

Linkin Park**"X-Ecutioner Style(feat. Black Thought)"**

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From the top
Shut up
Shut up
Shut up
Shut up when Im talking to you
Shut up
Shut up
Shut up
Shut up
Im about to br
Wasnt that fun?
Lets try something else

Forty-five calibre killer from out of the filler
Definitely going to show yall brothers how you not a
gorilla
Smooth talking, fully automatic weapon concealer
Taste thriller, break thriller
Lets hit em with the bounce filler
Filthy stinking, standing on solid ground
And still be sinking, submerging in the parks
Still be linking, plucked beef when it starts
To f**k your thinking, its not a mirage
Im in the motherf**king track, yo, from out the garage
With an if, you to duck, but its hard to dodge
In the back of the spine where my dawgs, they lie
Going to flip it straight up, ripping apart your squad
X-ecutioner style, cuts and blends like a syringe
Hanging you from each of your limbs
See me coming through the party hard without no
bodyguard
Smoking something, stomping on each of you Tims
Im the B-to-the-L, the A, the C, King
And when it comes to planning
The thought to keep thinking, man

Shut up
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Shut up Shut up Shut up Shut up Shut up

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