

## **Linkin Park F/ Chali 2na, Evidence**

### **"Hear This"**

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[Bookie]

Get ta bustin like a well known glock  
Get ta vibin', now you realizin' West coast get live wit  
the hip hop  
And Phoen, feel me comin' through, fuckin' wit the  
sound  
Wit the nigga Ke Ke, God he used ta checkin' out my CD  
You feel me?  
We 'bout ta rise wit love for the buck  
So feel the ties when it's 3 combined, and double  
Kurupt  
Paper is what I'm after  
Talkin' 'bout this nigga that's been known ta regulate  
Lyrically gifted wit a passion  
But hold up  
Let out the vibe when I bloat up  
Serve it up like tadow, who blowin' up now?  
But son, this the season, go terminate your reasons  
Makin' it hard ta believe, recognize the legiant  
Believe in somethin' that Phoen niggas is decievin'  
We seizin', niggas that bleed, fuck wit every reason  
Let me get a breath, I said the peace  
Y'all 'bout ta feel it  
Faced wit a bigga size at the killin'

[Kurupt]

G'd up  
Check it out  
I gotta hustle, get my muthafuckin' hustle on, main  
I bustin', not givin' a fuck who I'm bustin' on, main  
G life wit the scope and the beamin'  
Schemin' while y'all schemin', it seem like all y'all  
demons  
You want my shit  
Tryin' ta snatch everything I get  
Nigga, you just a pranksta  
Fuckin' wit a gangsta  
I told a bitch may change up and switch game  
Like hoes, we in Monte Carlos  
Rollin' by like fuck hoes  
Rollin' by wit the homies and pistols in carloads

4's and switches, bounce around the corner bendin'  
Tremendous G status, like a gangsta should  
Pull the fools out and bang the hood  
Dogg Pound gangstas, up ta no good  
I'm a gangsta, and you're not  
Capital G, blastin' off the balcony  
Kurupt Young Gotti, not givin' a fuck  
Just laughin' and shit, fin ta start blastin' and shit  
You ain't hard, you a punk nigga  
I got the gauge in the trunk, I'm 'bout ta dump nigga

[Lil Ke Ke]

Check the lisp, whatever you do don't get me pissed  
Ain't no doubt in my mind, you niggas don't respect  
this  
Unlimited shot-caller, Texas rich baller  
Lil Ke Ke the dun, I'ma lead, neva follow  
Commission, I represent 'til my last breath  
The only way out unless I'm dealin' wit death  
It's 'bout the wealth, the fame, and even the glory  
So young in the game that I'm tellin' the story  
They can't ignore me  
Me and Kurupt, we rip it up  
This thug like Chuck, Fo' Life don't give a fuck  
We the realist, while the fakers be frontin'  
Jam Dundy comission, we strait live paper huntin'  
Ain't no stuntin'  
Keepin' it real up in the side  
Platinum rolex wit diamonds in the mind  
You feel me, I'ma hole in dolla loaner  
Texas ta Arizona, we'll leave ya in acoma

[Bookie]

Uh  
I have this permanent disease  
and have me barkin' everytime I'm talkin'  
Seperate the bullshit wit a caution  
Another germ mob ta realize that when I'm stalkin'  
Know this nigga hawkin', summarize the life when I be  
flossin'  
Another story  
No need for glory, fuck the fame, it's the same  
If it put it down without the lights and TV's, enemies die  
Won't see me sokin' up the game, 'bout ta bang  
For the 9-9, betta know mine, surprise for the triple  
time  
Feelin' the shit I'm spittin', be rippin', lyrically gifted  
I'm sippin' Hen wit the Coca-Cola, and I'm on a mission  
No love for hatas trippin', I'm dippin', forever whippin'  
And pimpin', checkin' the microphone as I keep it hittin'  
Anotha gut exploded, reload it, the bomb

Took the time ta quote it,  
no question you thought it, we are now promote it  
It's on and poppin' wit whateva's droppin, no stoppin'  
The quandoe, puttin' mo' bounce up into the ounce

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