

Linkin Park, X ecutioner Style

From the top
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SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!when i'm talkin to you
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
SHUT UP!
I'm about to!
Wasn't that fun?
Lets try something else, else, else, else
Point 45 caliber killer out of the filla
Elevated show your brothas how your not a gorilla
Smooth talking fully automatic weapon constiller
Taste thrilla, great filler
Hit him like a Godzilla
Filthy stinking standing on the side of the ground
Still be sinking submerging in the parks
Still be linking plucked beats when it starts
Hope your thinking its not a mirage
Im in a mother f**king tractor without a disguise
Well if you could duck but its hard to dodge
In the back of that spine where my darkness lies
Flippin straight up ripping apart your side
X-Ecutioner's style cuts and blends
Like a syringe banging you in each of your limbs
See me coming through your party hard
Without no body guard
Smoking something, stomping on each of your tims
I'm a B to the L to A to C king
And when it comes around I hear the key thing it's
SHUT UP!
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