

# Top Of The Food Chain (remix)

## Immortal Technique

Yeah... yeah... used to run around getting my fight in the streets on  
Back in the day before Harlem had a green zone  
What good is a good education with no direction?  
Like the right to vote with no one to vote for in an election  
Like a gun with no bullets in the clip for protection  
Like the crowd packed in the front without the midsection  
Used to live robbing and stealing and being reckless  
It took time for my mind to put the ghetto in perspective  
I used to live in the back, of a holding van  
Used to be offbeat, like the white girls' shoulder dance  
I wrote rhymes a cappella, no beat, behind bars  
Shed blood to make it, like the story behind scars  
I used to be a battle champion, in the meanwhile  
Before some of you little fuckers learned to freestyle  
Prematurely senile, underground prima donnas  
I was Oliver North during Iran Contra  
Cause I, never snitched, and that's backed by evidence  
I learned it by watching you, don't ever forget it bitch  
Cause everybody knows how the government do  
They never snitch on themselves, but they want you to snitch on YOU  
Evolution from Australopithecus  
Primitive commercial shit to hard-core lyricist  
Your wax is useless  
Rappers are dropping like Icarus  
Technological revolution... nigga picture this  
Yeah... I told you what it was, but this is what it is now  
Lyrical bullets, packed to the top of the clip now  
Treat it like a robbery, I'm shutting this shit down  
Fellas put your hands up and the all the women strip down  
That's not misogynist, you ostriches, cause I could just, apocalypse  
Talk politics to the populace  
  
Or challenge what the market is  
With militant caucuses  
That'll smash the spirit of Hip Hop out the sarcophagus  
This is the curse of Tutankhamen, I bring the drama on  
I'm sinful, I eat you, broad daylight on Ramadan  
Hip Hop, reparations, now we taking back the loochie  
Don't tell me you spent it on coke, like Danny Bonaduce

We're tired of being on the outside, looking in  
Wondering what the fuck Hip Hop would've been  
This is what it is, as opposed to what it used to be  
And this is your corporate tax ID eulogy  
Dominant speech is the new breed, that won't let you breathe  
I'll make you die for what I believe  
So we got nothing in common  
There ain't no comparison  
You got beef with niggas, I got beef with Aryans  
White power Nazi European Americans  
Rapid Poverty pimps, and fake vegetarians  
The resurrection, ripping a ball through the wrecking section  
Flight connection to the Chechen border for guerrilla lessons  
Fuck a middle man distributor, I got a choice now  
This ain't Volume 1., I got a grown man's voice now  
Toured the country four times over, I'm older and wiser  
Poisonous words, you'll find strychnine in my saliva  
I told you what it was, but this is what it is now  
50 caliber bullets, I don't need a clip now  
Fuck your private jet nigga we shooting the shit down  
Bomb wall street and make the stock market dip down  
I told you what it was, but this is what it is now  
you the shit nigga, I don't care about shit now  
I play the role of Abraham, idols get ripped down  
Melt the ice caps, and make all of this shit drown...

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