

Second To None (feat. Mike Shinoda)

Styles of Beyond

It's the real authentic, leave y'all dented
Forget what ya heard, if I said it, I meant it
Did it for real, while y'all pretended
Back for more, startin' the war to end it Raw, rippin' like I'm workin' a chainsaw
New York to Cali, New Jersey to Crenshaw
Speak the gift while you bleed the fit
My team is sick, we eat, sleep and breathe this shit Rough and rugged, kill 'em soft
We don't leave one standin' when we breakin' 'em off
Takin' a loss? Not a chance in your life
If being fresh is wrong, I don't wanna be right Stop, drop and roll, we got soul
Safety popped off when we lock and load
So this how we get this done
You can check on the rep, yep, second to none Check on the rep, second to none, yeah
This how we get this done
You can check on the rep, second to none Check on the rep, second to none, yeah
This how we get this done
You can check on the rep, second to none Yo, check the rep, yep, enough respect
If not for the jewels, I drop the chunky neck
I'm funky fresh equipped with a rusty tick
Am I the best? Well, I gotta put it bluntly, yes You can't touch me, the flows'll get ya
Squeeze breath outta your chest like boa constrictors
I'm a killer and I usually know my victims
So I catch a lot of bodies on the homie system, uh Don't get it twisted, I'll break your jaw
You'll be sippin' fried chicken through a crazy straw
Liquid diet, bitch, we official pirates
I ghost ride the ghost ship, drinkin' and drivin', yeah You ain't nothin', but a whiny kid
That cries like a wimp 'cause nobody rides with him
I ain't a thug, pimp, gangsta or grindin' done
But you can check on the rep, yep, second to none Check on the rep, second to none, yeah
This how we get this done
You can check on the rep, second to none Check on the rep, second to none, yeah
This how we get this done
You can check on the rep, second to none Then all the bears wanna step in the gate
You can find me at the gym, bench pressin' the weight
Gettin' diesel on that ass and I'm so disgustin'
I'ma tell the whole god dang globe to suck it I'm bad, now you feelin' something surround you
My chemical mix, they got you pumpin' the Valium
The audience closed in and they had a reaction
Similar to explosions off of battery acid My rhymes a razor, to slash your neck with

So findin' my trip past your neck or exit
Into the dungeon, what you bringin' a bucket?
No one's hearin' your screams, so start playin' the trumpet I'm outta your reach now, so give me some rock a
few
Hookin' a beat down and do the impossible
A couple of months later, the record was done
So you can check on the rep, yep, second to none Check on the rep, second to none, yeah
This how we get this done
You can check on the rep, second to none Check on the rep, second to none, yeah
This how we get this done
You can check on the rep, second to none

Songwriters

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