H! Vltg3

Linkin Park

Sometimes
Hybrid

Iâ€™ve been digging into crates
Ever since I was living in space
Before the ratrace
Before monkeys had human traits
I mastered numerology
And Big Bang theology
Performed lobotomies
With telekinetic psychology
Invented the mic
So I could start blessing it
Chin-checking kids to make my point like an impressionist
Many men have tried to shake us
But I twist mic cords in double-helixes
To show them what Iâ€™m made of
I buckle knees like leg-braces
Cast a spell of instrumentalness on 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 onto a promise
I stomp s**t with or without an accomplice
And run the gauntlet with whoever that wants this

High voltage
This is 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 satisfied my rhyme jones
Spraying bright day over what you might say
My blood-typeâ€™s Krylon, Technicolour Type-A
On highways, right with road-rage
Cages of wind and cages of tin that bounce all around
Surround sound
Devouring the scene
Subliminal gangrene paintings
Overall the same things
Sing songs, karaoke, copy, bulls**t
Break bones verbally with sticks-and-stones 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, sixteen-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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Whoâ€™s the man demanding you hand over your Land Rover?
No manâ€™s bolder than the Pharoahe when he jams
The planâ€™s over
I inflict sclerosis
The most ferocious
Why I spy, my third eye, extremely high voltage

Thatâ€™s why I need Ruby Quartz glasses
â€™Cause when I glance thereâ€™s a chance I might blast the masses
Subliminals trasmitted through piano
Integrated in flow
Calculated to nano
I use skills when I need
Please head the rhyme I hear when I plead when I proceed through time
I walk through walls an inanimate obsticles
Via induced reduction of cells and molecules
I bring the knowledge
You swallow the state
Thatâ€™s a hologram
I box your head
Fatten your lip like Collogen
A telepath to deliver verses with no postage
Pharoahe Monch, Mike Shinoda
We high voltage

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Linkin Park (being scratched over, and over again)

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