

X-ecutioner Style

Linkin Park

Shut up, shut up
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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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