

# Linkin Park

## "Reading My Eyes"

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### Verse 1:

The microphone molester / machete undresser  
Stupid-dope-fresh type shit resurrector  
Top gun / miramar / best of the best-er  
The leave-an-MC-peace-in-rest-er  
Skill tester / the flex-the-gunner  
The make-funner / the adversary make runner  
Make summer cold with rhymes I spit  
Kick gift to lifted delinquent wit  
I be the prophet / my rhyme--top it? stop it.  
Fly like rocket when I rock it  
Lock it down with this perverse verse  
Every fuckin curse a burst of hurt  
Move crowds: physical fitness rhymes  
Coke heads couldn't do my lines  
I'm decorated like christmas pines  
My battalion rocks  
MCs become silohetes of chalk

### Chorus:

Reading my eyes will say it in many ways  
Losing my pride will save it in many days

### Verse 2:

Hit the dirt because the words I spit will  
Do more than just rip your shirt  
I'll bitch slap your soul  
Contact the track control  
You coming at me? you can't hack it though  
So ridiculous  
Watching my crew get sick of this  
Wickedness  
Pitchin' this  
Lyrical viciousness to crews and cliques  
Made of men and mistresses  
This is my life  
The twilight in the fight night  
And trying to see nothing but the highlights  
When I write  
These eyes on horizons  
Die for my song  
Cry rhymes in krylon

Fire on / move men telekenetically  
Esoterically beat-speaking with clarity  
Feel my verity / heroism of heresy  
And sever every MC I see with severity

Chorus

Bridge:

Why not what I came (3x)

Why not give me what I came to deserve }

Why not give me what I came to believe }

Chorus

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