

# Linkin Park

## "Numb/encore"

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(feat. Jay-Z)

Thank you, thank you, thank you, you're far too kind

Now can I get an encore, do you want more  
Cookin raw with the Brooklyn boy  
So for one last time I need y'all to roar

Now what the hell are you waitin for  
After me, there shall be no more  
So for one last time, nigga make some noise

Get em Jay

Who you know fresher than Hov'? Riddle me that  
The rest of y'all know where I'm lyrically at  
Can't none of y'all mirror me back  
Yeah hearin me rap is like hearin G. Rap in his prime  
I'm, young H.O., rap's Grateful Dead  
Back to take over the globe, now break bread  
I'm in, Boeing jets, Global Express  
Out the country but the blueberry still connect  
On the low but the yacht got a triple deck  
But when you Young, what the fuck you expect? Yep,  
yep  
Grand openin, grand closin  
God damn your man Hov' cracked the can open again  
Who you gon' find dooper than him with no pen  
just draw off inspiration  
Soon you gon' see you can't replace him  
with cheap imitations for THESE GENERATIONS!

Now can I get an encore, do you want more  
Cookin raw with the Brooklyn boy  
So for one last time I need y'all to roar

Now what the hell are you waitin for  
After me, there shall be no more  
So for one last time, nigga make some noise

What the hell are you waiting for

[sighs] Look what you made me do, look what I made

for you  
Knew if I paid my dues, how will they pay you  
When you first come in the game, they try to play you

Then you drop a couple of hits, look how they wave to  
you  
From Marcy to Madison Square  
To the only thing that matters in just a matter of years  
(yea)  
As fate would have it, Jay's status appears  
to be at an all-time high, perfect time to say goodbye  
When I come back like Jordan, wearin the 4-5  
It ain't to play games witchu  
It's to aim at you, probably maim you  
If I owe you I'm blowin you to smithereens  
Cocksucker take one for your team  
And I need you to remember one thing (one thing)  
I came, I saw, I conquered  
From record sales, to sold out concerts  
So muh'fucker if you want this encore  
I need you to scream, 'til your lungs get sore

I'm tired of being what you want me to be  
Feeling so faithless lost under the surface  
Don't know what you're expecting of me  
Put under the pressure of walking in your shoes  
(Caught in the undertow just caught in the undertow)  
Every step that I take is another mistake to you  
(Caught in the undertow just caught in the undertow)  
And every second I waste is more than I can take

I've become so numb I can't feel you there  
I've become so tired so much more aware  
I'm becoming this all I want to do  
Is be more like me and be less like you

I've become so numb  
Can I get an encore, do you want more (more...)  
I've become so numb  
So for one last time I need y'all to roar  
One last time I need y'all to roar  
Alba

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