

# Break Stuff – Limp Bizkit

Its just one of those days  
Where you don't want to wake up  
Everything is fucked  
Everybody sucks  
You don't really know why  
But you want to justify  
Rippin' someone's head off  
No human contact  
And if you interact  
Your life is on contract  
Your best bet is to stay away motherfucker  
It's just one of those days  
It's all about the he-says, she-says bullshit  
I think you better quit, let the shit slip  
Or you'll be leaving with a fat lip  
It's all about the he-says, she-says bullshit  
I think you better quit, talking that shit  
Its just one of those days  
Feeling like a freight train  
First one to complain  
Leaves with a bloodstain  
Damn right I'm a maniac  
You better watch your back  
Cause I'm fucking up your program  
And then your stuck up  
You just lucked up  
Next in line to get fucked up  
Your best bet is to stay away motherfucker  
It's just one of those days  
It's all about the he-says, she-says bullshit  
I think you better quit, let the shit slip  
Or you'll be leaving with a fat lip  
It's all about the he-says, she-says bullshit  
I think you better quit, talking that shit  
Punk, so come and get it  
I feel like shit

My suggestion, is to keep your distance  
Cause right now I'm dangerous  
We've all felt like shit  
And been treated like shit  
All those motherfuckers  
That want to step up  
I hope you know, I pack a chainsaw  
I'll skin your ass raw  
And if my day keeps going this way, I just might  
Break something tonight  
I pack a chainsaw  
I'll skin your ass raw  
And if my day keeps going this way, I just might  
Break something tonight  
I pack a chainsaw  
I'll skin your ass raw  
And if my day keeps going this way, I just might  
Break your fucking face tonight  
Give me something to break  
Give me something to break  
Just give me something to break  
How bout yer fucking face  
I hope you know, I pack a chainsaw  
What!  
A chainsaw  
What!  
A motherfucking chainsaw  
What!  
So come and get it  
It's all about the he-says, she-says bullshit  
I think you better quit, let the shit slip  
Or you'll be leaving with a fat lip  
It's all about the he-says, she-says bullshit  
I think you better quit, talking that shit  
Punk, so come and get it



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych

