

Limp Bizkit, Sour

Mellow out
Bitch
I thought I knew ya
Took the time to throw my lovin' into ya
Screw ya
Cuz now you got me sittin in the sewer
I'm through with all them roller coaster rides
See, I ain't forgot about the knots that you been tying with my insides
I dropped my pride
Without you I was sure to die
I tried with cash
And all I could, to make it last
Now I accepted that was in the past
I know you love me
Loved me like a piece of trash
But at first you were so sweet
Couldn't go without seein your face for an hour
So sour
It all became a hassle
You were even living in my castle
Just to use me
And verbally abuse me
That's not the way I'm running my shop
It took a while to see the light before I stopped
And you got dropped off
It's over, probably I'll be sweating it
But in the long run you'll be the one regrettin' it
Maybe you won't, maybe you will
But baby, you're still about as real as a three dollar bill
Theres No one to blame but you
Who gets the blame me
Ohh ohh, I sound like a bitch
A little bitch in heat
With all that anger that I'm feelin'
Bitch I think it's heat
Another spit tale
Just another spit tale
Thanks for the lesson
Now get your shit and hit the trail
We know I'm coming from the old school
You damn fool
Intensity is something that I'm made of
And certainly I'm not afraid of
A little smack in the face
Thanks for the taste
Theres No one to blame but you
Who gets the blame me
Its all on me
No one to blame...but you
Who gets the blame....me
Me