

# X-Ecutioner Style (Black Thought)

## Linkin Park

From the top [being scratched over and over]

Shut up

Shut up

Shut upShut up (when I'm talking to you)

Shut up

Shut up

Shut up

Shut upI'm about to...

wasn't that fun, lets try something else

Forty five caliber killa but outta the filla

Dela villa gonna show y'all brothers how you not a gorillaSmooth talking fully automatic weapon concilla

Taste thriller, break thriller, lets hit em' with the bounce filla

Filthy stinkin' standin' on solid ground

Still be sinkin' submerging and the parks

Still be Linkin' pluck beef when its starts, fuck what your thinking, its not a mirageI'm in a mother fuckin'

tractor from out of the garage

With an if through the duck, but its hard to dodge

In the back of that spine where my dogs' lie

Gonna flip it straight up rippin' apart ya squadX to the excutioner style, cuts and blends

Like a syringe hangin' you from each of ya limbs

See me comin' through ya party hard

Without no bodyguardSmoking something stompin on each of ya Tims

I'm the beto the L the A the see king

And when it come to planning the thought to keep thinking man[Repeat: x8]

Shut up

Songwriters

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