

# N 2 Gether Now

## Limp Bizkit

DJ Mia  
Uhh, uhh, uhh  
Who can be the boss?  
Look up to the Cross  
Stranded in the land of the lost  
Standin up, I'm sideways  
I'm blazin' up the path  
Runnin' on the highways of rap  
Choked up by the smoke and the charcoal  
Lava stamps and brands me like a barcode  
I'm dashin' all the media strikes, keep the media dykes  
As re enforcements for the fight  
And that alone will keep John Gotti on the phone  
Yea  
Tangled in his own  
I got the Bees on the track  
Where the fuck you at?  
(Tical)  
Let me hear you pigeons run your mouth now  
(Shut the fuck up)  
I'm pluggin' in them social skills  
That keep my total bills over a million  
The last time I checked it  
Thank God I'm blessed with the mind that I wreck it  
Wait until the second round  
I'll knock him out  
They call me Big John Stud  
My middle name Mud  
Dirty water flow  
Too much for you thugs  
That can't stand the flood  
What up doc?  
Hold big gun like Elmer Fudd, the sure shot  
Mr. Meth I'm unplugged  
(Plugged)  
Learn  
Temperature's too hot for sunblock  
(Burn)  
Playin' with minds can get you state time

Lock behind twelve bars from a great mind  
Killa Bees in the club when there's ladybug  
Brought a sword to tha dance floor to cut a rug  
Love is love all day 'til they both slug  
And take another life in cold blood  
Can't feel me?  
'Cause it's your blood  
Murder is tremendous, crime is endless  
Same shit different day  
Father forgive us, they know not what they do, our praises do  
I'm big like easy, ya big bamboo  
What's that, I didn't hear you?  
(Shut the fuck up)  
Come on a little louder  
(Shut the fuck up)  
Everybody 'n' 2 gether now  
(Shut the fuck up)  
What?  
(Jus' shut the fuck up)  
What?  
(Jus' shut the fuck up)  
What's that, I didn't hear you?  
(Shut the fuck up)  
Come on a little louder  
(Shut the fuck up)  
Everybody 'n' 2 gether now  
(Shut the fuck up)  
What?  
(Shut the fuck up)  
What?  
(Shut the fuck up)  
Headstrong, deadcon, dead by dawn  
Deadweight they dead wrong  
Let's get it on, twelve rounds of throwdown  
Who hold crown?  
Protect land with both pound  
Limp Bizkit, get around like merry go  
What's the scenario?  
Comin' through your stereo  
Why risk it?  
Lifestyles of the prolific and gifted  
Eight essential vitamins and minerals  
Delicious  
Word on the street is, they bit my thesis  
Knocked out their front teethes

Tryin' to taste mine  
Actin' like they heard through the grapevine  
Dope fiendin' for the baseline, to provide rhyme  
Pharmaceuticals, hard as nails to the cuticle  
Where you find that monster?  
She beautiful  
Wu Tang and Limp Bizkit  
(Limp Bizkit)  
Roll on the set  
Kick a hole in the speaker  
Pull the plug and then jet  
Mic check  
So what's it all about?  
Where we gonna run?  
Maybe we can meet up on the sun  
Discretion is advised, for the blood of virgin eyes  
Limpin' on the track with Method  
So get the sunblock  
You get your one shot, until you dissolve  
I revolve around everything you got  
From outta nowhere prepare  
You'll be blinded by the glare  
I told you not to stare  
Now you're turned into stone, without a microphone  
(Phone)  
But don't you forget you're in the zone  
(So shut the fuck up)  
And take that shit back  
'Cause all your shit's whack  
Doodoo is doodoo  
When it's weighed out like that  
Burnin' up your brain like a piston  
So all those who didn't listen  
Never even knew what they were missin'  
And never even knew that the sky was fallin' down  
Wu Tang clan for the crown  
What's that, I didn't hear you?  
(Shut the fuck up)  
Come on a little louder  
(Shut the fuck up)  
Everybody 'n' 2 gether now  
(Shut the fuck up)  
What?  
(Shut the fuck up)  
What?

(Just shut the fuck up)  
What's that, I didn't hear you?  
(Shut the fuck up)  
Come on a little louder  
(Shut the fuck up)  
Everybody 'n' 2 gether now  
(Shut the fuck up)  
What?  
(Shut the fuck up)  
What?  
(Just shut the fuck up)  
It was over your head all day every day  
S I N Y, One O Three O Four  
Wu Tan Killa Bees,  
And the Limp B I Z K I T  
Ya know the time, ya know to rhyme  
It ain't easy bein' greezy  
In a world full of cleanliness  
And you know all that other madness  
We gone  
Peace  
(Limp Bizkit, Method Man)  
(Rock the house y'all, bring it on)  
{Hey wait up, where you guys goin' ?  
You're not recordin' are you?  
Are you?  
I'm all alone  
I can't do this  
Feel it, uh  
Feel it  
You guys feel it out there?  
Check your head if you feel it  
Hey, hey, hey  
Every day is brighter than the next day  
At least that's what you think  
Every day is brighter than the next day  
At least that's what you think }

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