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
JumpI'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.

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