

# One (feat. Akir)

## Immortal Technique

[Intro]

[Akir:] Yo tech, it's the last call baby it's good

[Immortal Technique:] Yeah, you know a remix just feels right dog?

[Akir:] Before we get outta here, you gotta drop one last gem on them  
Knahmsayin?

[Immortal Technique:] No question, it's like the elders told me  
No one person can do anything, but everyone can do something

So we gotta rep, for all the niggaz that ain't here right now

[Akir:] The outro tip, the One Remix, yo[Akir]

One Enterprises, comprises the artist and the sound  
The pen and paper plays my savior while I'm getting down

Pray for my nieghbors as a favor for holding me down

Slave for my papers as I savor the way that it pounds

It's underground, but the blatent vibrations widely found

Facing the nation complacent radio stations now

Stop hesitaing and contemplating the way we paitient

Start motivating and get them playin the shit we sayin

Ain't no delayin in this war that we gettin slayed in

Cause times a waistin while we stand adjacent to abrasions

They fouls are more than flagrant

And so I see the prisons cages while I pound the pavement

Looking for payment saying fuck enslavement

Usin the tools of old ancients

Announcing my engagment to this music that we making  
Ain't no faking on tracks, and we ain't never come wack (never!)

Immortal Technique and Akir y'all niggaz fear us that's a wrap

It's like[Hook]

One love

One music

One people

One movement

One heart

One spark

One, One, One, One

One gift

One lift

One stance

One shift

One way

One day

One, One, One, One, One[Immortal Technique]  
Immortal Technique in the trenches with my nigga Akir  
Our family survived the genocides so we can be here  
And now we enterprise the aftermath, one in the same  
Living the revolution 'till we catch one in the brain  
And even then my spirit will return in heavenly form  
And wipe the chess board clean, of my enemies pawns  
The red don communist threat, buried and gone  
So they invented a war, the government can carry on  
It makes me wonder if the word of god is lost in the man  
This is for the children of Iraq, lost in the sand  
This is for the illest emcees that'll never be known  
And this is for all the soldiers that'll never come home  
I wrote this for Momia, stuck in a beast  
For people who, march in the streets, and struggle for peace  
For hood niggaz, born rugged, never rocking Versace  
Eddie Ramierez's cousin George, and my old friend Sashi  
Chris from the block, and all my niggaz stuck in a cell  
Paul Wolfowitz, motherfucker I'll see you in hell  
My destiny is to show the world, that the music is real  
Go back in time and play this shit, for the slaves in the field  
And for my children in the future, waiting to breathe  
People slowly dying hanging on, waiting to leave  
Believe when I'm gone, and this album's on a library shelf  
I'll be one with god and one with you and everything else[Hook][Immortal Technique talking]

Yeah..

Revolutionary Volume 2 has been brought to you  
By the type of motherfuckers who ain't scared of shit  
And if you playing this album, and I'm no longer here  
And sometime far away from when I recorded this  
Remember that history  
Isn't the way the corporate controlled media made it look like  
Read between the lines and free your mind  
Revolution is the birth of equality  
And the anti-thesis to oppression  
But this is only built for real motherfuckers  
So when I'm gone, don't let nobody I never got along with  
Try to make songs kissing my ass, recycling my beats or my vocals  
The shit is real over here man  
Thank you for listening, and thank you for supporting independent Hip Hop  
The heart and soul of our culture  
Keeping the truth alive  
Goodnight my people.. goodnight..

Songwriters

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CHARLIE CLOUSER

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