

# Keys to the Kingdom

Linkin Park

No control! No surprise!  
Tossed the keys to the kingdom down that hole in my eye  
I'm my own casualty! I fuck up everything I see, fighting in futility!

We start the Final War  
Tell me what's worth fighting for  
When we know there's nothing more  
We take the hand or fist  
Just to sell ourselves for this  
The path we least resist

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Uh, I give you what you came for  
This is not the same though  
Got a different method  
But I still can bring the pain so  
Y'all stuck in that same flow  
I got that insane flow  
High as y'all can get but you're  
Never really in my range, though  
Yes, I'm half Anglo  
Half fried Panko  
All prime-time rhymer  
Let the bass bang low  
All you fucking lames go  
Aiming at my name, know  
Careful what you shoot because you might hit what you aim for  
(Careful what you shoot because you might hit what you aim for)

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I'm not allowed to say certain things, aahhhh!

Try and do... try and do the other thing... real quick.