

All In The Family

Fred: What's up with this fucking 'Ball Tongue' shit?

Jon: All I needed was a Pepsi..

Fred: You better shut the fuck up, punk

Jon: Whatever nigga..

Fred: Say what, say what?

Jon: My dick is bigger than yours..

Fred: Say what, say what?

Jon: My band is bigger than yours..

Fred: Too bad I got your beans in my bag, stuck-up sucka', KoRny motherfucka'. Takin' over flows is the Limp pimp, need a Bizkit to save this crew from Jon Davis. I'm gonna drop a little east side skill, ya best step back 'cuz I'm 'a kill, I'm 'a kill. So watcha thinking Mr. Raggedy man? Doin' all you can to look like Raggedy Ann

Jon: 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 work with, 'cuz 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??

Jon: Me

Fred: I'm known for eatin' little whiny chumps like you

Jon: Whatever

Fred: All up in my face with that..

Jon: Are you ready?!?

Fred: But halitosis, is all you're rockin' steady. You little fairy, smelling all your flowers. Nappy hairy chest, look it's Austin Powers!

Jon: Yeah, baby!

Fred: I hear ya tootin' on them fag-pipes clod, but you said it best, there's No Place To Hide

Jon: What the fuck ya' sayin'? You're a pimp whateva', limp dick. Fred Durst needs to rehearse, needs to reverse what he's saying. Wannabe Funkdoobiest 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, Jon

Refrain:

Jon: So you hate me?

Fred: and I hate you!

Jon: You know what, you know what?

Both: It's all in the family

Jon: I hate you!

Fred: and you hate me!

Jon: You know what, you know what?

Both: It's all in the family

Jon: Look at you fool, I'm gonna fuck you up twice, throwin' rhymes at me like, oh shit, Vanilla Ice. Ya better run, run while ya can, you'll never fuck me up, Bisc Limpkit. At least I got a phat, original band

Fred: Who's hot, who's not ?

Jon: 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, and buy yourself a new grill

Jon: Fuck you

Fred: 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

Jon: Get a gay ?

Fred: 'Cuz it's doomsday kid, it's doomsday

Refrain

Fred: You call yourself a singer ?

Jon: Yep

Fred: You're more like Jerry Springer

Jon: Oh cool!

Fred: Your favorite band is winger

Jon: Winger ?

Fred: and all you eat is Zingers. You're like a Fruity Pebble, your favorite flag is rebel

Jon: Yeeeeehaaaaaa!!

Fred: It's just too bad that you're a fag, and on a lower level

Jon: 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 fuckin' nut

Fred: Wait, where'd ya get that little dance ?

Jon: 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, it's just too bad your father's mad, your mother's now your lover

Jon: Come on hillbilly, can your horse do a fuckin' wheelie ? You love it down south, and boy, you sure do got a purdy mouth

Refrain

Jon: and I love you!

Fred: and I want you!

Jon: and I'll suck you!

Fred: and I'll fuck you!

Jon: and I'll butt-fuck you!

Fred: and I'll eat you!

Jon: and I lick your little dick motherfucker

Fred: Say what ? Say... what ?