

Black Vikings

Immortal Technique

[1st Verse : Immortal Technique]Back like I was locked up, putting in work

Burning through books like Nazi's in a Catholic church

I'm cursed like Cain when he murdered his brother

Cut your face off and wear it while I'm fucking your mother

I'm Mars Ultor, the avenger, the god of war

And if you don't believe in me, I doubt you believe in God at all

I breathe smokeless fire, the gin type

That'll make you hate the way that Allah made you to live life

Like Hindu, niggers, who be bleaching their skin white

Other people's teeth in my hands after a fist fight

I was born with a sixth sense and a swift right

Skin wear wolves (?) will rape demons at midnight

Sell your kids into slavery after we murder you

Or sacrifice them in the same fire we burnin' you

Barbarian funeral, nigger, you wanna know?

Damn the river, bury me, and let the water flow

[2nd Verse : Styles P]Cut the nose off, the ears off, the whole head

Immortal and ghost coming, code red

You never seen a black barbarian

Warrior, warlord, pussy, cut your balls off

More bodies come, more bodies hauled off

What you want the sword and get shit sawed off

You don't need an axe in it

And I'm breaking your back because your spine needed a crack in it

You bugging me, I'm coming to fumigate

The wolverine, the sabre tooth, the way that I mutilate

I'm like the viking ?

Except I got black skin and both of my eyes in

Don't test him, please don't stress him

He'll hang you from a tree with your own intestines

How'd you wanna die? Make your own suggestion

Now talk to the lord and make your own confession

[3rd Verse : Vinnie Paz]You pussies living in a movie theater

Put the motherfucking spell on you like brujeria

Chop his motherfucking head like a ruthless leader

Guns drawn in a church service, shoot the preacher

We need to be godly to know Allah

Ain't no rappers eating around me, like a broken jaw

It ain't ever been a day that I ain't broke the law
What you think I hold a motherfucking toaster for?
I ain't going there, there's police in that room
And Vinnie walk around with bags of dust like a vacuum
Bury you under the earth inside a black tomb
My body covered in Dadhichi and stab wounds
I'm a guerilla, barbarians is my ancestors
That's a part of my neurological transmitters
We Islamic and brought the story of ? with us
While we brought the motherfucking blam blam with us

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