

Reading My Eyes

Linkin Park

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

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

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're 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 and 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 telekinetically
Esoterically beat-speaking with clarity
Feel my verity, heroism of heresy
And sever every MC I see with severity

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Why not... what I came... Why not... what I came...

Why not give me what I came to deserve?
Why not give me what I came to believe?
Why not give me what I came to deserve?
Why not give me what I came to believe?

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