

# Crossing the Boundary

## Immortal Technique

I never make songs to disrespect woman  
or to judge people about the way that they're living  
but the way I am is based on the life I was given  
like them white boys; +Losing My Religion+  
I used to be a Christian and a political pawn  
the bible is right and all your native culture is wrong  
next thing you know you telling me 'bout making a song  
come in the studio, and tell me that I'm making it wrong  
pissed off 'cause reality is making us strong  
like the ghost of Timothy MC Veigh making a bomb  
'ey yo Marvin Gaye, what the fuck is going on  
these rap niggas made propaganda out of your song  
but it's the gong show, amateur night at the Apollo  
my dick is like my music, but harder to swallow  
so children follow me, like the pot piper  
and sing the chorus in the air, with your blood in your lighter  
(sing that shit nigga, right now)

[Chorus X 2]

You played yourself thinking your down with me  
I end your life nigga, don't fuck around with me  
and if you kids can't listen, then your bound to see  
the way you get shot for crossing the boundary

[Verse 2]

The second verse is worse than the first and disrespects  
script this specifically to keep people in check  
Harlem to Boston, real niggas spit with me  
but Landspeed, you ain't fucking shit to me  
and underground labels know that I don't trust you  
your only independent till your major, so fuck you  
and if your pissed off 'cause you think that I dissed you  
I rape your moms and we can make this a personal issue  
+Dance With The Devil+ remember that your not on my level  
stupid your not ready, I won Disypher, Praggging Rights from Rocksteady  
and practically every battle that they got in New York  
and I still murder rappers on the street for sport  
Doctor Giateen cutting you short little man  
but you don't give me props 'cause I never won at Scripple Jam

well fuck you, I hope somebody you love dies, so fuck your crew  
and fuck your family too, Technique's said it bitch  
What the fuck you gonna do

[Chorus X 2]

(Yeah, Wrap it up on these niggas, wrap it up, Yeah)

[Verse 3]

Immortal Technique insinuate degenerate fags  
burn Trent Lott\*, wrapped in his confederate flag  
I got the Beretta with my face wrapped in a rag  
so put the African slave jewelery in the bag  
motherfuckers tell me, that a diamond is forever  
but is it worth the blood of Malcolm and Medgar Evers?  
house niggas get your head severed trying to be thug  
you don't concern me, I'm trying to hurt the people you love  
Word of Mouth is I'm in the club being sneaky  
I'm like the body snatchers in your girl as getting sleepy  
I murder you indiscreetly, right at the source  
like the roman leech and Anit stabbed Christ on the cross  
this is about Judo, it ain't about Jesus  
and you shouldn't fucking talk about telekinesis  
nigga please, moving shit with your mind  
try moving ya moms out the projects with your rhymes  
and next time, I'm coming after 'cual quiera' profanity  
fucking 'carajo maldita mierda'  
roll up 'de hierva, i pasala, para la isquierda'  
put the price up to listen to me pop shit  
'cause I got Martha Steward giving me stock tips  
underground money with honeys up in the whip  
Bangbus.com, nigga fucking your bitch

Yeah, played yourself nigga  
fuck all ya, you don't know shit about me  
why open ya mouth and discuss who the fuck I am  
I thought I told ya niggas on volume one, I wasn't fucking around  
you just slept, cause you sold a few thousand units in the golden era  
when niggas would buy anything on the shelf  
but those days are through, and you are through with them

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