## 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