

Limp Bizkit, All In The Family

Fred: Say what, say what? Say what, say what? Say what, say what?

My dick is bigger than yours...My band is bigger than yours.

Fred: Too bad I got your beans in my bag (Aha).

You stuck up sucker, KoRny mother fucker (oooo).

Taking over flows, it's the limp, pimp,

Need a (dick) bizkit to save this group from Jon Davis.

I'm gonna drop a little East Side skill (ooo),

So you best step back, 'cause I'ma kill, I'ma kill.

So what you thinking Mr. Raggedy Man,

Doing all you can to look like Raggedy Anne.

Jonathan: Check you out punk, yes I know you feel it,

You look like one of those dancers from the Hanson video (say what, say what),

You little faggot ho.

Please give me some shit to work with,

'Cause right now I'm all it kid,

Suck my dick kid,

Like your daddy did.

Fred: Who the fuck you think you talkin' to?

I'm known for eating whiney little chumps like you (whatever).

All up in my face with that "Are you ready?!"

The halitosis, is all you're rockin' steady.

You little fairy,

smelling on your flowers,

nappy hairy chest,

look it's Austin Powers! (Ah yeah, baby).

I hear you tokin' on them fag pipes clod,

but you said it best,

"There's no place to hide."

Jonathan: What the fuck you saying?

You're a pimp whatever.

Limp dick, Fred Durst needs to rehearse,

Needs to reverse, what he's sayin'. (Say what, say what).

Wannabe Funkdoobie's what you're playin',

Rippin' at my bag, counterfeit, fakin'.

Plus your bills I'm payin'.

You can't eat that shit every day Fred,

Lay off the bacon.

Fred: Say what, say what, you better your fuckin' mouth Jon.

Jon: So you hate me!

Fred: And I hate you!

Jon: You know what, you know what, it's all in the family.

I hate you!

Fred: You hate me!

Jon: You know what, it's all in the family.

Jon: Look at you fool, I'm gonna fuck you up twice,

Throwing rhymes at me like, oh shit alright! Vanilla Ice!

You better run, run while you can,

Can never fuck me up, Bitz Climpkit.

At least I got a phat original band.

Fred: Who's hot? Who's not? (You).

You best step back, KoRn on the cob (okay),

You need a new job (ha).

Tryin' to take 'em mic skills back to the dentist

And buy yourself a new drill (fuck you).

You pumpkin pie, I'll jack off in your eye,

Climbing shoots and ladders, while your ego shatters.

But you just can't get away (get a gay?),

Because it's Doomsday kid, it's Doomsday.

Jon: So I hate you!

Fred: And you hate me!

Jon: You know what, you know what, it's all in the family.

I hate you!

Fred: And you hate me!

Jon: You know what, you know what, it's all in the family.

Fred: You call yourself a singer (yep),
You're more like Jerry Springer (oh, cool).
Your favorite band is Winger (Winger)
And all you eat is zingers (zingers?).
You're like a fruity pebble,
Your favorite flag is rebel (yee haa!).
It's just too bad that you're a fag and on a lower level.
Jonathan: So you're from Jacksonville, kicking it like Buffalo Bill.
Getting butt-fucked by your uncle Chuck,
While your sister's on her knees waiting for your Fuckin' nut (oh yeah).
Fred: Wait, where'd you get that little dance? (Over here).
Like them idiots in Waco, you're burning up in Bako (huh).
Where your father had your mother, your mother had your brother (nah uh).
It's just too bad your father's mad and your mother's now your lover.
Jonathan: Come on hillbilly, can your horse do a fuckin' wheelie?
You love it down south and, boy, you sure do got a purty mouth.
Jonathan: I hate you!
Fred: And you hate me!
Jonathan: You know what, you know what, it's all in the family.
And I hate you!
Fred: And you hate me!
Jonathan: You know what, you know what, it's all in the family.
Jonathan: And I love you!
Fred: And I want you!
Jonathan: And I'll suck you!
Fred: And I'll fuck you!
Jonathan: And I'll buck fuck you!
Fred: And I'll eat you!
Jonathan: And I'll lick your little tainty prick, mother fucker.
Fred: Say what? Say...what?