

N 2 Gether Now

Limp Bizkit

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Who can be the boss?
Look up to the cross
Stranded in the land of the lost
Standin up, I'm sideways
I'm blazin' up the path
Runnin on the highways of rap
Choked up by the smoke and the charcoal
Lava stamps and brands me like a barcode
I'm Dashin all the meteor strikes
Keep the media dykes
As re-enforcements for the fight
And that alone with keep John Ghatti on the phone
Tangled in his own I got the bees on the track
Where the fuck you at?
Tical
Let me hear you pigeons run your mouth now
Shut the fuck up!
I'm pluggin in them social skills
That keep my total bills over a million
The last time I checked it
Thank God I'm blessed with the mind that I wreck it
Wait until the second round, I'll knock him out
They call me big John stud
My middle name mud
Dirty water flow
Too much for you thugs
That can't stand the flood
What up doc?
Hold big gun like Elmer Fudd
The sure shot
Mr. Meth I'm unplugged
Learn
Temperature's too hot for sunblock

Burn

Playin with minds can get you state time
Lock behind twelve bars from a great mind
Killa bees in the club when there's ladybug
Brought a sword to tha dance floor to cut a rug
Love is love all day 'til they both slug
And take another life in cold blood
Can't feel me?
Cause it's your blood
Murder is tremendous
Crime is endless
Same shit different day
Father forgive us
They know not what they do
Our praises do
I'm big like easy, ya bigbamboo What's that, I didn't hear you?
Shut the fuck up!
Come on a little louder
Shut the fuck up!
Everybody N 2 Gether now
Shut the fuck up!
What? What? What's that, I didn't hear you?
Shut the fuck up!
Come on a little louder
Shut the fuck up!
Everybody N 2 Gether now
Shut the fuck up!
What? What? Headstrong, deadcon, dead by dawn
Deadweight they dead wrong
Let's get it on
Twelve rounds of throwdown
Who hold crown?
Protect land with both pound
Limp Bizkit
Get around like merry-go
What's the scenario?
Comin' through your stereo
Why risk it
Lifestyles of the prolific and gifted
Eight essential vitamins and minerals
Delicious
Word on the street is
They bit my thesis
Knocked out their front teethes
Tryin to taste mine

Actin like they heard through the grapevine
Dope fiendin for the baseline
To provide rhyme
Pharmaceuticals
Hard as nails to the cubicle
Where you find that monster
She beautiful
Wu-Tang and Limp Bizkit
Roll on the check
Kick a hole in the speaker
Pull the plug and injectMic check
So what's it all about?
Where we gonna run?
Maybe we can meet up on the sun
Discretion is advised
For the blood of virgin eyes
Limpin on the track with Method
So get the sunblock
You get your one shot
Until you dissolve
I revolve around everything you got
From outta nowhere prepare
You'll be blinded by the glare
I told you not to stare
Now you're turned into stone
Without a microphone
But don't you forget you're in the zone
So shut the fuck up!
And take that shit back
Cause all your shit's whack
Doodoo is doodoo
When it's way down like that
Burnin up your brain like a piston
So all those who didn't listen
Never even knew what they were missin
And never even knew that the sky was fallin down
Wu-Tang Clan for the crownWhat's that, I didn't hear you?
Shut the fuck up!
Come on a little louder
Shut the fuck up!
Everybody N2 Gether now
Shut the fuck up!
What? What?What's that, I didn't hear you?
Shut the fuck up!
Come on a little louder

Shut the fuck up!
Everybody N 2 Gether now
Shut the fuck up!
What? What? It was over your head all day every day
S-I-N-Y
1-0-3-0-4
Wu-Tang, Killa Bees, and the Limp
B-I-Z-K-I-T
Gotta know the time
Gotta know to rhyme
It ain't easy bein greezy
In a world of cleanliness and you know all that other madness
We gone
PeaceLimp Bizkit, Method Man, rock the house y'all, bring it on

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