

Xzibit, Getcha Groove On

(xzibit)

Yes

Millenium shit

Limp bizkit, ha, x to the z

Yeah, ha

Bringin it live to you and yours

Ladies and gentlemen, ha, ha, ha

My homeboy, yo get at 'em dog

Hook: fred durst

You don't wanna f**k with, me today

'cause a little somethin, somethin didn't, go your way

So try not to be like, that today

'cause I'm a real motherf**ker from 'round the way

We don't give a f**k when we're rockin the place

We're only givin a f**k if you're invadin the space

So getcha, getcha groove on (gotta getcha groove on)

Don't keep us waitin too long (don't keep us waitin too long)

(fred durst)

Don't you treat me like a toy kid

Do you enjoy this

Every single second I'm alive I'm a mess

Got these laser beam mic checks

Communicatin through the genelect

High tech, keep 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 got control, full of candy in your soul while

Pumpin up the sweetness

This is what you need

Another little piece of me inside of you

'cause you know that I always keep it true (keep it true)

And that's exactly why I do just what I do

Yeah, it's what I do

Hook

(xzibit)

I 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 to someone else

So fast, your head'll probably spin the f**k right off

Me and fred about to go half on microsoft

Me and limp burnin twenty percent

Your little half ass direct hits ain't even makin a dent

What an event, all hell xzibit and limp

As we attempt to bring home the championship

It's all in the wrists I still leave the league an assist

Gimme the fifth, I'm drinking while I'm takin a piss, bitch

Hook

(xzibit)

I got untapped material, I serial kill shit

Gimme the real shit, x finish 'em all quick

Makin your jaw split when I'm touchin the mosh pit

Constant conflict, knockin faggots unconscious

Nauseous, raisin the stakes, increasin the weight

Got homies I can lay down that lift they plates

So quit trying to invade my space
Before I call for a face to face, and gotta rest my case like...

(durst)

This is how we do it
Just recognize we keep gettin right to it
Lookin through these eyes, look into these eyes
And you'll see the size of the flame
Then you might despise the size of my game
Step the f**k back, xzibit's on the track
You should've 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 stacks, bitch

Hook to end

(xzibit over hook)

Limp bizkit ladies and gentlemen
C'mon! yeah!
Takin this shit over for motherf**king 2000, 2001
Limp bizkit, mr. x to the z, xzibit
Kickin a mudhole in you bitch ass motherf**kers
Yeah! ha! it don't stop what, it never stop huh
Like this! huh
Yeah, yeah, 2000
R.i.p. roger troutman, yeah, yeah