

Limp Bizkit F/ Xibit

"Countdown"

Visit "[Countdown](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

12 years of struggle, 12 years of hustle
For 12 years couldn't stay my ass out of trouble
Ran 12 spots to sell grass in the jungle
For 12 years a motherfucker stashed on the humble!
Like 11 big dudes on the line of scrimmage

I spit with the strength of Popeye on spinach.
Give me 11 minutes, nigga, and your girl is finished
Leave your ass heartbroke and your world diminished

Caught 10 cases, 10 different files
Seen the same face rocking 10 different smiles
Bag 10 dimes with 10 different styles
Glad the Knicks got rid of Chris Childs

There was these wild ass cats thought they had 9 lives,
Trapped on 9th behind enemy lines
It was two against 9 no escape this time
Tapped their spine with a couple blasts from a 9

Chorus:

Yo my brother is you with it, hey oh yeah I'm with it
Yo son is you committed, I stay committed
Making the digits, 4 ways to split it
Souls Infinite, ya got to come and get it
(Repeat 1x)

My moms used to tell me I should talk with my father
You dropped 1 album with 8 different authors
8 different A&Rs, 88 offers
I stick to Showdown, why even bother

I take 7 MCs put them in a line
Add 7 more brothas that think they can rhyme
It'll take 7 more before I go for mine
Now that's 21 MCs ate up at the same time

6 million ways to die you know the rest
I've got a 6th sense for shorties with big breasts
It used to be who's the best and who's fresh
You got something to say player take it to my chest

This is real hip hop like Fab Five Fred
We murderin' tracks like 5 shots to the head
You dead. We do it so the kids get fed
Sing the song if you heard what I said

Chorus (Repeat 1x)

Build 4 corners, cross 4 waters
Bloods' been shed for the New World Order
A penny 4 my thoughts, I need 4 quarters
I've got 4 names 4 my unborn daughter

I knew this European chick with 3 black kids
With no idea of what black is
Had 3 different niggas in just 3 years
Even let my man hit it off just 3 beers

That's 2 too many, 2 peas in a pod
2 MCs or not, we're like Mo Cheeks & Doc
2 turntables and 2 mics to rock
Blow up spots to set up our own shop

Square One life to live so this life we give
1 Love to the ones who pump our shit
Thump our shit in 1 room apartments
Have your neighbors call the police department

Visit [Limp Bizkit F/ Xibit](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.