

# Linkin Park, Standing In The Middle

I'm standing in the middle of it  
Middle of it, middle of it

Yo, y'all better wake up; you think we don't see y'all drifting?  
Sleeping on the job and forgetting your position? (position)  
Sit straight and listen; what you are missing  
I cook up a batch, hot straight out the kitchen  
No indecision, I spit right  
Heavy as a fist fight  
No gloves and no masks  
No pain and no slack  
No way to look back  
Nobody to say I can't make my own path  
Cause the way that y'all act, I wanna break something  
Comin' at me like the pain I feel means nothing  
Comin' from a place where you can't relate  
Where every word from your face comes across as fake  
And I can hardly take the way that y'all treat us  
Sending this out to anyone who won't believe us  
Spelling it out so y'all know the deal  
And if you can't feel it, maybe you can't feel

I'm standing in the middle of it  
Middle of it  
Middle of it  
Man, who are you?  
I'm standing in the middle of it  
Middle of it  
Middle of it  
What are you saying?  
I'm standing in the middle of it  
Middle of it  
Middle of it  
What are you writing?  
I'm standing in the middle of it  
Middle of it  
Middle of it  
Man, who are you?

Tell em, Motion  
Eat your words  
Say what you used to say and act how you used to act  
Every time you heard my occupation was a rap attack (rap attack)  
My conversation's stacked, I switch my defense on you  
Every time you want to get deep you'll see my knuckle package  
Born to die, ferocious emcee make you go back and write your rhymes  
My style chokes up like a little league baseball player  
It moves, I'm strangling as I'm swinging as main mangler  
I wanna dee-four, poach you as your seafood is cee-four  
I'm gonna rap and you still knee-high  
Y'all wanna train with me, guy?  
Man, it's destructive  
Man, it's like jabs from boxing champ Lennox  
Perfect for your head, I'll fit it like New Era hats  
That top off suits, B-boy etiquette  
Express myself with my hang-side  
Then I extend one finger, the middle fucking

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Middle of it

Middle of it  
What are you sayin'?  
I'm standing in the middle of it  
Middle of it  
Middle of it  
What are you writin'?  
I'm standing in the middle of it  
Middle of it  
Middle of it  
Man, who are you?

Yo, Motion (yeah?)  
Sometimes I feel it's like nothing that I ever do is ever good enough (for real)  
Like I should stop and go back to L.A.  
Back away where I know I won't be seen  
And nobody's gonna critique the music that I make  
And mistake me for some fucking kid with a backpack  
Rapping on a track just to make a buck  
For a mix-tape that sucks  
And dee-jays that don't get it  
But I been down that road and I know  
People don't wanna go where I might go  
Don't wanna know what it's like  
To step outside your zone with a mike  
Just controlling the hype  
And if we need to take shots from them  
And be stopped by them just to make these ends  
Then so be it, I will not hold my breath  
I'm gonna spit til I got none left  
Motion, where you at?

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