

Douche Bag

Limp Bizkit

One for the trouble
Two for the bass
Three to get ready
Let's rock this place
Yeah, yeah
Get up, get up, get up
Check one

Hoody black, droppin' vengeance, support your back
'Cause you ain't jack
Talkin' smack, consequences the game reacts
We're being attacked

Trim the fat, go the distance
The Bizkit back, you get no slack
Spray the Gat, pack the clip
With the riff attack, fade to black

You feelin' like you're really that invincible
Reality will leave you feelin' terrible
This moment is possible not critical
Let's go, let's go, let's go, let's go, let's go, let's go

[Repeat: x4]

Douche bag, I'm gonna fuck you up
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you up

What's the problem, you got problems?
You ain't seem to got the brain to solve them
Bring the horror, I ain't scared
You's about as scary as a freak at a fair

You ain't hard, you think you is
You just mad because I speak like this
You just cryin' 'cause you ain't got milk
Got nothin' to spill while this mic in on tilt

You feelin' like you're really that invincible
Reality will leave you feelin' terrible
This moment is possible not critical

Let's go, let's go, let's go, let's go, let's go, let's go

[Repeat: x4]

Douche bag, I'm gonna fuck you up
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you up

[Repeat: x2]

What's with this talk and no play
There ain't left to say
Lie in that bed that you made
After we blow you away

[Repeat: x3]

Douche bag, I'ma fuck you up
I'ma fuck you up

I'ma fuck you up (I'm a fuck you up)
I'ma fuck you up (I'm a fuck you up)
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you up

[Repeat: x4]

Douche bag, I'ma fuck you up
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you up

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by BORLAND, WESLEY LOUDEN / DURST, WILLIAM FREDERICK / OTTO, JOHN EVERETT /
RIVERS, SAMUEL ROBERT

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>