

"N 2 Gether Now"

DJ Premier

Uh, uh, uh

[Fred Durst and Method Man:]

Who could be the boss? Look up to the cross

Stranded in the land of the lost

Standin' up, I'm sideways

I'm blazin' up the path, runnin' on the highways of rap

Choked up by the smoke and the charcoal

A lotta stamps and brands, we like a bar code

I'm bashin' all the media strikes to keep the media dykes

As reinforcement for the fight

And that alone'll keep John Gotti on the phone

I'm tangled in the zone, I got the bees on the track

Where the fuck you at? (Tical!)

Let me hear you pigeons run ya mouth now (Shut the fuck up!)

I'm pluggin' in them social skills that keep my total bills

Over a million the last time I checked it

Thank God, I'm blessed with a mind that'll wreck it

Wait until the second round and knock 'em out

[Method Man:]

They call me Big John Studd, my middle name Mud

Dirty water flow, too much for you thug

They can't stand the flood – what up, doc?

Hold big gun like Elmer Fudd, the sureshot

Mr. Meth I'm unplugged (learn!)

Temperature's too hot for sunblock (burn!)

Playin' wit' minds that get you state time
Locked behind 12 bars from a great mind
Killa bees in the club wit' this ladybug
Brought a sword to the dance floor to cut a rug
Love is love all day, 'til' they throw slugs
And take another life in cold blood, can't feel me 'til it's your blood
Murder rates tremendous, crime is endless
Same shit different day, Father forgive us
They know not what they do, all praise is due
I'm big like E-Z and Big Bambu

[Method Man:]

What's that? I didn't hear you
Shut the fuck up!
Come on, a little louder!
Shut the fuck up!
Everybody in together now
Shut the fuck up!
What, huh?
Just shut the fuck up, just shut the fuck up!
What's that? I didn't hear you
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[Method Man and Fred:]

Headstrong, dead calm, Dead by Dawn
Dead weight, they dead wrong, let's get it on
Twelve rounds of throw down – who hold crown?
Protect land wit' four pound, Limp Bizkit
Get around like merry-go, bust a scenario
Comin' through your stereo, why risk it?
Lifestyles of the prolific and gifted
Eight essential vitamins and minerals, delicious
Word on the street is, they bit my thesis
Knocked out they front teefes, tryin' to taste mine
Actin' like they heard it through the grapevine
Dope fiendin' for the bassline, to provide rhyme
Pharmaceuticals, hard as nails to the cuticles
Where'd you find that monster? She beautiful
Wu-Tang and Limp Bizkit, roll on the set
Kick a hole in the speaker, pull the plug, and then jet

[Fred Durst and Method Man:]

Mic check, so what's it all about? And where we gonna run?
Maybe we can meet up on the sun
Discretion is advised for the blood of virgin eyes
We limpin' on the track with the Method
So get the sunblock, you gettin' one-shot
Until you dissolve, I revolve around everything you got
From outta nowhere, prepare, you be blinded by the glare
I told you not to stare, now you're turned into stone
Without a microphone, but don't you forget you're in a zone
So shut the fuck up, and take that shit back
'Cause all your shit's wack (Doo doo is doo doo)
When its weighed out like that

Burnin' up your brain like a piston
So all those that didn't listen
Now they even knew what they were missin'
And never even knew that the sky was fallin' down
Wu-Tang-Clan for the crown

[Method Man:]

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[Method Man:]

It was over your head – all day, every day
S.I.N.Y. 10304
Wu-Tang Killa Bees
And the Limp B-I-Z-K-I-T
Y'all know the time, y'all know the rhyme

It ain't easy bein' greazy in a world full of cleanliness

And, you know, all that other madness

We gone, peace!

Limp Bizkit, Method Man

Rock the house y'all! Bring it on!