

## **Linkin Park**

### **"Second To None"**

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It's the real authentic  
Leave ya'll dented  
Forget what ya heard  
If I said it, I meant it  
Did it for real  
While ya'll pretended  
Back for more  
Startin' the war to end it  
Raw  
Rippin' like I'm working a chainsaw  
New York to Cali  
New Jersey to Crenshaw  
Speak the gift while you plead the fifth  
My team is sick  
We eat, sleep, and breathe this shit  
Rough and rugged  
Kill 'em soft  
We don't leave one standin' when we breakin' 'em off  
Takin' a loss?  
Not a chance in your life  
If being fresh is wrong, I don't wanna be right  
Stop, drop, and roll  
We got soul  
Safe to pop off when we lock and load  
So this how we get this done  
You can check on the rep, yep, second to none  
Check on the rep, second to none, yea  
This how we get this done  
You can check on the rep, second to none  
Check on the rep, second to none, yea  
This how we get this done  
You can check on the rep, second to none  
Yo, check the rep, yep, enough respect  
If not for the jewels I drop, the chunky neck  
I'm funky fresh  
Equipped with a rusty Tek  
Am I the best?  
Well I gotta put it bluntly, yes  
You can't touch me  
The flows'll get ya  
Squeeze breath outta your chest like boa constrictors

I'm a killer and I usually know my victims  
So I catch a lot of bodies on the homie system, uh  
Don't get it twisted, I'll break your jaw  
You'll be sippin' fried chicken through a crazy straw  
Liquid diet, bitch  
We official pirates  
I ghost ride the ghost ship  
Drinkin' and drivin', yea  
You ain't nothing but a whiny kid  
That cries like a wimp cuz nobody rides with him  
I ain't a thug, pimp, gangsta or grimey, done  
But you can check on the rep, yep, second to none  
Check on the rep, second to none, yea  
This how we get this done  
You can check on the rep, second to none  
Check on the rep, second to none, yea  
This how we get this done  
You can check on the rep, second to none  
Then all the playas wanna step in the gate  
You can find me at the gym, bench pressing the  
weights  
Getting' diesel on that ass and I'm so disgusting  
I'mma tell the whole god dang globe to suck it  
I'm bad  
Now you feelin' something surround you  
My chemical mix, they got you pumpin' the valium  
The audience closed in and they had a reaction  
Similar to explosions off of battery acid  
My rhymes a razor, to slash your neck with  
So follow my trail path what next, your exit  
Into the dungeon, what you bringin' a bucket?  
No one's hearin' your screams, so start playin' the  
trumpet  
I'm outta your reach now  
So give me some rocket fuel  
Hookin' a beat down and do the impossible  
A couple of months later, the record was done  
So you can check on the rep, yep, second to none  
Check on the rep, second to none, yea  
This how we get this done  
You can check on the rep, second to none  
Check on the rep, second to none, yea  
This how we get this done  
You can check on the rep, second to none

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