

## **Limp Bizkit F/ Everlast**

### **"Mind Frame"**

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[ Freddie Foxxx ]

Class is open.. come on in  
All you wannabe-emcees sit down  
It's Mister Bumpy baby..  
Aiiyo Pete Rock, here we go again baby  
We gon' do it 'til they learn the righty way  
You ready to rock baby? Feel this

When nature imparts the mannest part, human nature  
To follow that nature it's called a way  
Cultivating that way is called education  
But for men to love itself it's called masturbation  
Bumpy talk about love they say it ain't right  
I told you niggaz what +I Luv+ on +First Family 4 Life+  
As I move around the world acquire new lights  
New loves, new mics, new thugs, I'm still spittin'  
I'm not content with my life (Why?)  
Until I kill all my enemies, leave 'em bend with the knife  
That's what's wrong with these niggaz, they scared to  
fight  
So they think being a gangsta is bustin' guns on the  
mic  
In the streets you black, but at home you white  
At least like you like to think so - nigga  
Step into my mind frame it don't stop  
And I still keep the four pound hot-hot-hot  
Niggaz hungry on my block B, we try'na eat  
And it's them fake ass rap niggaz, we try'na see (Belie'  
that!)

I know deep down is bothering me  
When a motherfucker think that he smarter than me  
(Who's that?)  
When he ain't a better charter than me (Come on!)

And I do it on, rap below, and you'll never be HARDER  
than me  
I'm try'na teach you stupid ass niggaz how to rock  
Pete, Rock!

[ Hook: Freddie Foxxx ] [ 2x ]

Knock-knock-knock, come on in  
This is my house, reign again

Real nigga shit, I bring the pain again  
It's some suckaz in the game we in  
("Bumpy Knucks") -> scratched by Pete Rock

[ Verse Two: Freddie Foxxx ]

You can't do it like the can't be (can't be), follow what's  
in me

Peace to the old time gangstas who sent me  
The energy to keep it moving, be one of the best  
and stick out my chest, like a true warrior  
I caught this nigga selling bootlegs  
He thought I didn't have a kind, while he was wrong, I  
shoot legs  
To see what's white and I was black  
He had a pen and a chequebook, I had 10 in my Mack  
If half these rappers did that,  
they probably stopped selling for a pad on the back  
and a plastique plaque, that shit is mad wack  
So here I come, back with another one, Bumpy  
outspoken

While you niggaz out joking and playing a game  
I want a twelve inch piece of wax, ignite the flame  
The penalty of succes is being bought by people who  
used to diss you  
Money short, they won't hit you  
Stuck in beef they won't git you  
For they fuck you won't kiss you  
When you dead, six feet in the ground, they probably  
forget you  
To kick control is to take control  
They can never have the mind, the body, the soul  
of a true emcee, E-M-C-E-E, F-R-E-D-D, F-O-triple X  
Disrespect, you be crippled next  
Yo Pete Rock, how many times we gotta tell 'em son?

[ Hook: Freddie Foxxx ] [ 2x ]

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[ Verse Three: Freddie Foxxx ]

I know you people think I'm angry, but I'm not  
Underground, but I'm hot  
All I got is the truth, and I give you what I got  
Some niggaz is true, old and tired, or young and stupid  
Hung a nigga with no patience, I shoot quicker than ?  
Quepitt?  
So put it in ya deck and dupe it, pass it on  
To see who Bumpy blast it on, remember me, and the

wild shit I did  
When I bodied men and raised it kids, now they grown  
and it's on  
If I'm this kinda nigga when I'm livin', imagine the kinda  
angel I'd be  
And all the foul niggaz I'd see, great men can't be  
ruled  
My spirit is free, and I rip a whole in every fucking  
track, getting to me  
Pay attention, you niggaz is clausin' mainstream  
Fishing through a wack song looking for a hot verse  
A hot word, or a hot phrase, you' record companies'  
livin' proof, crime pays  
Take you out nine ways and save ten,  
for your no-lyric ass, when you want to do it again  
And as long you keep it on wax I stay your friend  
But if you ever take it to the streets you never rhyme  
again  
I'ma the tester of the hard shit, not many pass  
Matter of fact, not many motherfuckers come to class  
'Cause they know I'll be all up in they ass, like last  
night's dinner  
And Bumpy Knucks is the winner, yeah

[ Hook: Freddie Foxxx ] [ 2x ]  
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("Bumpy Knucks") -> scratched by Pete Rock

[ Pete Rock scratches ]  
"Lyrical style like Bumpy Knucks" -> Freddie Foxxx  
"Bumpy Knucks, Bumpy Knucks" ['til fade]

[FF] Class is over, get the fuck out..

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