

Linkin Park, Standing In The Middle

I'm standing in the middle of it
Middle of it, middle of it

Yo, y'all better wake up; you think we don't see y'all drifting?
Sleeping on the job and forgetting your position? (position)
Sit straight and listen; what you are missing
I cook up a batch, hot straight out the kitchen
No indecision, I spit right
Heavy as a fist fight
No gloves and no masks
No pain and no slack
No way to look back
Nobody to say I can't make my own path
Cause the way that y'all act, I wanna break something
Comin' at me like the pain I feel means nothing
Comin' from a place where you can't relate
Where every word from your face comes across as fake
And I can hardly take the way that y'all treat us
Sending this out to anyone who won't believe us
Spelling it out so y'all know the deal
And if you can't feel it, maybe you can't feel

I'm standing in the middle of it
Middle of it
Middle of it
Man, who are you?
I'm standing in the middle of it
Middle of it
Middle of it
What are you saying?
I'm standing in the middle of it
Middle of it
Middle of it
What are you writing?
I'm standing in the middle of it
Middle of it
Middle of it
Man, who are you?

Tell em, Motion
Eat your words
Say what you used to say and act how you used to act
Every time you heard my occupation was a rap attack (rap attack)
My conversation's stacked, I switch my defense on you
Every time you want to get deep you'll see my knuckle package
Born to die, ferocious emcee make you go back and write your rhymes
My style chokes up like a little league baseball player
It moves, I'm strangling as I'm swinging as main mangler
I wanna dee-four, poach you as your seafood is cee-four
I'm gonna rap and you still knee-high
Y'all wanna train with me, guy?
Man, it's destructive
Man, it's like jabs from boxing champ Lennox
Perfect for your head, I'll fit it like New Era hats
That top off suits, B-boy etiquette
Express myself with my hang-side
Then I extend one finger, the middle fucking

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Man, who are you?
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Middle of it

Middle of it
What are you sayin'?
I'm standing in the middle of it
Middle of it
Middle of it
What are you writin'?
I'm standing in the middle of it
Middle of it
Middle of it
Man, who are you?

Yo, Motion (yeah?)
Sometimes I feel it's like nothing that I ever do is ever good enough (for real)
Like I should stop and go back to L.A.
Back away where I know I won't be seen
And nobody's gonna critique the music that I make
And mistake me for some fucking kid with a backpack
Rapping on a track just to make a buck
For a mix-tape that sucks
And dee-jays that don't get it
But I been down that road and I know
People don't wanna go where I might go
Don't wanna know what it's like
To step outside your zone with a mike
Just controlling the hype
And if we need to take shots from them
And be stopped by them just to make these ends
Then so be it, I will not hold my breath
I'm gonna spit til I got none left
Motion, where you at?

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I'm standing in the middle of it
Middle of it
Middle of it
What are you writin'?
I'm standing in the middle of it
Middle of it
Middle of it
Man, who are you?
I'm standing in the middle of it
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