

# Outro

## Cookin Soul

You wanted the worst, you've got the worst  
The one, the only Limp Bizkit  
We could've stopped, you wanted the best?  
Then don't get the fuckin' Backstreet Boys CD  
'Cause in this house it's Limp motherfucking Bizkit  
Balls made of steel  
But don't hit me in the nuts though  
Limp Bizkit's in the house  
You ain't shit  
Les Claypool  
(Prims)  
Hit me  
Fire cracker  
So there you go  
Fifteen of your hard earned dollars  
Right out the window  
Most expensive piece of plastic  
I've ever come across  
Fifteen dollars, fifteen dollars  
On a shoddy piece of plastic  
There is it, Limp Bizkit in all its glory  
Fred Durst, the man, the myth  
The compulsive masturbatory  
You love him, you hate him  
You love to hate him

Hello?

Once when I was afraid to speak, when I was just a lad  
My poppy gave my nose a tweak and told me I was bad  
Then I learned a brilliant word, saved my aching nose  
The biggest word, that you've ever heard and this is how it goes  
[Unverified]Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious  
Ah, those were the days  
I don't know  
You got any more of that  
So what did you think, you were getting  
A Celine Dion record?  
No, no, no Young Bucky  
You laughed, you cried

You just kissed your fifteen bucks goodbye

Limp Bizkit? I don't think so

Fred Durst? I don't know

But what the hell, I got paid

Goodbye now

Rock the house

DJ Lethal rock the house

Limp Bizkit rock the house

DJ Lethal rock the house

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