

Limp Bizkit, Cambodia

Are you ready baby?
Are you ready?
Then get the fuck up!
Let me hear some noise!
There's diffintely not enough people on the fucking floor
There's diffintely not enough people on the fucking floor
You people come on get up
Woo ha
Wait just a minute
I see your mouth moving
But I don't hear a word that you say
Mish mosh
Up and bring my psycho highways
My ways up and down like the Dow Jones
I bring these microphones
I don't exaggerate
Keep it real and only speak about the shit I hate
Don't hate you people just the 'tudes the attitudes
Lose the attitude
And I wouldn't be fucking mad at you
But if your fighting don't be fighting
Kid I'm sorta liking what your stealing
Your open room style needs some healing
Checked out by my flow I'm glad you know
Behind this punk I got the phattest fucking live show
You feel the tension the eye balls in your socket
You can't apprehend I'll be rock it you can't stop it
You like the ways we be living it
You need it your demo tape punk
Inspected then ejected who survives at the end of the day
When to much air play huh I'm gonna keep it all on the ground
I need you help baby
Get up!
Woo ha
Cambodia
What do you know about this punk!?
Who's hot, who's not?
Wait just a minute I see your mouth moving
But I don't hear a word that you say
Hand grenades best describes the impaction
Leaving no satisfaction
You take it back what was you doing back in 82'
No need for intrust
Just the thought for your mental call out
Shelter helter-skelter the J I'll bet ya the deal will upset ya
But I'm an easy rider like I'm Henry Fonda
The king pin Bizkit that flows be on ya
The mental highways my path you can't stop the unexpected
So check your road block
Old black water keep on rolling
Cause this mic is mine and I'll keep on shinning on you
Do you feel it?
Then get up, get up!
Woo ha
Cambodia
What do you know about this punk!?
Who's hot, who's not?