

Limp Bizkit, Stinkfinger

A city of canvas
I'm thinking I've been there before
You know something, I live in this pig pen this filthy pig pen next door
Another picture
My aroma, stick that nose up in the air
Is that the excuse you use to ruin me
I need to get you outta my way
Pack your bags you punk, get the fuck outta here
Need to get you outta my way
Love thy neighbor, love my neighbor
Yeah right...right
Yo J, drop that one down
Your existence means less now that it probably ever has before
You've got your head up your ass
Out of your mouth comes nothing but sh...
Should I listen, I absorb
You amuse me idiot
All bent outta shape
Cause I piss on your gate
I need to get you outta my way
Pack your bags you punk, get the fuck outta here
Need to get you outta my way
Love thy neighbor, love my neighbor
Yeah right...right
And you don't stop
And we won't stop
That's right
And you can't stop
This shit, it just won't stop
Let's take it to the curb if you can stand it, put yourself in my position man - [2x]
Let's take it to the curb, put yourself in my position man
Ahh, take it to the curb, put yourself in my position man
Punk, how you wanna take it to the curb
Ahh, you wanna take it to the curb
Ahh put ya, put ya, ahh, put yourself in my position man
You don't stop
Got it
Stinky, stinky finger
And you don't
And you don't