

High Voltage (live)

Linkin Park

You know what I mean
You could put a label on a life
Put a label on a lifestyle
Sometimes...
You know
Put a label on how you wake up every morning
And go to bed at night
Hybrid I've been diggin into crates ever since I was livin in space
Before the ratrace, before monkeys had human traits
I mastered numerology and bigbang theology
Performed lobotomies with telekinetic psychology
Invented the mic so I could start blessin it
Chincheckin kids to make my point like an impressionist
Many men have tried to shake us
But I twist mic cords in double helixes and show them what I'm made of
I buckle knees like leg braces
Cast the spell of instrumental-ness and all of you emcees who hate us
So you can try on
Leave you without a shoulder to cry on
From now to infinity let icons be bygones
I fire bomb ghostly notes haunt this
I tried threats but moved on to a promise
I stomp shit with or without an accomplice
And run the gauntlet with
whoever that wants this
High Voltage
The unforgettable sound
High Voltage
Bringing you up and taking you down
High Voltage
Coming at you from every side
High Voltage
Making the rhythm and rhyme collide
Akira, I put a kink in the backbones of clones with microphones
Never satisfy my rhyme jones
Sprayin bright day over what you might say
My Blood type's Krylon Technicolor type A
On highways ride with road rage
Cages of wind and cages of tin that bounce all around
Surround sound
Devouring the scene
Subliminal gangrene paintings
Over while the same thing
Sing song karaoke copy bullshit
Break bones verbally with sticks and stone tactics
Fourth dimension, combat convention
Write rhymes at ease while the track stands at attention
Meant to put you away with the pencil
Pistol, official, 16 line a rhyme missile
While you risk your all, I pick out all your flaws

Spin rah, blah blah blah
You can say you saw
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And like the rock and rap
You know what i mean
People act like you know
Wow that's a new invention
That shits brand new
We're constantly evolving
It is constantly changing
Sometimes...
There's a lot of change
Everybody's always up with labels
There ain't no label for this shit
They're always gonna try to put a label on it
Try to create something
So they can water it down
Sometimes I feel like a prophet
Misunderstood
Under the gun like a new disease
Sometimes I feel like a prophet
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You know what I mean, you can put a label on a lifestyle

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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