

X-Ecutioner Style

Linkin Park

Shut up, shut up

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Shut up, shut up I'm about to

Wasn't that fun? Let's try something else 45 caliber killer without of the filla

Elevated Show, your brotha's how you're not a gorilla

Smooth talking, fully automatic weapon constiller

Taste thrilla, great filler, hit him with the bounce stiller Filthy stinking, standing on the side grounded

Still be sinking submerging in the parks

Still be linking plucked beats when it starts

Hope your thinking, it's not a mirage I'm living up off tracks from out of the garage

Well, if you could duck but it's hard to dodge

In the back of that spine where my darkness lies

Flipping straight up, ripping apart your squad 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 bodyguard Smoking something, stomping on each of your toes

I'm the B to the L to the A to the C King

And when it comes to planning the thought

Keeping thinking this Shut up, shut up

Shut up, shut up

Shut up, shut up

Shut up, shut up

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