

X-Executioner Style

Black Thought

From the top Shut up
Shut up
Shut up

Shut up (when I'm talking to you)
Shut up
Shut up
Shut up
Shut up

I'm about to...
wasn't that fun, lets try something else
Forty five caliber killa but outta the filla
Dela villa gonna show y'all brothers how you not a gorilla

Smooth talking fully automatic weapon concilla
Taste thriller, break thriller, lets hit em' with the bounce filla
Filthy stinkin' standin' on solid ground
Still be sinkin' submerging and the parks
Still be Linkin' pluck beef when its starts, fuck what your thinking, its not a mirage

I'm in a mother fuckin' tractor from out of the garage
With an if through the duck, but its hard to dodge
In the back of that spine where my dogs' lie
Gonna flip it straight up rippin' apart ya squad

X to the executioner style, cuts and blends
Like a syringe hangin' you from each of ya limbs
See me comin' through ya party hard
Without no bodyguard

Smoking something stompin on each of ya Tims
I'm the be to the L the A the see king
And when it come to planning the thought to keep thinking man

Shut up