

# Spit It Out [Live]

## Slipknot

Did you ever 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 me stepping where you fear to tread  
Stop drop and roll, you were dead from the get go  
Big motherfucker, stupid cocksucker  
Are you scared of me now? Then you're dumber than I thought Always is and never was  
Foundation made of piss and vinegar  
Step to me I'll smear ya, think I fear ya, bullshit  
Just another dumb punk chomping at this tit Is there any way to break through the noise  
Was it something that I said that got you bent  
Gotta be that way if you want it  
Sanity literal profanity hit me Spit it out  
All you wanna do is drag me down  
All I wanna do is stamp you out  
Spit it out  
All you wanna do is drag me down  
All I wanna do is stamp you out Maybe it's the way you spread a lotta rumor fodder  
Keeping all your little spies and leaving when you realize  
Step up, fairy I guess it's time to bury your ass with the chrome  
Straight to the dome you heard me right, bitch, I didn't stutter And if you know what's good  
Just shut up and beg brother  
Back stab, don't you know who you're dissing?  
Side swipe you know, the ass that you're kissing Biggidy biggidy bitch boy, halfway hauser  
Can't hear shit, 'cause it keeps getting louder  
C'mon, and get a face full of tactic  
Lipping off hard, going home in a basket You got no pull, no power, no nothing  
Now you start shit, well ain't that something  
Payoffs don't protect, and you can hide if you want  
But I'll find you, comin' up behind you Spit it out  
All you wanna do is drag me down  
All I wanna do is stamp you out  
Spit it out  
All you wanna do is drag me down  
All I wanna do is stamp you out 'Bout time I set this record straight  
All the needle nose punching is making me irate  
Sick of my bitching falling 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  
Are you sick of me? Good enough, had enough Fuck me! I'm all out of enemies  
Fuck me! I'm all out of enemies  
Fuck me! I'm all out of enemies  
Fuck me! I'm all out of enemies Fuck me! I'm all out of enemies  
Fuck me! I'm all out of enemies  
Fuck me! I'm all out of enemies  
Fuck me! I'm all out of enemies Spit it out  
All you wanna do is drag me down  
All I wanna do is stamp you out  
Spit it out  
All you wanna do is drag me down  
All I wanna do is stamp you out Spit, spit  
Spit, spit  
Spit it out

Songwriters

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