

## CTRL C CTRL V

Mike Shinoda

Just in case you missed it let me tell you who I am  
Tell you who is that floating on the track track track like space

Ahhhh

Who is that floating on the track like space  
Gravity don't matter he just hovers into place  
Pardon me I hardly feel this sudden state of grace  
But this track is taking off like it was built on rocket bass  
Or rocket treble fuck it I don't give a damn  
Just in case you missed it let me tell you who I am  
Tell your mother, tell your brother, send a secret telegram  
Mike is to the the mic like peanut butter is to jam  
I walk what I talk  
I was made from the pressure like a diamond outta rock  
Call it password protected, I got this shit locked  
Put my hands on a mic, put my foes in a box  
Not a word you can tell me, came to give 'em hell these  
Bars full of scars from the punches that they dealt me  
Now I'm bullet training on tracks that never fail me  
Pull apart the bars nothing ever can derail me  
I don't follow you dudes I just move different  
These fools don't even know what to do with it  
New faces retracing paces I blueprinted  
Saying, "Mike we didn't have a clue until you did it"  
CTRL-C, CTRL-V, don't sleep  
Wild like Villanova over a dope beat  
Style between an old soul and OG  
Tell 'em focus on goals over the gold teeth