

# Show Me What You Got

## Limp Bizkit

Keepin' it real world wide baby  
Limp Bizkits in the house so bring it on  
I'd like to dedicate this song to you  
For makin' my dreams come true for the millinum  
Are you ready? Then get the fuck up Where you at Jacksonville, Rochester, Louisville  
Columbia, Hartford, Milwaukee and Lewiston Maine?  
Where you at Providence, Nashville, Memphis, Lauderdale  
Portland, Orlando, Chicago and Frisco?  
I left my heart in Austin with Mary Campbell  
Got lost in Boston lookin' for the tea party  
Met a child molester in Worcester  
I need a Kleenex every time I'm leavin' Phoenix  
I get silly when I play in Philly  
Limp Bizkit committee down in Kansas City Never know what I'm in for when I'm play in Denver  
Hard rock don't stop down in Vegas  
In Cincinnati the girls call me Daddy  
And I probably aint leavin' the next time I'm in Cleveland  
Found my lucky coin in Des Moines  
And spit on a boy named Tina in Pasadena  
We got the swing from New Orleans, Ft Worth and Dallas  
We toast when we're tippin' up the Challis Tulsa, St. Louis, Sacto  
Mesa Norfolk, Lawrence, Minneapolis, St. Paul, North Hampton  
Detroit, Omaha, New York, LA What can I say, I cant name'm all  
So somebody, anybody, everybody  
Get the fuck up  
Show me what you got?  
Show me what you got?  
Hey ladies  
Who's hot, who's not?  
Who? Who?  
Who's hot, who's not? I can't help but believe in these friends  
These bands, these stories and the places that I've been  
I thank God, mom and dad, Adriana for the love I feel inside  
Jordan, my phat ass band without 'em I'd be nothin'  
But a pumpkin shoved inside a can  
Without the fans there wouldn't be no show  
And if that was really so then life would really blow  
To the firm you always got my back  
Korn for the love and the swappin' of the tracks My brother Cory D, my man Terry Date

We brought it to the plate and you made it sound great  
Scott Weiland the melody man if you can't sing it nobody can  
Wu-Tang Clan skills from the method  
The worlds best MC kills on this record  
Slim shady crazy ass cracker, Staind a brand new drug for your brain  
Les Claypool, for actin' like a fool  
And all of the bands for the demos that were cool  
I'm so grateful for this life of mine  
The ones I didn't thank I will some other time Now I just want somebody anybody, everybody  
Get the fuck up  
Show me what you got?  
Show me what you got?  
Hey ladies  
Who's hot, who's not?  
Who? Who?  
Who's hot, who's not?  
Who's hot, baby? Who's hot? Alito, I like that big, bring in, bring in  
I've been around this world and then some  
Dum ditty dum kid where you comin' from?  
I went from the garage to steppin' on these stages  
Outrageous rhymes left my mind and soon became contagious  
An MC with bad habits I am, I see a mic then I grab it, scary ain't it?  
Comin' raw with no corrections savin' all perfections  
For what I do with my erections so dream on

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