

Gold Cobra

Limp Bizkit

Yeah, Who's the champ? Yeah.
C'mon, check this:

Wakin up aggravated, stupid Shit, man I hate it
Bitches lyin, bitches cryin, suicidal, get in line
Gettin mine, bouncin freaks, losin sleep, countin sheep
Absolute, cash and loot, men in black packin heat
Born and blazin rotten raisin fingers up time ta wave'm
Show these playas playin that they better get their ass to pray
in
There will be nothin but dice after the cuttin' I'm guttin em
Like a fish they're gonna wish they never pushed my button

The door's shuttin and a knock will do you no good
You're gettin nothin while I rock here in Hollywood
I'll tell ya somethin else you can take it to the bank
I don't give a fuck what none of y'all people think

Holdin the gold it's so gold it's so golden y'all
Golden Cobra

Oh, Uh, That's right, yeah (shut the fuck up!) that's right

Feelin Korn, goin blind, free as hell, doin time
I'm insane, can't complain, flush you turds down the drain
Down the hatch, throwin craps, throwin matches on the gas
Check the math check the wheels check the ride pay the bills
Burnin miles, harder smile if you're feelin versatile
Verses wild, flippin bitches, grindin trucks, skatin ditches
Hatin hard but hardly hatin, knife and slice your shit like bac
on
Sick and tired, you is fired, I'm the truth and yous the liar

The door's shuttin and a knock will do you no good
You're gettin nothin while I rock here in Hollywood
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Oh yeah listen what I'm tellin you (I'm tellin you)
There's only one king on this hill It sure as hell ain't you

Holdin the gold it's so gold it's so golden y'all
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