

## **Limp Bizkit F/ Eminem**

### **"Southern Comfort"**

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It goes on and on

{Mystikal:}

So that's how it's goin down, my nigga?

{Big Mike:}

Yeah, it's happenin like that, loc

{Mystikal:}

That nigga Big Mike

{Big Mike:}

That nigga Mystikal

{Mystikal:}

Layin it down for the 19nigga6

{Big Mike:}

Playin with cake for the 19nigga7

Fo sho

Knawmean?

Big daddy style

{Big Mike:}

Now come and get a glimpse of this Uptown pimp

Who be havin a hard-on for this championship like

Shawn Kemp

I got these women ballin, shrimp and crawfish by the  
Lake Front

Five gallons of D'Acquery, grilled steaks and blunts

Now women, you can state what you want and fellas,  
you can state what you need

But I'm always gee'd keyed with a bag of weed

Yes indeedy, I'm the player with the ball in hand

Got em ballin, man, darling I know you understand

Now it ain't hard, nep, but you damn sure better watch  
your step

Platinum and gold, these hoes know my fuckin rep

Slept for a year, kickin it back, takin it easy

Now I'm back with the skills and the real flock to see me

Now be me, be me, many a nigga tried to imitate this  
style

Couldn't do i,t had to go home and practise for a little  
while

Longer, stronger back in '97 and '98 I'm droppin hits

Partner, stay off my dick, now quit  
Tryin to portray the type of nigga you can never be  
(Shit, Big Mike the dopest nigga you will ever see)  
Get down for my crown, partner, what you say?  
Big Mike and Mystikal, in December just like May

{Mystikal:}

Shit, I was born and raised in New Orleans  
I grew up on second lining and gumbo, red beans  
Canal Street, river-boardin  
Everybody ???, now I be talkin  
Pointin gats like they do in the movies  
Every night nigga made the news  
Wearin a polo shirt and Bally shoes  
'Stik can remember when them niggas went for hard  
They would climb up they bars and so-called represent  
they Ward  
When you get to the club it's gon' be some shit-startin  
And some shoulder-bumpin, steppin on toes, bitch, I  
beg your pardon  
If you're a buster, then you're bust-up  
If you're a sucker, you're gettin sucked up, tough luck  
Stand up like a man and hold your own is the only  
motto  
Cause all that gettin-fucked-all-over-shit played out  
with lotto  
Fuckin erase and ease off the throttle  
Before I bust you in your shit with this King Cobra bottle  
Make the bitch respect Michael Tyler  
Lord know a nigga don't want to, but all you  
muthafuckas gotta  
Not wantin the Gucci's, tellin time through Movado  
I don't sell no powder, but I'm stackin g's in my closet  
Uptown niggas livin foul and  
Westbank niggas gettin clicked out, Downtown niggas  
gettin violent  
I'd probably be dead or locked down if it wasn't for  
rappin  
Cause where I'm from niggas ain't havin fun unless  
they scrappin  
Goin to war brawlin  
Bitch, don't get mad with me, that's how it is in New  
Orleans

Bitch it goes on  
It goes on right here

It goes right here in New Orleans

