

Korn F/ Limp Bizkit**"Wild Out 2K"**

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[Verse 1:]

We be the live ones
You dont wanna try son
Cause the rhyme come
Like a nine gun
You can die young
Hide lungs
Til the seventh sign come
Shine son like a diamond
I'm harder than one by one
Flew flicker, Crew licker
Shoot quicker, Loot getta
You cant handle this cause im the truth nigga
The haze puffa, Stage crusher once the wave crush ya
??? while im fuckin ya baby motha
The back of my right mind terror lines
Devil stays higher than the crime rates
At Five Burrous
You spit yo best shit
I spit mines an get arrested
Murder one rhymes killin shit write yo death wish

Well its the herb wantar shotgunner
Hot like summer
Parked like a Hummer
Off the hook like no other
Scale triple stage went from Marcy figga nigga
Bigger than most but still look at where stick up
Dutch smoker, Blunt smoker flippin like a broker
Dope when I pull it quick to draw like poker
Hoe getter go getter like my dro wetter
Trunk full of kill we could all smoke together

Chorus 2x:

If you got a hundred dolla bill throw ya hands up
If you aint afraid to peel throw ya guns up
All my niggas smokin to kill throw ya blunts up
Roll em up, Throw em up
Roll em up, Throw em up

[Verse 2:]

Hey yo we build to destruct with the raw un-cut shit
Us spit rhymes tight like handcuffs get
Niggas say they on some I dont give a fuck shit
Bust chicks, Bust clips
Like they cant get touched with

Well its the party rocka, poon rocka not Silkk Shocker
Put Master the P in an airport locka
Wife, Daughter macka, Behind that ass slappa
We open up the show like niggas typical roster

Niggas cant see us cause they station aint adjusted
Destined to be burried in gold like King Tut did
Niggas rhymes is ass cause they full of enough shit
Need to bow down an pray while the god touch this

Hey yo fuck lyric for lyric lets go show for show
Give us 45 minutes Channel Live takes all ya doe
We got the live show strap sacks of hydro
Never bring sand to the beach hide ya hoe

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3:]
Dont let the god blast
Here with the math illegal broadcast
Spit something way outta line an make ya car crash
Rhymes comin fast like the first time I saw ass
Make a nigga jaw clash
Tryin to steal my raw ash

Now its the legal broadcast
Lightin it down like calm cash
With the Henny and Bomb Hash
Hot flash, When she let me palm ass
Imma long ass let me hit that ass sprung fast

Hey yo we settin niggas up like when the 3 strikes law
passed
Write deep scrpits and prophicies like a the law has
We bringin fire like the cops guns draw fast
Dope rhymes I stop guns like Utah has

Well its all about the ass, cash and last clash
My niggas got flags on poles half mad
For Loumia, Diallo, Rodney King, to my nigga Rallo
If they follow, Hit they ass up like tips hollowed

[Chorus 2x]

