

## 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

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

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?

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