

Sometime, sometime, sometime, sometime
(Hybrid, Linkin Park)

I've been digging into crates, ever since I was livin' in space
Before the rat race, before monkeys had human traits
I mastered numerology and Big Bang theology
Performed lobotomies with telekinetic psychology
Invented the mic, so I could start blessin' it
Chin-checkin' kids to make my point like an impressionist
Many men have tried to shake us, but I twist mic cords to
Double helixes and show them what I'm made of
I buckle knees like leg braces
Cast a spell of instrumentalists on all of you emcees who hate us
So you can try on, leave you without a shoulder to cry on
From now to infinity, let icons be bygones
I fire bomb, ghostly notes haunt this
I tried threats, but moved on to a promise
I stomp shit with or without an accomplice
And run the gauntlet with whoever that wants this

High voltage
This is the unforgettable sound
High voltage
Bringing you up and taking you down
High voltage
Coming at you from every side
High voltage
Making the rhythm and rhyme collide

(Akira) I put a kink in the backbones of clones with microphones
Never satisfy my rhyme jones
Sprayin' bright day over what you might say
My blood type's Krylon, technicolor, type A
On highways, write with road rage
Pages of wind and cages of tin that bounce all around
Surround sound, devouring the scene
Subliminal gangrene, paintings, overall the same things
Sing-song, karaoke, copy bullshit
Break bones verbally with sticks and stone tactics
Fourth dimension, combat convention
Write rhymes at ease while the track stands at attention
Meant to put you away with the pencil pistol
Official sixteen line the rhyme missile
While you risk your all, I pick out all your flaws
Spittin' raw blah blah blah, you can say you saw

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Who's the man demanding you hand over your Land Rover
No man's bolder than Pharoahe when he jams your plan's over
I inflict sclerosis; the most ferocious
When I spy my third eye's extremely high voltage
That's why I need ruby quartz glasses
'Cause when I glance there's a chance that I might blast the masses
Subliminals, transmitted through piano
Integrated in flow, calculated in nano
I use skills when I need, please heed the rhyme I heal
When I bleed when I proceed through time
I walk through walls and inanimate obstacles
By inducing a reduction of cells and molecules
I bring the knowledge, you swallow a steak, that's a hologram
I boxed your head, fattened your lip like Collagen
A telepath, deliver verses with no postage
Pharoahe Monch, Mike Shinoda, we high voltage

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