

Redman F/ Lady Luck "X-ecutioner Style"

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{*scratched: "From the top.." 6-8X*}

{*scratched: "Shut up!" 8X*} "I'm about to.."

{*scratched: "Wasn't that fun? Let's try something else.."}*

[Black Thought]

Forty-five caliber killer, right out of the Phila-
-dela thriller show you brothers how you not a guerilla
Smooth talkin, fully automatic weapon concealer
Taste thriller, great filler, hit 'em with the Godzilla
Filthy stinkin, standin on side of ground and still be
sinkin

Submergin in the Parks and still be Linkin
Pluck beef when it starts, but {fuck} your thinkin
It's not a mirage

I rip the {motherfuckin} track up from out the garage
Where I'm hip to the duck, but it's hard to dodge
In the back of that spine where my darts is lodged
Thought flippin straight up, rippin apart your squad
X-Ecutioner style, that cuts and blends

Like a syringe, we bangin you in each of your limbs
See me comin through your party hard, without no
bodyguard

Smokin somethin, stompin on each of your Timbs
I'm the B to the L, the A, the C-King (uh huh..)

And when it comes to plannin the Thought, keep thinkin
that

{*scratched: "Shut up!" 8X*}

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