

# Limp Bizkit, Stuck

Psycho female blowin up the phone line  
You need to tighten that screw, it's been loose for a long time  
I've been slammed with some bad luck  
Soon I'm gonna bring you doom with the buck, buck  
And now you duck duck goose, I'm lettin' loose  
With the thirty odd freestyle  
Labeled hostile by my profile  
Must be all the madness  
You and all your tactics  
Jonesin for my cash  
Got to make them pockets super phat  
Hey I'm a humble man  
Kicking out the jams like a tramp  
I'm gonna stick it like a stamp to this business  
What's with all the business  
I get paid to take the microphone and slay the stage  
Stay away from all the bros. in my band  
And all the fans and  
All my friends is when the cash is coming in  
Or i'll be slammin them balls to the wall  
With the ink on my flesh and the yes, yes y'all  
No 9 to 5, I'll still survive  
I keep my engine on that amp like a Chattanooga champ  
That's all we need, another bad seed  
Planted on this earth motivated by greed  
You wanna play that game bitch  
You take a dash for my cash, it's your ass that I'm blasting  
Boy you wanna play that game bitch  
You take a dash for my cash, it's your ass that I'm blasting  
You're bad luck, you're so...stuck  
Stuck deep down in that hole again, stuck you got your brain on my green again  
Stuck, you're so, you're so, you're so stuck in your head you don't even know  
All I wanted was a Pepsi, just one Pepsi  
Far from suicidal  
Still I get them tendencies  
Bringing back them memories  
That I really miss when I reminisce  
Rocking back in the '80's live  
My attitude to do or die  
Once I was a maggot, now I'm just super fly  
Bound for the boundaries  
No limits G  
Phat ass rhythms driven by my destiny  
Your style's in my pocket  
Proclaimed to regain that essence  
Pressin cause i'm hostile labeled by my profile  
In deed I am I am indeed hostile when it comes to greed  
You wanna play that game bitch  
You take a dash for my cash, it's your ass that I'm blasting  
Boy you wanna play that game bitch  
You take a dash for my cash, it's your ass that I'm blasting  
You're bad luck, you're so...stuck  
Stuck deep down in that hole again, stuck you got your brain on my green again  
Stuck, you're so, you're so, you're so stuck in your head you don't even know  
Aw yeah, ain't nutin' like a greedy bitch  
Diggin', diggin', diggin', diggin', diggin' so deep for that green  
All I know, all I know, that you must be fucked up in that head  
I got a little problem, just one question, beyatch  
Why, why you wanna be like that  
Why, why you gotta be like that  
You wanna be like that  
Why, why you wanna be like that - [2x]  
Why, why you gotta be like that  
Why, why you wanna be like that, why the fuck you wanna be like that

Why, why you gotta be like that, why the fuck you wanna be like that  
Why, why, why, why, why you gotta be  
Why, why, why, you wanna be like that  
Why, why, why you gotta dig in my business you fucking whore  
Stuck on yourself, you are  
You take a dash for my cash, it's your ass that I'm blasting  
Stuck on yourself, you whore  
You take a dash for my cash, it's your ass that I'm blasting  
You're bad luck, you're so...stuck  
Stuck deep down in that hole again, stuck you got your brain on my green again  
Stuck, you're so, you're so, you're so stuck in your head you don't even know  
Live on tape beyatch, don't fuck with us