Linkin Park, Papercut - Piano

Hahaha, wasting your talent Randy!
Yeah, you're ready?

It's like I'm paranoid, lookin'over my back
It's like a whirlwind inside of my head
It's like I can't stop what I'm hearing within
It's like the face inside is right

Come on!

Why does it feel like night today?
Something in here is not right today
Why am I so uptight today?
Paranoia's all I got left
I don't know what stressed me first
Or how the pressure was fed
But I know just what it feels like
To have a voice in the back of my head
It's like a face that I hold inside
A face that awakes when I close my eyes
A face that watches everytime they lie
A face that laughs everytime they fall
(And watches everything)
So I know that when it's time to sink or swim
That face inside is hearing me
Right underneath my skin

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You know I - thug 'em, fuck 'em, love 'em, leave 'em
Cause I don't fuckin'need em
Take 'em out the hood, keep 'em lookin'good
But I don't fuckin'feed 'em
First time they fuss I'm breezin'
Talkin 'bout, "What's the reasons?"
I'm a pimp in every sense of the word, bitch
Better trust than believe'em
In the cut where I keep 'em
'Til I need a nut, 'til I need to beat the guts
Then it's, beep beep and I'm pickin"em up
Let 'em play with the dick in the truck
Many chicks wanna put Jigga fist in cuffs
Divorce him and split his bucks
Just because you got good head, I'm a break bread
So you can be livin'it up? Shit I...
Parts with nothin', y'all be frontin'
Me give my heart to a woman?
Not for nothin', never happen
I'll be forever mackin'
Heart cold as assassins, I got no passion
I got no patience
And I hate waitin'...
Hoe get yo'ass in
And let's ri-i-i-i-i-ide... check 'em out now
Ri-i-i-i-i-ide, yeah
And let's ri-i-i-i-i-ide... check 'em out now
Ri-i-i-i-i-ide, yeah

We doin'... big pimpin', we spendin'G's
Check 'em out now
Big pimpin', on B. L. A. D.'s

We doin'... big pimpin'up in N. Y. C
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B. U. N. B
Yo yo yo... big pimpin', spendin'G's
We doin'... big pimpin', on B. L. A. D.'s
We doin'... big pimpin'up in N. Y. C
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B. U. N. B-B-B