

Spit It Out (Live At Download Festival 2009)

Slipknot

Since you never gave a damn in the first place
Maybe it's time you had the tables turned
'Cause in the interest of all involved I got the problem solved
And the verdict is guilty
Man nearly killed meSteppin' where you fear to tread
Stop, drop and roll, you were dead from the git-go!!
Big mouth fucker, stupid cocksucker!
Are you scared of me now? Then you're dumber than I thought
Always is, never was
Foundation made of piss and vinegar
Step to me, I'll smear ya, think I fear ya? Bullshit!
Just another dumb punk chompin' at this tit
Is there any way to break through the noise?
Was it something that I said that got you bent?
It's gotta be that way if you want it
Sanity, literal profanity hit me!Spit it out
Spit it outAll you want to do is drag me down
All I want to do is stamp you outMaybe it's the way you spread a lotta rumor fodder
Keepin' all your little spies and leavin' when you realize
Step up, fairy
I guess it's time to bury your ass with the chrome
Straight to the dome
You heard that right, bitch, I didn't stutter
If you know what's good, sit, shut up and beg, brother
Backstab, don't you know who you're dissin'?
Side swipe, we know the ass that you're kissin'!
Bigidy, bigidy bitch boy, halfwat hauser
Can't hear shit 'cause I keep gettin' louder
Step up, and you get a face full o' tactic
Lippin' off hard, goin' home in a basket
You got no pull, no power, no nuthin'
Now you start shit? Well, ain't that somethin'?
Payoffs don't protect, and you can't hide if you want
But I'll find you comin' up behind you!Spit it out
Spit it outAll you want to do is drag me down
All I want to do is stamp you out'Bout time I set this record straight
All the needlenose punchin' is makin' me irate
Sick o' my bitchin' fallin' on deaf ears
Where you gonna be in the next five years?

The crew and all the fools, and all the politics
Get your lips ready, gonna gag, gonna make you sick
You got dick when they passed out the good stuff

Bam

Are you sick of me? Good enough, had enough Fuck me! I'm all out of enemies! Fuck me! I'm all out of
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Spit it out All you want to do is drag me down
All I want to do is stamp you out Spit spit spit spit spit it out

Songwriters

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Michael Shawn / Fehn, Christopher Michael / Jones, Craig Alan / Wilson, Sidney George Published by
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