Linkin Park "H! Vltg3"

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(feat. Evidence, DJ Babu, Pharoahe Monch)

Sometimes Hybrid

lÂ'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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