

# Ready to Go (Ft. Lil Wayne)

## Limp Bizkit

Go fuck yourself  
Limp Bizkit  
Oh no  
Check one-two  
Turn it up, come on y'all  
Hold up, turn it up  
Y'all ready for this? They say the rock shit, doesn't rock anymore  
They say the whole game done went pop so I'm back in this ho  
We drinking gin till we pass out and fall on the floor  
Is that your bitch, 'cause she told me she's ready to go?  
They say the rock shit, doesn't rock anymore  
They say the whole game done went pop so I'm back in this ho  
We drinking gin till we pass out and fall on the floor  
Is that your bitch, 'cause she told me she's ready to go?  
She's ready to go, she's ready to go  
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She's ready to go, she's ready to go  
Is that your bitch, 'cause she told me she's ready to go? Back, it's the motherfucking rock god  
I'm so poker-faced, ladies going Ga-Ga  
That's right it's Freddy D, the public enemy  
You know, the one to have Britney droppin' to her knees (Oh!)  
I don't give a fuck, I probably never will  
Bitch get at me if that ass is like Jessica Biel's  
Who down with me tonight? You know I'll treat you right  
You shake for me until they turning on them ugly lights  
Throw them fingers up, and finger fuck the sky  
She like the way we pump it, I call her pumpkin pie  
I ain't about to lie, I came up in it high  
You got a problem, I'll bust you in your fucking eye, player  
(Baby you're a rockstar) I know who the fuck I am  
Forty million records later, I am still the fucking man  
I came to rock, all she wants to do is roll  
Now she at my house sliding up and down that pole  
They say the rock shit, doesn't rock anymore  
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 Is that your bitch, 'cause she told me she's ready to go? What the fuck is up, uh?  
 Fuck the world, bust a nut  
 I'm on this and that, and such and such  
 It's ashes to ashes, dust to dust, come on  
 Rock, rock, rock with a real nigga  
 Everything I touch turn to gold, she a gold digger  
 Shots, shots, shots, have a lil' liquor  
 Got the bitch taking shots like Reggie Miller  
 Uh, Lil Weezy in this bitch ho  
 She want the green light, let the bitch go  
 I go hard, I go nuts, I go schizo  
 And now they wanna copy me like ten-fo'  
 Uh, I can't stop, I won't stop  
 I got the pistol on me, I guess I went pop  
 Now I'm free-falling, yeah, head first  
 Red hat to the back like Fred Durst, uh They say the rock shit, doesn't rock anymore (uh, yeah)  
 They say the whole game done went pop so I'm back in this ho (young money)  
 We drinking gin till we pass out and fall on the floor (yeah)  
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 Is that your bitch, 'cause she told me she's ready to go? Lil Weezy that's my partner, we drinkin' Russian vodka  
 Bout to take your bitch 'cause she ain't never fucked a rock star  
 I'm a fucking outlaw, packing me a chainsaw  
 I'm at the afterparty 'bout to start another brawl  
 I'm getting fucked up, so you can go to hell  
 I'ma need a ride home, I know myself  
 And you know I put it down like no one else  
 I'm the champ bitch, I ain't gotta show the belt They say the rock shit, doesn't rock anymore  
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Songwriters

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