

All in the Family (with Fred Durst)

Korn

Say what, say what?
My dick is bigger than yours
Say what, say what?
My band is bigger than yours Too bad I got your beans in my bag, stuck-up sucker, Korny
Motherfucker', takin' over foes 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 'cause I'm 'a kill, I'm 'a kill.
So watcha thinking Mr. Raggedy man?
Doin' all you can to look like Raggedy Ann. I'll 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 wreck with, 'cause right now I'm all wicked,
Suck my dick kid, like your daddy did.
Who the fuck you think you're talking to? Me.
I'm known for eatin' little whiny chumps like you.
Whatever.
All up in my face with that
Are you ready?
But halitosis, is all you're rockin' steady. You little fairy,
Smelling all your flowers. Nappy hairy chest, look it's Austin Powers!
Yeah, baby!
I hear ya tootin' on them bagpipes clad, 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 saying. want to be
Funkdoobiest when you're playin', rippin' up a bad counterfeit,
Fakin'! Plus your bills I'm
Paying, you can't eat that shit every day, Fred.
Lay off the bacon
Say what, say what?
You better watch your fuckin' mouth, Jon. [Chorus]
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, 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,
You'll never fuck me up, Bisc Limpkit.
At least I got a phat, original band. Who's hot, who's not?
You.
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.
Fuck you.
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.
Get a gay?
'cause it's doomsday kid, it's doomsday. [Chorus] You call yourself a singer?
Yep.
You're more like Jerry Springer.
Oh cool!
Your favorite band is winger,
Winger?
And all you eat is Zingers.
You're like a Fruity Pebble, your
Favorite flag is rebel.
Yea!
It's just too bad that you're a fagot on a lower level.
So 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 peanut.
Wait, where'd ya get that little dance?
Over here.
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 lover.
Come on hillbilly, can your horse do a fuckin' wheelie?
You love it down
South in the fall, you sure do got a purdy mouth. [Chorus] And I love you!
And I want you!
And I'll suck you!
And I'll fuck you!
And I'll butt-fuck you!
And I'll eat you!
And I'll lick your little dick, motherfucker.
Say what? Say what?

Songwriters

DAVIS, JONATHAN HOWSMAN/ARVIZU, REGINALD/WELCH, BRIAN PHILIP/SHAFFER, JAMES
CHRISTIAN/SILVERIA, DAVID RANDALL/DURST, FRED

Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>