

# Cambodia

## Limp Bizkit

Are you ready baby?  
Are you ready?  
Then get the fuck up Let me hear some noise  
Theres definitely not enough people on the fucking floor  
Theres definitely not enough people on the fucking floor  
You people come on get up, woo ha Wait just a minute  
I see your mouth moving  
But I dont hear a word that you say  
Mish mosh Up and bring my psycho highways  
My ways up and down like the Dow Jones  
I bring these microphones  
I dont exaggerate Keep it real and only speak about the shit I hate  
Dont hate, you people just the tudes, the attitudes  
Lose the attitude  
And I wouldnt be fucking mad at you But if your fighting, dont be fighting  
Kid, Im sorta liking what your stealing  
Your open room style needs some healing  
Checked out by my flow, Im glad you know Behind this punk I got the fattest fucking live show  
You feel the tension the eye balls in your socket  
You cant apprehend, Ill be rock it, you cant stop it  
You like the ways we be living it You need it your demo tape punk  
Inspected then ejected who survives at the end of the day  
When to much air play  
Huh, Im gonna keep it all on the ground I need you help baby  
Get up  
Woo ha  
Cambodia  
What do you know about this punk!?  
Whos hot, whos not? Wait just a minute I see your mouth moving  
But I dont hear a word that you say  
Hand grenades best describes the impaction  
Leaving no satisfaction You take it back what was you doing back in 82  
No need for entrust, just the thought for your mental call out  
Shelter helter-skelter the J, Ill bet ya the deal will upset ya  
But Im an easy rider like Im henry Fonda The king pin Bizkit that flows be on ya  
The mental highways my path you cant stop the unexpected  
So check your road block, old black water keep on rolling  
'Cause this mic is mine and Ill keep on shinning on you Do you feel it?  
Then get up, get up

Woo ha  
Cambodia  
What do you know about this punk!?  
Whos hot, whos not?

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