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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