

# All in the Family

Korn

Say what, say what?  
Say what, say what?  
Say what, say what?  
I say what, say what?

My dick is bigger than yours  
Ooh, say what, say what?  
I say what, say what?  
I say what, say what?  
My band is bigger than yours

Too bad I got your beans in my bag  
You stuck-up sucka, Korny motherfucka  
Takin' over flows is the Limp pimp  
Need a Bizkit to save this crew from Jon Davis

I'm gonna drop a little east side skill  
Ya best step back 'cuz I'm 'a kill, I'm 'a kill  
So, whatcha thinkin?, Mr. Raggedy man?  
Doin' all you can to look like Raggedy Ann

Check you out, punk, yes I know you feel it  
You look like one of those dancers from the Hanson video  
You little fagot ho', please give me some shit to wank with  
'Cuz right now I'm all it, kid, suck my dick kid like your daddy did

Who the fuck you think you're talking to?  
I'm known for eatin' little whiny chumps like you  
All up in my face with that, are you ready?  
But halitosis is all you're rockin' steady

You little fairy, smelling on your flowers  
Nappy hairy chest, look it's Austin Powers  
I hear ya tweetin' on them fag-pipes Clyde  
But you said it best, there's no place to hide

What the fuck ya sayin'? You're a pimp whatever, Limp dick  
Fred Durst needs to rehearse, needs to reverse what he's sayin'  
Wannabe funk doobiest when you're playin'  
Rippin' up a bad counterfeit, fakin', plus your bills I'm payin'

You can't eat that shit every day, Fred  
Lay off the bacon  
Say what, say what?  
You better watch your fuckin' mouth, Jon

So, you hate me and I hate you  
You know what, you know what?  
It's all in the family

I hate you and you hate me  
You know what?  
It's all in the family

Look at you, fool, I'm gonna fuck you up twice  
Throwin' rhymes at me like, oh shit alright, Vanilla Ice  
Ya better run, run while ya can, can never fuck me up

Bisc Limpkit, at least I got a P.H.A.T. original band

Who's hot, who's not?

You best step back, Korn on the cob

You need a new job, time to take them mic skills

Back to the dentist and buy yourself a new grill

You pumpkin pie, I'll jack-off in your eye

Climbing shoots and ladders, while your ego shatters

But you just can't get away

Because it's doomsday kid, it's doomsday

So, I hate you and you hate me

You know what, you know what?

It's all in the family

I hate you and you hate me

You know what, you know what?

It's all in the family

You call yourself a singer?

You're more like Jerry Springer

Your favorite band is winger

And all you eat is Zingers

You're like a Fruity Pebble

Your favorite flag is rebel

It's just too bad that you're a fag

And on a lower level

So you're from Jacksonville kickin' it like Buffalo Bill

Gettin' butt-fucked by your uncle Chuck

While your sister's on her knees

Waitin' for your little peanut

Wait, where'd ya get that little dance?

Like them idiots in Waco, you're burning up in Bako

Where your father had your mother, your mother had your brother

It's just too bad your father's mad, your mother's now your lover

Come on hillbilly, can your horse do a fuckin' wheelie?

You love it down south and boy, you sure do got a purdy mouth

I hate you and you hate me

You know what, you know what?

It's all in my family

And I hate you and you hate me

You know what, you know what?

It's all in my family

And I love you and I want you

And I'll suck you and I'll fuck you

And I'll butt-fuck you, can I eat you?

And I'll lick your little dick, motherfucka'

Say what, say what?