

# Jump Around

## Limp Bizkit

Pack it up, pack it in,  
Let me begin,  
I came to win,  
Battle me that's a sin  
Punks with yer back up  
Punk you better slack up,  
Try and play the role and  
Yo the whole crew will act up. Get up, stand up, come on throw your hands up,  
If you got the feeling jump across the ceiling,  
Please let the funk flow  
Me i'm talking junk  
Yo i'll bust'em in the eye  
And then i'll take the punks home  
Feel it, funk it, amps in the trunk  
And i got more rhymes than there's cops in the dunkin  
Doughnut shops  
Show'em the fuck up props form the kids in korn  
Plus my mom and my pops.  
I came to get down  
So get your ass up and jump around, c'mon  
Jump around g'tup  
Jump up, jump up and get down  
Jump I'll serve your ass like john macenroe  
If your bitch steps up, i'm smacking the whore  
Word to your mom's i came to drop bombs  
I got more rhymes than the bible's got psalms  
And just like the radical son i've returned  
Anyone stepping to me you'll get burned  
Fuck your lyrics coz you ain't got none  
If you come to battle bring a shotgun  
But if you do you're a fool, cause duel to the death  
Try and step to me, you take your last breath  
Cause i got's the skill, man i got your fill  
Cause when i shoot to get i shoot to kill  
I came to get down  
So get your ass up and jump around, c'mon  
Jump around everybody  
Jump up, jump up and get down  
Jump

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

