

# Limp Bizkit, Creamer (Radio Is Dead)

(all radio is dead)

Hey kid, who you lookin' at?  
Why you standin' all up in my face like that?  
You ain't never seen a baseball bat?  
A maniac knockin' on your babeball cap  
You better step about ten paces back  
Or you'll be layin' where your shoe laces at  
Go do what your momma told you  
And don't be actin' like a punk, thinkin' your a soldier  
I see you got a cell phone, i got a number you can dial son, make it 911  
Tell 'em stop at hef's house on the way kid  
Pick up some playmates but only if they naked  
Don't know how you do in your city  
But 'round here we gettin' down to the nitty gritty  
And i hate to put you out like that  
But you've been burnin' like a fire with a mouth like that

Take me back to yesterday  
Rollin' dice and getting laid  
Everything was a.o.k. oh...  
But now and then a cloud rolls in  
Rains on my parade and then  
Talkin' this and that again, oh

Let's break it down for a minute  
And roll it on up in third gear for a minute  
I got the 21's bumpin' on my benz, and  
I got girlies in the back seat rubbin' on my friends, and  
I don't really give a fuck about  
What these player hatin' pussies give a fuck about  
'cause i'm a night ranger, never been a stranger  
My two-way pager is lookin' for some danger  
Zoolander, hit you with the magnum  
Everybody get your groove on if you have one  
And if you ain't got it then admit it:  
It's limpbizkit, time for you to get it  
All around the world and this 45 prevost  
Everywhere we go we watch it on the tivo  
And now you're layin' in the bed you made  
Drinkin' hatorade, think about it

Take me back to yesterday  
Rollin' dice and getting laid  
Everything was a.o.k. oh...  
But now and then a cloud rolls in  
Rains on my parade and then  
Talkin' this and that again, go

Leave, thinkin' that you're all that, and then some  
I've got news for you (all radio is dead)  
So you're thinkin' that you're all that, and then some?  
Man, i got news for you (all radio is dead)

(the radio is dead)

Let me guess, you ain't that impressed  
Mister, hale - tosis of the breath  
Livin' lifestyles of the wish-you-would  
From the back isles of the thrifty-good  
See i, i got room to talk, kid  
I been layin' this track since north cackilack  
And the very first day that you fell out the sack  
I was in some fat laces, spinnin' on my back

Let me think, let me roll, let me ride  
Let me put some funk in the trunk, triple 5  
And a memory that can ease your pain  
Like a melody from kurt cobain  
'cause ya', never know when it's all gonna end  
And ya', never know when you'll call on a friend  
So you better take a step to prepare yourself  
'cause the way you're livin' now, ain't good for your health

Thinkin' that you're all that, and then some  
I've got news for you (all radio is dead)  
So you're thinkin' that you're all that, and then some?  
Man, i got news for you (all radio is dead)  
Thinkin' that you're all that, and then some  
I've got news for you (all radio is dead)  
So you're thinkin' that you're all that, and then some?  
Man, i got news for you (all radio is dead)

(all radio is dead)