

Linkin Park

"H! Vltge"

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Sometimes

Hybrid

Ive 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-helices
To show them what Im 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-types 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 ris

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