Outro

Yung L.A.

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 thought he 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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