Angels & Demons

DJ Kontrol

[feat. dead prez & Bazaar Royale][Intro:]"What do you see when you're in the dark and the demons come? "
"I see you. I see you standing over the grave of another dead president"
[Hook: Bazaar Royale]I see angels above me
Demons below me
Fighting over heaven, heaven, heaven
It's real
[Verse 1: stic.man]America's nightmare; young, black, and just don't give a fuck
Run up in the courtroom and wet 'em up
Got nothing to lose but my handcuffs
Every man must choose to lay down or stand up
It's war time, everything is fair, no fear
When they say the homie murdered the judge, I don't care
Fuck 'em, he deserved it, long as the homie get away
And don't get caught for the crime, I encourage it
We rootin' for the villain in black
Pourin' out Absolut, salute, niggas is shootin' back
In self defense we bang the pistol like
Larry Davis or Brian Nichols
Every pig, every public official, the boomerang
Is coming back to get you, you reap what you sow
The system you created created a monster
And now you scared cause it's coming back to haunt you
[Hook x2][Verse 2: M-1]Since we gonna take the blame, I'm a rep my name to get my aim right
Let's have an overthrow and after party in the same night
Same height as Huey, same muscle build as Malcolm
With the same circumstances in the hood, you know the outcome
And read it in the news about your sergeant and your captain

Don't take this as a warning, just another nigga rappin'
Fuck the way we organizing, fuck the training and the grapplin'
And fuck them Uncle Toms who call police because we smack them
And fuck you sympathizers with your middle class reactions
Cause we bangin' on the system, G'd up, fuck the factions
And if you didn't know, the G was for George Jackson
And long live his warrior spirit packin' the Magnum
Watching over the soldiers, knowin' niggas be blackin'
When we really need to be disciplined in our ways and actions
When we get some freedom you niggas can start braggin'
Till then, inside the blood of my eye, you see the dragon

[Hook x2][Verse 3: Immortal Technique]I'm like the birth of baby Mohammed, the movement I started
Can spar with the hardest, the martyr regarded as Spartacus-hearted
It doesn't matter whose missiles can shoot the farthest
When you're a target in an Afghan Tutoberg Forest
Close quarters combat over corrupted elections
Bilderberg is like cancer, it grows an infection
Nepotism is the gold and the conductor's connection
And ignorance is the prison that the people are kept in
The military ain't there for the people's protection
They're just there to protect an investment
That's why people get arrested, electrocuted, molested
Connected streets are infested with those tired of protestin'
Traumatized children grow to guerilla garrisons
9/11 generations pale in comparison
And you will learn a lesson repeated through history
That no matter what you think, occupation is not victory
[Outro: Immortal Technique]Somalia, Kashmir
Nigeria, Palestine
Iraq, bring it back
[Hook x2]

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