

Show Me What You Got

Limp Bizkit

Keepin' it real, world wide baby!
Limp Bizkit's in the house, to bring it on!
I'd like to dedicate this song to you,
for makin my dreams come true for the millenium!
Are you ready?
Then get the fuck up!Whoo-ha!
Who's hot, who's not?Where you at Jacksonville,
Rochester, Louisville,
Columbia, Hartford,
Milwaukee, and Lewiston Maine?
Where you at Providence, Nashville,
Memphis, Lauderdale,
Portland, Orlando, Chicago, and Frisco?
I left my heart in Austin with Mary Campbell.
Got lost in Boston lookin' for the tea party.
Met a child molester in Worchester
Need a Kleenex every time I'm leavin' Phoenix.
I get silly when I play in Philly.
Limp Bizkit committee down in Kansas City.
Never know what I'm in for when I'm play in Denver.
Hard Rock don't stop down in Vegas.
In Cincinnati the girls call me daddy
and I probably ain't leavin' the next time I'm in Cleveland.
Found my lucky coin in Des Moines
and spit on a boy named Tina in Pasadena.
We get the swing from new Orleans.
Fort Worth and Dallas we toast when we're tippin' up the challis.
Tulsa, St. Louis, Sacto, Mesa, Norfolk, Lawrence, Minneapolis,
St. Paul, North Hampton, Detroit, Omaha, New York, L.A.
What can I say? I can't name 'em all,
so somebody... anybody... everybody, get the fuck up!
Show me what you got!
Whoo-ha!
Show me what you got!
Hey, ladies!Who's hot, who's not?
Who? Who?
Who's hot, who's not?I can't help but believe in these friends,
these bands, these stories, and the places that i've been
I thank God, Mom and Dad,
Adrian, for the love I feel inside
Jordan, my phat ass band
Without 'em I'd be nothin' but a pumpkin shoved inside a can.

Without the fans there wouldn't be no show,
and if that was really so than life would really blow.
To the Firm, you always got my back.
Korn for the love and the swappin' of the tracks.
My brother Cory D, my man Terry Date
We brought it to the plate and you made it sound great.
Scott Weiland the melody man,
if you can't sing it nobody can.
Wu Tang Clan, skills from the Method.
The world's best MC kills on this record.
Slim Shady, crazy ass cracker.
Staind, a brand new drug for your brain.
Les Claypool, for actin' like a fool
and all of the bands for the demos that were kool.
I'm so grateful for this life of mine.
The ones I didn't thank, I will some other time
Now i just want somebody, anybody, everybody to get the fuck up!
And show me what you got!
Yeee-ha!
Show me what you got
Hey, ladies! Who's hot, who's not?
Who? Who?
Who's hot, who's not?
Who's... hot, baby?
Who's hot? Uh...
Yeah Lethal, I like that beat...
Uh... Bring it!
Bring it! I've been around this world and then some.
Dum ditty dum kid, where you comin' from?
I went from the garage to steppin' on these stages.
Outrageous rhymes left my mind and soon became contagious.
An MC with bad habits I am; I see a mic then I grab it
It's scary, ain't it?
Comin' raw with no corrections, savin' all perfections,
for what I do with my erections,
so dream on...!

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