

# Limp Bizkit, Doing Time On A Rock Line

3...4...Alright everybody out there.  
Comin' to ya live from 93.3 Jacksonville, Florida.  
We're Limp Bizkit, check it out.  
I been around the world and then some.  
Dum ditty dum kid where you comin' from?  
I went from the garage to steppin' on these stages,  
outrageous rhymes left my mind,  
and soon became contagious.  
An MC with bad habits,  
I am, see a mic and I grab it.  
So scary ain't it?  
I'm comin' raw with no corrections,  
Servin' all perfections  
For what I do with my erections.  
So dream on. And dream until your dream comes true.  
Reality check kid, that's why you're on the deck, kid.  
While you're in your car, no matter where you are.  
You lip sink these jams 'cause you're far from a superstar.  
And if you're lonely, hoe.  
I ain't the one that gives a damn, hoe.  
I like it so low.  
No need to brag about the Heiny, 'cause I'm on the deal,  
And bitches still find me.  
And since I got a record on the billboard,  
You fish talkin' bands, with demos in your hands,  
Always up my ass, askin' me if I'ma sign 'em.  
But ya, don't flow, it don't flow.  
I catch a buzz with the Dom Perignon.  
When Jerry Springer's on, no need to carry on.  
What's with all the frustration,  
Need a demonstration, punk, to check the variation.  
I might need to be dazed when I taste your lyrical waste, punk.  
Because your lyrical styles, are lyrical what?  
I make hysterical piles of all you lyrical sluts.  
(chorus)  
I'm doin' time on the rock line [repeats 2x].  
I'm doin' time.  
Mish mosh up in the brain, I'm on my cycle.  
Like 'em highways, my ways, they're up and down like the Dow Jones.  
I bust these microphones, don't exaggerate.  
I keep it real and only speak about this sh[record scratches]t I hate.  
Don't hate your people, just the 'tudes.  
The attitudes, lose the attitude, and I won't be freakin' mad at you.  
But if you're bitin' don't be frightened, kid.  
I'm sorta likin' what you're stealin',  
Your open wound style needed some healin'.  
You're shut down by my flow, I'm glad you know,  
Behind the spark I got the phattest freakin' live show.  
You feel the tension?  
The eyeballs in your socket can't comprehend how I rock it.  
You can't stop it.  
You're like the way that I live it, you need it.  
Your demo tape, punk, I inspected, then ejected.  
Who survives at the end of the day?  
With too much airplay, huh?  
I'm gonna keep it all underground.  
I'm doin' rhyme on the dime line,  
I'm doin' time on the rock line.  
I'm doin' rhyme on the dime line,  
I'm doin' time on the rock line.  
Hey man wake up and smell the concrete,  
Strange to see you've changed like the phat beat.  
Could be identity crisis, but I can't bite this.  
Reality bites, but that's what life is.

Pitiful you, your hideous behavior,  
Hate what God gave ya, fakin' all the flavor.  
Artificial minds, seekin' out the new trends.  
Get in where you fit in.  
Quit thinkin' like a has-been.  
Diggin' in my culture.  
Let me let you punks know I'm an old school soldier.  
With the funk flow.  
A damn shame you gotta change yourself,  
Because you're sick of yourself,  
Well I'm sick of you too.  
Doin' time on the rock line.  
I wanna shout out right here, everybody out there,  
In the world, listen to the Rockline.  
This goes out to you.  
Uh. I'd like to give a shout out to Interscope.  
Dig a big shout out to Georganeson.  
Got a big shout out to 311.  
And a big shout out to KoRn.  
I got a big shout out to The Deftones.  
I got a big shout out to Primus.  
And a big shout out to The Firm.  
And a big shout out to Sevendust.  
And a big shout out to Powerman 5000.  
And a big shout out to Coal.  
And a big shout out to Soulfly.  
And a big shout out to Ross Robinson.  
And a big shout out to Orgy.  
And a big shout out to Jenny Barnes.  
And a big shout out to Richie.  
And a big shout out to Nick.  
And a big shout out to Yetti.  
And a big shout out to Bruce.  
And a big shout out to Junior.  
And a big shout out to ADIDAS.  
And a big shout out to Travel Gear.  
And a big shout out to Tone Loce.  
And a big shout out to Ibanez.  
And a big shout out to Indigo Ranch.  
And a big shout out to Orange County Percussion.  
And a big shout out to Bob at the Rockline.  
Big shout out to Bob at the Rockline [repeats].  
(At the Rockline.)  
Got it live, straight from Jacksonville.  
Limp Bizkit on the mic, punk.  
Radio Announcer: Limp Bizkit: Doing Time On The Rockline.  
You can shout out to me anytime, you guys.