

Creamer (radio Is Dead)

Limp Bizkit

All radio is dead
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Hey kid, who you lookin' at?
Why you standin' all up in my face like that?
You ain't never seen a baseball bat?
A maniac knockin' on your baseball cap?
You better step about ten paces back
Or you be layin' where your shoelaces at
Go do what your momma told you
And don't be actin' like a punk
Thinkin' you a soldier
I see you gotta yourself cell phone
I gotta number you can dial, son
Make it nine-one-one
Tell them stop at Hef's house on the way, kid
Pick up some playmates, but only if they're naked
Don't know how they do in your city
But 'round here we're getting down to the nitty gritty
An' I hate to put you out like that
But you've been burnin' like a fire with a mouth like that
Take me back to yesterday
Rollin' dice an' getting laid
Everything was a-okay
But now an' then a cloud rolls in
Rains on my parade an' then
Talking this an' that again
Let's brake it down for a minute
An' roll it all up in third gear for a minute
I got the twenty one's rubbin' on my Benz an'
I got girlies in the back seat rubbin' on my friends hand
I don't really give a fuck about
What these playa' hating pussies give a fuck about
'Cause I'm a night ranger, never been a stranger
My two way pagers lookin' for some danger
Zoolander, hit you with the magnum
Everybody get your groove on if you have one
An' if you ain't got it then admit it

It's Limp Bizkit, time for you to get it
All around the world in this forty five Prievo
Everywhere that we go, we watch it on the Tivo
An' now you're layin' in the bed you made
 Drinking Hatorade
 Think about it
 Take me back to yesterday
 Rollin' dice an' getting laid
 Everything was a-okay
But now an' then a cloud rolls in
 Rains on my parade an' then
 Talking this an' that again, go
Lady, thinkin' that you're all that
 An' then some
 I got news for you
 All radio is dead
So your thinkin' that you're all that
 An' then some
 Man, I got news for you
 All radio is dead
 Radio is dead
 Radio is dead
Let me guess, you ain't that impressed
 Mr. Hala-Tosis of the breath
 Livin' lifestyles of the wish you were
 From the bad guys of the thrifty goods
 See I got room to talk, kid
I been layin' this track since North Cacilac
An' the very first day that you fell off the sack
I was in some fat laces spinnin' on my back
 Let me think, let me roll, let me ride
Let me put some funk in the trunk from the five an' a
 Memory that can ease your pain
 Like a melody from Kurt Cobain
'Cause you never know when it's all gonna end
An' you never know when you call on a friend
 So you betta take a step to prepare yourself
'Cause the way your livin now ain't good for your health
 Thinkin' that you're all that
 An' then some
 I got news for you
 All radio is dead
So your thinkin' that you're all that
 An' then some
 Man, I got news for you

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