

Livin' It Up

Limp Bizkit

Livin' in the fast lane
This is dedicated to you Ben Stiller
You are my favorite mutherfucker
I told you, didn't I?

Drama makes the world go around
Does anybody got a problem with that?
My business is my business
Who's guilty?
Can I get a witness?
First things first
The Chocolate Starfish is my man Fred Durst
Access Hollywood lisencc to kill
A redneck fucker from Jacksonville
Bangin' on the dumpster funk
My microphone machete's in the back of my trunk
Rocker's who's steady with the
He says, she says
And don't forget about the starfish navigation system
Don't hate me
I'm just an alien
With thirty seven tons of new millenium
Dum diddie dum
Where's it coming from?
Mrs Aguilera, come and get some
Oh know, which way to go
To the dance floor
It's on my stereo
Pay me no mind
I seen The Fight Club
About twenty eight times
And I'm 'a keep my pants saggy
Keep a skateboard
A spray can, for the taggin'
And I'm 'a keep a lot of girls in my beer wagon
Cause I don't give a fuck
Livin' life in the fast lane

I'm just a crazy mutherfucker
Livin' it up
Not giving a fuck
Livin' life in the fast lane

Another crazy mutherfucker
Livin' it up
Not giving a fuck
In the fast lane

Take two
Hoo haa!
Now who's the star sucker?
I'm the Starfish
You silly mutherfucker
Puff puff
Give the marjuana cig
Oops
I don't even smoke

But I love the way it smells
Here's a toast to the females
Sippin' lung champagne from a seashell
I think I gotta feel
And pop his ass like a zit
With the starfish navigation system

I'm no cheap thrills baby
Fill the briefcase with three dollar bills
I'm just an ordinary run of the mill fella
Spittin' out hella mic skillz
And I'm 'a keep my pants saggy
Keep a skateboard
A spray can, for the taggin'
And I'm 'a keep a lot of girls in my beer wagon
Cause I don't give a fuck
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Cause it's so easy
To tell a lie
And it's so easy to run and hide
But it's not easy to be alive
So don't be wasting
None on my time

This world is like a cage
And I don't think it's fair
And I don't even think
That anybody cares
It'll leave a hole down the side of me
And it'll leave a scar
Can anybody see?
That we gotta get it out
We gotta get it out
And I'm 'a get it out
With the mutherfucken microphone
Plugging in my soul
I'm a renegade riot getting out of control
I'm 'a keep it alive
And continue to be
Flying like an eagle
To my destiny
So can you feel me? (Hell yeah)
Can you feel me? (Hell yeah)
If you feel mutherfucker then you'll say (Hell yeah)
Hell yeah, I'm livin' life in the fast lane

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To tell a lie
And it's so easy to run and hide
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