

All In the Family

BG Studios

Say what, say what?
Say what, say what?
Say what, say what?
I say what, say what? My dick is bigger than yours
Ooh, say what, say what?
I say what, say what?
I say what, say what?
My band is bigger than yours Too bad I got your beans in my bag
You stuck-up sucka, Korny motherfucka
Takin' over flows is the Limp pimp
Need a Bizkit to save this crew from Jon Davis I'm gonna drop a little east side skill
Ya best step back 'cuz I'm 'a kill, I'm 'a kill
So, whatcha thinkin, Mr. Raggedy man?
Doin' all you can to look like Raggedy Ann Check you out, punk, yes I know you feel it
You look like one of those dancers from the Hanson video
You little fagot ho', please give me some shit to wank with
'Cuz right now I'm all it, kid, suck my dick kid like your daddy did Who the fuck you think you're talking to?
I'm known for eatin' little whiny chumps like you
All up in my face with that, are you ready?
But halitosis is all you're rockin' steady You little fairy, smelling on your flowers
Nappy hairy chest, look it's Austin Powers
I hear ya tweetin' on them fag-pipes Clyde
But you said it best, there's no place to hide What the fuck ya sayin'? You're a pimp whatever, Limp dick
Fred Durst needs to rehearse, needs to reverse what he's sayin'
Wannabe funk doobiest when you're playin'
Rippin' up a bad counterfeit, fakin', plus your bills I'm payin' You can't eat that shit every day, Fred
Lay off the bacon
Say what, say what?
You better watch your fuckin' mouth, Jon So, you hate me and I hate you
You know what, you know what?
It's all in the family I hate you and you hate me
You know what?
It's all in the family Look at you, fool, I'm gonna fuck you up twice
Throwin' rhymes at me like, oh shit alright, Vanilla Ice
Ya better run, run while ya can, can never fuck me up
Bisc Limpkit, at least I got a P.H.A.T. original band Who's hot, who's not?
You best step back, Korn on the cob
You need a new job, time to take them mic skills
Back to the dentist and buy yourself a new grill You pumpkin pie, I'll jack-off in your eye

Climbing shoots and ladders, while your ego shatters
But you just can't get away
Because it's doomsday kid, it's doomsdaySo, I hate you and you hate me
You know what, you know what?
It's all in the familyI hate you and you hate me
You know what, you know what?
Its all in the familyYou call yourself a singer?
You're more like Jerry Springer
Your favorite band is winger
And all you eat is ZingersYou're like a Fruity Pebble
Your favorite flag is rebel
It's just too bad that you're a fag
And on a lower levelSo you're from Jacksonville kickin' it like Buffalo Bill
Gettin' butt-fucked by your uncle Chuck
While your sister's on her knees
Waitin' for your little peanutWait, where'd ya get that little dance?
Like them idiots in Waco, you're burning up in Bako
Where your father had your mother, your mother had your brother
It's just too bad your father's mad, your mother's now your loverCome on hillbilly, can your horse do a fuckin'
wheelie?
You love it down south and boy, you sure do got a purdy mouthI hate you and you hate me
You know what, you know what?
It's all in my familyAnd I hate you and you hate me
You know what, you know what?
Its all in my familyAnd I love you and I want you
And I'll suck you and I'll fuck you
And I'll butt-fuck you, can I eat you?
And I'll lick your little dick, motherfucka'Say what, say what?

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