

All in the Family

Korn

Fred: Say what, say what
John: My dick is bigger than yours.Fred: A say what, say what?John: My band is bigger than yours.Fred: Too bad I got your beans in my bag, you stuck-up sucka, Korny muthafucker.
Takin' over flows is the Limp pimp
Need a Bizkit to save this group from Jon Davis.
I'm gonna drop a little east side skill, you best step back 'cause I'm a kill.
I'm a kill.
So whatcha thinking Mr. Raggedy man?
Doin' all you can to look like Raggedy Ann.John: Check you out punk, yes I know you feel it.
You look like one of those dancers from the Hanson video, you little faggot ho.
Please give me some shit to wank with, 'cause right now I'm all it kid.
Suck my dick kid, like your daddy did.
Fred: Who the fuck you think you're talking to?
I'm known for eatin' little whiny chumps like you.
John: Whatever.
Fred: All up in my face with that.
John: Are you ready?
Fred: But halitosis, is all you're rockin' steady.
You little fairy, smelling on your flowers.
Nappy hairy chest, look it's Austin Powers!
John: Oh Yeah, baby!
Fred: I hear you tweetin' on them fag-pipes Clyde.
What you said the best, there's No Place To Hide.John: What the fuck you' sayin'?
You're a pimp whatever' limp dick.
Fred Durst needs to rehearse, needs to reverse what he's saying.
Wannabe funk doobiest is what you're playin', rippin' up a bad counterfeit, fakin'!
Plus your bills I'm paying.
You can't eat that shit every day Fred. Lay off the bacon.
Fred: Say what, say what?You better watch your fuckin' mouth, John.
John: So you hate me!
Fred: And I hate you!
John: You know what, you know what?Both: It's all in the family.
John: I hate you!
Fred: And you hate me!
John: You know what?Both: It's all in the family.
John: Look at you fool, I'm gonna fuck you up twice, throwin' rhymes at me like
Oh shit, alright, Vanilla Ice.
You better run, Run while you can, you can never fuck me up Bisc Limpkit.At least I got a
P.H.A.T. original band.
Fred: Who's hot?
John: Me.
Fred: Who's not?

John: You.

Fred: You best step back, Korn on the cob, you need a new job.
Time to take them mic skills back to the dentist to buy yourself a new grill.

You pumpkin pie, I'll jack-off in your eye.

Climbing shoots and ladders, while your ego shatters.

But you just can't get away.

John: Get a gay? Fred: Because it's doomsday kid, it's doomsday.

John: So I hate you!

Fred: And you hate me!

John: You know what, you know what? Both: It's all in the family.

John: I hate you!

Fred: And you hate me!

John: You know what, you know what? Both: It's all in the family.

Fred: You call yourself a singer?

John: Yep.

Fred: You're more like Jerry Springer.

John: Oh cool!

Fred: Your favorite band is Winger.

John: Winger?

Fred: And all you eat is Zingers.

You're like a Fruity Pebble, your favorite flag is rebel. It's just too bad that your a fag on a lower level.

John: So you're from Jacksonville, kickin' it like Buffalo Bill. Gettin' butt-fucked by your uncle Chuck, while your sister's on her knees waitin' for your little grapenut.

Fred: Wait, where did you get that little dance?

John: Over here.

Fred: Like them idiots in Waco, you're burning up in Bako where your father had your mother, your mother had your brother.

John: Nah! Fred: It's just too bad your father's mad, your mother's now your love.

John: Come on hillbilly, can your horse do a fuckin' wheelie?

You love it down south, and boy you sure do got a purdy mouth.

John: I hate you!

Fred: And you hate me!

John: You know what, you know what?

Both: It's all in the family.

John: And I hate you!

Fred: And you hate me!

John: You know what, you know what?

Both: It's all in the family.

John: And I love you!

Fred: And I want you!

John: And I'll suck you!

Fred: And I'll fuck you!

John: And I'll butt-fuck you!

Fred: And I'll eat you!

John: And I'll lick your little dick, muthafucka'.

Fred: Say what, say what?

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