dog to a bitch, nigga equals hypocrite
No portion of the foots, the foot don't fit
in the shoe and I choose to be effects of the cause
Applause because the black's breakin bitch-nigga laws
Laws of the tracks, niggaz to blacks
So stop the nigga/bitch, yo what's up with that diss?

What! What! What! What! What! What! What! What!
What! What! What! What! What! What! What! What!
(Yo yo! Hold up hold up, all this tits and ass
Sisters showin all they glands
Yo, act like the queens that you supposed to be)
What! What! What! What! What! What! What! What!
What! What! What! What! What! What! What! What!
(Brothers, yo, you better recognize
Cause right now we gotta start this shit up man
Yo, this shit is out of control, it's out of control!)

[ad libs "it's out of control" to the end]

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