

Stuck

Limp Bizkit

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Phsyco female blowin' up the phone line
You need to tighten that screw, it's been loose for a long time
I've been slammed with some bad luck
Soon I'm gonna bring you doom with the buck, buck And now you duck, duck goose, I'm lettin' loose
With the thirty-yard freestyle, labeled hostile by my profile
Must be all the madness, you and all your tactics
Jonesin' for my cash, got to make them pockets super phat Hey I'm a humble man, kicking out my jams like a
tramp
I'm gonna stick it like a stamp to this business
What's with all the business?
I get payed to take the microphone and slay the stage Stay away from all the bros in my band and all the fans
And all my friends is when the cash is coming in
Or I'll be slammin' them balls through the wall
With the ink on my flesh and the yes, yes y'all No 9 to 5, I'll still survive
I keep my engine on that amp like a Chattanooga champ
That's all we need, another bad seed
Planted on this earth motivated by greed You wanna play that game bitch
You make a dash for my cash, it's your ass that I'm blasting
Woah, you wanna play that game bitch
You take a dash for my cash, it's your ass that I'm blasting
You're bad luck, you're so, stuck Stuck deep down in that hole again
Stuck, got your brain on my green again
Stuck, you're so, you're so, you're so
Stuck you don't even know All I wanted was a Pepsi, just one Pepsi
Far from suicidal, still I get them tendencies
Bringing back them memories
That I really miss when I reminisce Rocking back in the '80's live, my attitude to do or die
Once I was a maggot, but now I'm just Super Fly
Bound for the boundaries, no limit G
Phat ass rythems driven by my destiny Your style's in my pocket
Proclaimed to regain that essence
Pressin 'cause I'm hostile labeled by my profile

Indeed I am, I am indeed hostile when it comes to greed
You wanna play that game bitch
You make a dash for my cash, it's that ass that I'm blasting
Boy you wanna play that game bitch
You take a dash for my cash, it's that ass that I'm blasting
You're bad luck, you're so, stuck
Stuck deep down in that hole again
Stuck, got your brain on my green again
Stuck, you're so, you're so, you're so
Stuck you don't even know
Aw yeah, ain't nuttin' like a greedy bitch
Diggin', diggin', diggin', diggin', diggin' so deep for that greed
Yeah, yeah all I know, all I know, yeah
Is you must be fucked up in that head
I got a little problem, just one question, beyatch
Why, why you wanna be like that?
Why, why you gotta be like that?
You wanna be like that
Why, why you wanna be like that?
Why, why you gotta be like that?
Why, why you wanna be like that?
Why the fuck you wanna be like that?
Why, why, why you gotta be like that?
Why the fuck you wanna be like that?
Why, why, why, why, why you gotta be?
Why, why, why you wanna be like that?
Why, why, why you gotta dig
In my business you fucking whore?
Stuck on yourself, you are
You take a dash for my cash, it's that ass that I'm blasting
Stuck on yourself you whore
You take a dash for my cash, it's that ass that I'm blasting
You're bad luck, you're so, stuck
Stuck deep down in that hole again
Stuck, got your brain on my green again
Stuck, you're so, you're so, you're so
Stuck in your head you don't even know

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>