

Linkin Park

"Mortal Thought"

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Adjust that treble right now adjust the bass
Turn it up, stop frontin
C'mon, turn it up
Alright, check it out ninety-three lyrics, here we go
Bo!

I never want a jheri curl up under my hat
The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black
I never want money if my lyrics are wack
So I must, roc, the mic
I play only the reggae and I play only rap
I rock the African, the European, and Jap
Beneath I got to show you that I am all that
So I must, roc, the mic

Are you tired of lyrical liars, passing fliers
Wannabe MC's, but really good triers
Tripping over mic cords, getting you bored
A total fraud, this kind of thing I can't afford, so I
pick up the mic and kill it ill it top bill it
The cough is a skillet, where MC's get fried in it
You got beef chill it, blood I spill it
After seven long years of ripping the party and I'm still
widdit
You call my name I don't think about suing ya
I come to the club with that BOOYAKA
Laughing while I'm doin ya the crowd is booin ya
Gimme one month, record for record on tape I'll ruin ya
Some likkle awl pon sound bwoy wan fi rule de city
His style is lookin pretty beats and rhymes are dibby
dibby
Here comes the rootical ratical teacha
I'll eat ya defeat ya beat ya till ya stagger and ya teeth
chatter
You'll be goin through convulsions as I flash data
Any rapper can be a decapitated rapper now what's the
matter
You're full of more junk than a sausage
Let me show you what a real hip-hop artist

*DJ Premier cuts and scratches "My posse from the

Bronx is thick!"*

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Of course yeah I'm the most brilliant recording artist in
your life
Never have to repeat a rhyme style twice, precise
In a lyrical drought like water to your lips oh yes my
lyrics will suffice
I'm nice, like beans and rice, I am delicious
Who's the freshest lyricist on the mic, you don't want to
fuck with Kris is
Lyric for lyric rhyme for rhyme style for style I break
you like dishes
Either you come fully correct or the lyrics you simply
makin wishes
We got no time for fake black leaders and dreamers
blowin wishes
youse a fraud, I mean a fraud like in fraudulation
I know what it is, the crown of rhyme supremacy you're
tastin
And yes, before the flavor hits your greedy tongue
You get ripped up by KRS-One
Now, lyrics, somebody want lyrics, from the lyrical
terrorist
Here's a little somethin for you all to remember Kris,
and remember this
I am no pessimist, more of an optimist
Activist revolutionist, yes the hardest artist
And the smartest, Premier, spark this

*Premier cuts and scratches "My posse from the Bronx
is thick!"*

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