

# Robbie Williams, Rollin'

Chocolate Starfish  
Gonna keep on rollin' baby  
Who's in, now who's out  
Hands up, now hands down  
Back up, back up  
Tell me what you gonna do now  
Breathe in, now breathe out  
Hands up, now hands down  
Back up, back up  
Tell me what you gonna do now  
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'  
Now I know ya'll be lovin' this shit right here  
L . . I . . M . . P... Bizkit is right here  
People in the house put them hands in the air  
'Cause if you don't care, then we don't care (yeah)  
1 . . 2 . . 3 . . times 2 to the 6, Jonesin' for your fix 'cause the Limp Bizkit mix  
So where the fuck you at ?  
Punk shut the fuck up  
And back the fuck up  
Before we fuck this track up  
(Throw your hands up)  
Who's in, now who's out  
You... wanna mess with Limp Bizkit (yeah)  
You can't mess with Limp Bizkit (why ?)  
Because we get it on (when)  
Everyday and every night (oh)  
And this platinum thing right here (uh huh)  
We're doing it all the time (huh)  
So you better get some better beats  
And, uh get some better rhymes (doh)  
We got the game set so don't complain yet  
Twenty-four seven, never beggin' for a raincheck  
Old school soldiers passin' out the hot shit  
That rocks shit and bounces the mosh pit  
(Throw your hands up)  
Who's in, now who's out  
Hey Ladies, Hey Fellas  
And the people that don't give a fuck  
All the lovers, All the haters  
And all the people that call themselves playas  
Hot mommas, Pimp daddies  
And the people rollin' up in Caddies  
Hey rockers, Hip-Hoppers  
And everybody all around the world...