

Show Me What You Got

Limp Bizkit

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>