

Fred Durst, Rollin' (Urban Assault Vehicle)

Play the fucken' track!
Play that fucken' track!
Oh there it is
Limp Bizkit, DMX, Redman, that's right y'all, Method Man
We just keep on Rollin' baby

Are you ready?!

Move in, now move out
Hands up, now hands down
Back up, back up
Tell me what you're gonna do now
Breath in, now breath out
Hands up, now hands down
Back up, back up
Tell me what you're gonna do now

Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'
Uggh
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'
What?
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'
Uggh

Now I know y'all be lovin' this shit right here
L.I.M.P
Bizkit is right here
People in the house put them hands in the air
Cuz if you don't care, then we don't care
See I ain't giving a fuck
When pressing your luck
Untouchable, branded unfuckable
So keep me in this cage
Until you run that mouth
Then I might have to play
And break the fuck out
And then we'll see who's left
After one round with X
And what am I bringing next?
Just know it's Red and Meth
So where the fuck you at?
Punk, shut the fuck up
And back the fuck up
While we fuck this track up

Are you ready?!

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Oh what, y'all thought y'all were promotion me?

Check my dangerous slang
Atrocious
When I let these nuts hang
Focus
It's Wutang
What the fuck's a Hootie and the Blowfish
I wave my black flag at the roaches
Who approach us
These twin supersoakers
Who have poisonous darts for copers
Too late to get your blowgun unholsted
You lept, light it up, and lightly toasted
So what?
I drink and smoke too much
So what?
I cut too much
Shut the fuck the up

Now when we roll
You mutherfuckers turn in your gold
Cause for the platinum
I'm jackin' niggers up in limos
It aint nothin' for bullets
To unbutton your clothes
This wretched yellow mellow tissue
Up in his nose
You bitches

Swing the vine on the bad boom nuts
I'm hairy as hell
Ahh to hell
And tatoood up
I'm a dog
Only fuck in the bathroom, what?
In highschool I dealt only with the classroom sluts

My name is Johnny Donny Brascoe
Talk the gat low
Cut your cash flow
Yell if you want money
Funny how hungry they'll be
Snatch crumbs from me
Dark and hard
Mix bodies in the mosh pit

Yo, and I'm the D.O.
You're lookin' at the raw invented
On Friday I spit
Thirty five to forty minutes
Smell up the bathroom
Like Craig Paul was in it
Ending up on your back
Whose whore's up in it
Anyone can match me
I crack 'em all a Guinness
Fuck how many thugs are playas?
A ball is in it
Brick city, Shaolin
Better call 'em sinners
Boys that'll run up in your
White mall and spill it

Yo, peace and come on!

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It just don't get no darker than that
Kid with the park
Go ahead with the boots
And shoots to make it spark
Now I'm a fair nigger
But ain't there nigger
Quicker than the hair trigger
Took you dead nigger
It'd better like
Yo man, trying to hold your breath
In your head
Cause you'll be shitting on yourself
Cause you're already dead
And at the funeral you won't need a casket
I'm leaving just enough
For them to stuff their basket
But their skippin'
Task it
I'm gonna need my ass kicked
My mom never let me forget
That I'm a bastard
I aint never been shit
There ain't gonna be shit
That's why I take shit
But if I see shit
And to their D shit
D Sharp
Do what I wanna do
And that's what I'm gonna do
Right here in front of you
And I'll be running you
Wait up man, stand up out
Yeah niggers aint running a fucken' thing
But your mouth

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You wanna mess with Limp Bizkit? (Yeah)
You cant mess with Limp Bizkit (why?)
Because we get it on (when?)
Every day and every night (oh)
See this platinum thing right here? (uh huh)
Well we're doing it all the time (what?)
So you'd better get some better beats
And uh, get some better rhymes (d'oh!)
And if you really really really wanna get shit started
Then people everywhere just get retarded
Get retarded!
People everywhere just get retarded!

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That's right baby!
Punk
Limp Bizkit
DMX
Method Man
RedMan
Swizz Beats
Where the fuck you at?
Punk that shit!