

## Why Try

Limp Bizkit

Oh no, guess who's back  
Strapped with the flow like a Gatling blow  
walk with the limp it's the pirate pimp  
on a nightmare track where the smackdown goes  
struck with the psycho, white bread, hybrid  
pennies get plucked from your eyelids, get that  
y'all better come quick, better come fast  
I'm a drop a match in the gas, boom!  
every hit don't lie  
pitch you a fit when your shit don't fly  
eat you alive, got that punk  
spit this fire to the bizkit funk  
uno dos tres in your face  
catch me a case when you run from the ghost  
with a cut in the clip one little slip  
the alligator grip gonna turn you to toast

So WHY TRY, you're gonna die  
you're going straight to the gate in the sky  
with all the hate I relate to the cry  
one more sucker mc gonna fry

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Round two, stagger to your feet  
homies in your corner thought you'd done went to sleep  
this one ought to do it, so step it on back  
or you'll be seeing stars when you're knocked out flat  
I'm a tell you something you probably never knew  
tangle with the lion you're gonna end up in the zoo  
check out all your crew  
looking in my cage  
it's feedin' time playa I'm a eat you like the plague  
times are gettin' tough  
but I ain't had enough  
this heavy metal beatin' on your brain is gonna crush  
oh what a rush  
like a million woman  
sour on the crush with all of you lemons  
maybe I'm explicit, but man it's just the bizkit  
having me some fun with you dumb little chicklets  
you know who you are  
you insecure gorillas  
the underdog Freddee D now became your killa

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I'm a rock it like some TNT  
blow it up like a g with the dollar bill three  
all the cheese on you fleas gonna freeze don't lie  
fuck with me and you'll fry, ooo yeah.

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