

# Spit It Out - Live At Download Festival 2009

## Slipknot

Since you never gave a damn in the first place  
Maybe it's time you had the tables turned  
'Cause in the interest of all involved I got the problem solved  
And the verdict is guilty  
Man nearly killed meSteppin' where you fear to tread  
Stop, drop and roll, you were dead from the git-go!!  
Big mouth fucker, stupid cocksucker!  
Are you scared of me now? Then you're dumber than I thought  
Always is, never was  
Foundation made of piss and vinegar  
Step to me, I'll smear ya, think I fear ya? Bullshit!  
Just another dumb punk chompin' at this tit  
Is there any way to break through the noise?  
Was it something that I said that got you bent?  
It's gotta be that way if you want it  
Sanity, literal profanity hit me!Spit it out  
Spit it outAll you want to do is drag me down  
All I want to do is stamp you outMaybe it's the way you spread a lotta rumor fodder  
Keepin' all your little spies and leavin' when you realize  
Step up, fairy  
I guess it's time to bury your ass with the chrome  
Straight to the dome  
You heard that right, bitch, I didn't stutter  
If you know what's good, sit, shut up and beg, brother  
Backstab, don't you know who you're dissin'?  
Side swipe, we know the ass that you're kissin'  
Bigidy, bigidy bitch boy, halfwat hauser  
Can't hear shit 'cause I keep gettin' louder  
Step up, and you get a face full o' tactic  
Lippin' off hard, goin' home in a basket  
You got no pull, no power, no nuthin'  
Now you start shit? Well, ain't that somethin'?  
Payoffs don't protect, and you can't hide if you want  
But I'll find you comin' up behind you!Spit it out  
Spit it outAll you want to do is drag me down  
All I want to do is stamp you out'Bout time I set this record straight  
All the needlenose punchin' is makin' me irate  
Sick o' my bitchin' fallin' on deaf ears  
Where you gonna be in the next five years?

The crew and all the fools, and all the politics  
Get your lips ready, gonna gag, gonna make you sick  
You got dick when they passed out the good stuff  
Bam

Are you sick of me? Good enough, had enoughFuck me! I'm all out of enemies!Fuck me! I'm all out of  
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Songwriters

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