

Ready To Go

Limp Bizkit

Go fuck yourself
Limp Bizkit
Oh no
Check one-two
Turn it up, come on y'all
Hold up, turn it up
Y'all ready for this? They say the rock shit, doesn't rock anymore
They say the whole game done went pop so I'm back in this ho
We drinking gin till we pass out and fall on the floor
Is that your bitch, 'cause she told me she's ready to go?
They say the rock shit, doesn't rock anymore
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We drinking gin till we pass out and fall on the floor
Is that your bitch, 'cause she told me she's ready to go?
She's ready to go, she's ready to go
Is that your bitch, 'cause she told me she's ready to go?
She's ready to go, she's ready to go
Is that your bitch, 'cause she told me she's ready to go? Back, it's the motherfucking rock god
I'm so poker-faced, ladies going Ga-Ga
That's right it's Freddy D, the public enemy
You know, the one to have Britney droppin' to her knees (Oh!)
I don't give a fuck, I probably never will
Bitch get at me if that ass is like Jessica Biel's
Who down with me tonight? You know I'll treat you right
You shake for me until they turning on them ugly lights
Throw them fingers up, and finger fuck the sky
She like the way we pump it, I call her pumpkin pie
I ain't about to lie, I came up in it high
You got a problem, I'll bust you in your fucking eye, player
(Baby you're a rockstar) I know who the fuck I am
Forty million records later, I am still the fucking man
I came to rock, all she wants to do is roll
Now she at my house sliding up and down that pole
They say the rock shit, doesn't rock anymore
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She's ready to go, she's ready to go
Is that your bitch, 'cause she told me she's ready to go?
She's ready to go, she's ready to go
Is that your bitch, 'cause she told me she's ready to go? What the fuck is up, uh?
Fuck the world, bust a nut
I'm on this and that, and such and such
It's ashes to ashes, dust to dust, come on
Rock, rock, rock with a real nigga
Everything I touch turn to gold, she a gold digger
Shots, shots, shots, have a lil' liquor
Got the bitch taking shots like Reggie Miller
Uh, Lil Weezy in this bitch ho
She want the green light, let the bitch go
I go hard, I go nuts, I go schizo
And now they wanna copy me like ten-fo'
Uh, I can't stop, I won't stop
I got the pistol on me, I guess I went pop
Now I'm free-falling, yeah, head first
Red hat to the back like Fred Durst, uh They say the rock shit, doesn't rock anymore (uh, yeah)
They say the whole game done went pop so I'm back in this ho (young money)
We drinking gin till we pass out and fall on the floor (yeah)
Is that your bitch, 'cause she told me she's ready to go?
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She's ready to go, she's ready to go
Is that your bitch, 'cause she told me she's ready to go? Lil Weezy that's my partner, we drinkin' Russian vodka
Bout to take your bitch 'cause she ain't never fucked a rock star
I'm a fucking outlaw, packing me a chainsaw
I'm at the afterparty 'bout to start another brawl
I'm getting fucked up, so you can go to hell
I'ma need a ride home, I know myself
And you know I put it down like no one else
I'm the champ bitch, I ain't gotta show the belt They say the rock shit, doesn't rock anymore
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Songwriters

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