Creamer (Radio Is Dead)

Limp Bizkit

(All radio is dead)Hey kid, who you lookin' at?
Why you standin' all up in my face like that?
You ain't never seen a baseball bat?
A maniac knockin' on your babeball cap
You better step about ten paces back
Or you'll be layin' where your shoe laces at
Go do what your momma told you
And don't be actin' like a punk, thinkin' your a soldier
I see you got a cell phone, I got a number you can dial son, make it 911
Tell 'em stop at hef's house on the way kid
Pick up some playmates but only if they naked
Don't know how you do in your city
But 'round here we gettin' down to the nitty gritty
And I hate to put you out like that
But you've been burnin' like a fire with a mouth like thatTake me back to yesterday
Rollin' dice and getting laid
Everything was a.o.k. oh
But now and then a cloud rolls in
Rains on my parade and then
Talkin' this and that again, ohLet's break it down for a minute
And roll it on up in third gear for a minute
I got the 21's bumpin' on my benz, and
I got girlies in the back seat rubbin' on my friends, and
I don't really give a fuck about
What these player hatin' pussies give a fuck about
'Cause I'm a night ranger, never been a stranger
My two-way pager is lookin' for some danger
Zoolander, hit you with the magnum
Everybody get your groove on if you have one
And if you ain't got it then admit it:
It's limpbizkit, time for you to get it
All around the world and this 45 prevost
Everywhere we go we watch it on the tivo
And now you're layin' in the bed you made
Drinkin' hatorade, think about itTake me back to yesterday
Rollin' dice and getting laid
Everything was a.o.k. oh...
But now and then a cloud rolls in
Rains on my parade and then

Talkin' this and that again, goLeave, thinkin' that you're all that, and then some
I've got news for you (all radio is dead)
So you're thinkin' that you're all that, and then some?
Man, I got news for you (all radio is dead)(The radio is dead)Let me guess, you ain't that impressed
Mister, hale - tosis of the breath
Livin' lifestyles of the wish-you-would
From the back isles of the thrifty-good
See I, I got room to talk, kid
I been layin' this track since north cackilack
And the very first day that you fell out the sack
I was in some fat laces, spinnin' on my back
Let me think, let me roll, let me ride
Let me put some funk in the trunk, triple 5
And a memory that can easy your pain
Like a melody from kurt cobain
'Cause ya', never know when it's all gonna end
And ya', never know when you'll call on a friend
So you better take a step to prepare yourself
'Cause the way you're livin' now, ain't good for your healthThinkin' that you're all that, and then some
I've got news for you (all radio is dead)
So you're thinkin' that you're all that, and then some?
Man, I got news for you (all radio is dead)
Thinkin' that you're all that, and then some
I've got news for you (all radio is dead)
So you're thinkin' that you're all that, and then some?
Man, I got news for you (all radio is dead)(All radio is dead)

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