

# Rollin' (Urban Assault Vehicle)

Limp Bizkit

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

Are you ready?!  
Are you ready?!  
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 you 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  
'cause 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?!

Oh what, you all thought you 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 unholstered  
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 motherfuckers turn in your gold  
'cause for the platinum  
I'm jackin' niggers up in limos  
It ain't 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  
Ah to hell  
And tattooed 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 players?  
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!

It just don't get no darker than that  
Kid with the Parka  
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 ain't never been shit  
There ain't gonna be shit  
That's why I take shit  
Whenever 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 ain't running a fucking thing  
But your mouth

You wanna mess with Limp Bizkit? (Yeah)  
You can't 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!

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