

Fred Durst, Gecha Groove On

Yes, millenium shit
Limp Bizkit, hah, X to the Z, yeah, hah
Bringing it live to you and yours
Ladies and gentlemen
Hahaha, my home boy
Yo, get at 'em dog

You don't wanna fuck with me today
Cause a little somethin' somethin'
Didn't go your way
So try not to feel like that today
Cause I'm a real mutherfucker from
Round the way

Come on

We don't give a fuck when we're rockin' the place
We're only giving a fuck
If you're invadade this space
Gotta getcha groove on (Gotta getcha groove on)
Don't keep us waiting too long (keep us waiting too long)

Don't you treat me like a toy kid
Are you enjoying this?
Every single I'm alive I'm a mess
Got these laser beam mic checks
Communicating through the genelect
High tech
Kick you on the run now
Don't wanna be that guy
Every single second I'm alive
I'm alive
I don't understand why
I've got control for the candy in ya soul
I'm bumpin' up the sweetness
This is what you need
Another little piece of me
Inside of you
Cause you that I always keep it true
And that's exactly what I do
It's what I do
Yeah, it's what I do

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I've got breakneck delivery
No time for chivalry
Extraordinary ability
Shit longevity
Dig deep in your soul

And find yourself
Cause mind control
Can turn y'all into someone else
So fast you'll hear the party spin the fuck right off
Me and Fred about to go half of Microsoft (yeah)
Burning twenty percent
Your little half ass, direct hits
Aint even making a dent
Running the red
All hell Xzibited lick
As we attempt to bring home the championship
It's all in the rist
I still lead the league in assist
Give me the fifth
I'm drinking while I'm taking a piss

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I've got untapped material
I serial kill shit
Give me the real shit
X finish him off quick
Making your jaw split
When I'm touching the mosh pit
Constant conflict
Knock you faggots unconscience
Nauseous, raising the stakes
Increasing the weight
Got homies I can lay down
And lift their plate
So quit trying to invade my space
Before I call for a face to face
And gotta rest my case

This is how we do it
Just recognise
We can get you right to it
Look into these eyes
Look into these eyes
And you'll see the size of the fame
Then you might despise
The size of my game
Step the fuck back
Xzibit's on the track
You shoulda buckled up
Before your head hit the dash
You gotta hate that
A demo from an eight track
Brought me to a place
Where platinum comes in eight stack, bitch

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