

Robbie Williams, Rollin'

Chocolate Starfish
Gonna keep on rollin' baby
Who's in, now who's out
Hands up, now hands down
Back up, back up
Tell me what you gonna do now
Breathe in, now breathe out
Hands up, now hands down
Back up, back up
Tell me what you gonna do now
Keep rollin' rollin' rollin' rollin'
Now I know ya'll be lovin' this shit right here
L . . I . . M . . P... Bizkit is right here
People in the house put them hands in the air
'Cause if you don't care, then we don't care (yeah)
1 . . 2 . . 3 . . times 2 to the 6, Jonesin' for your fix 'cause the Limp Bizkit mix
So where the fuck you at ?
Punk shut the fuck up
And back the fuck up
Before we fuck this track up
(Throw your hands up)
Who's in, now who's out
You... wanna mess with Limp Bizkit (yeah)
You can't mess with Limp Bizkit (why ?)
Because we get it on (when)
Everyday and every night (oh)
And this platinum thing right here (uh huh)
We're doing it all the time (huh)
So you better get some better beats
And, uh get some better rhymes (doh)
We got the game set so don't complain yet
Twenty-four seven, never beggin' for a raincheck
Old school soldiers passin' out the hot shit
That rocks shit and bounces the mosh pit
(Throw your hands up)
Who's in, now who's out
Hey Ladies, Hey Fellas
And the people that don't give a fuck
All the lovers, All the haters
And all the people that call themselves playas
Hot mommas, Pimp daddies
And the people rollin' up in Caddies
Hey rockers, Hip-Hoppers
And everybody all around the world...