

Linkin Park, Reading My Eyes

The microphone molester
Machete undresser
"Stupid dope fresh" type sh*t resurrector
Top gun, Miramar best of the best
The leave an MC peace in resta'
Skill tester, the flex-the-gunner
The make-funner, the adversary make runner
The make summer cold with rhymes I spit
Kick gift to lifted delinquent wit
I be the prophet, my hand
Top it, stop it
Fly like rocket when I rock it
Lock it down with this perverse verse
Every f*ckin' curse a burst of hurt
Move crowds: physical fitness rhymes
Coke heads couldn't do my lines
I'm decorated like christmas pines
My battalion rocks
MCs become silhouettes of chalk

(Chorus:)

Reading my eyes will say it in many ways
Losing my pride will save it in many days

Hit the dirt
'Cause the words I spit
Will do more than just rip your shirt
I'll b*tch slap your soul
Contact the track control
You're coming at me
You can't hack it though
So ridiculous
Watching my crew get sick with this
Wickedness
Pitchin' this
Lyrical viciousness
To crews and cliques
Made of men and mistresses
This is my life
The twilight and the fight night
And trying to see nothing but the highlights
When I write
These eyes on horizons
Die for my song, cry rhymes in Krylon
Fire on
Move men telekinetically
Esoterically beat-speaking with clarity
Feel my verities, heroism of heresy
And sever every MC I see with severity

(Chorus)

Why not
What I came (3x)

Why not give me what I came to deserve?
Why not give me what I came to believe? (2x)

(Chorus)