

Limp Bizkit, 9 teen 90 nine

Bring it on!

Fame you're claimin' is the top of the world
But this stage I'm claimin' is the top of the world
And love I'm feelin' when you people connect
And if you're out in the crowd than you're gettin' more than respect
If you're wondering I got plenty of flows
I'm makin' plenty of friends and many are foes
But as the audience grows security knows
Stoppin' me now is kinda serious
No use in dreadin' what they call Armageddon
I think we made it through the slump
But who really cares where we're headin'
Cuz now you motherfuckers got a reason to jump!
So let's make somethin' out of it
This way we can all relate
Worldwide we collide
This is how we communicate
So let's make somethin' out of it
Whoever thought we would see the day
I can't believe we did it
So let's drift away
Hate, a feelin' I don't really get
And hate can get you in some serious shit
Time is somethin' that may change me
But I can't time so fuck it
I've been stumblin' through these thoughts
And I thought the fact that I could be delirious
But as the audience grows security knows
Stoppin' me now is kinda serious
No use in dreadin' what they call Armageddon
I think we made it through the slump
But who really cares where we're headin'?
Cuz now you motherfuckers got a reason to jump!
So let's make somethin' out of it
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So let's make somethin' out of it
Whoever thought we would see the day
I can't believe we did it
So let's drift away
We see good things change, and good things go away
We see good things waste, and we waste the pain
What we need is a place to escape from today
Right
What we need is a place to escape from today
Right
Yeah
Bring it on
You wanna be down with the G shock
Fuck the glam rock
Assed out like Ken Shamrock (Kid "sham" Rock)
MC's detest me
Wanna chest to chest me
But I ain't all about that
You gotta be down with the G shock
Fuck the glam rock
Assed out like Ken Shamrock (Kid "sham" Rock)
MC's detest me
Wanna chest to chest me
But you don't want none of that
Where we at?
Don't stop!
It's 9 Teen 90 Nine!

My believer, wasn't it fine?
Eat my shirt, remember that?
Right on the line
Look at me, I'm singing to you