

# X-Ecutioner Style

## Linkin Park

Shut up, shut up  
Shut up, shut up  
Shut up, shut up  
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 thrill, 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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