

Hollywood Driveby

Immortal Technique

Somebody talked shit to me in LA, and never lived
Cuz brown rolls deeper than red or blue ever did
I got bullets that'll rip through your ribs
More painful than watchin R. Kelly piss on your kids
Here's the ultimatum motha fucka give me that ass cap
Or give America Biggie and Tupac flashbacks
Some niggas don't think the underground is grimy and dirty
Till they find your body on a fuckin highway in Jersey
I fire rockets at generic topics
Your lyrics don't hold weight, like two-dimensional objects
Cuz jail culture didn't give you that fitted hat
To memorize a ghostwritten shit verse and spit it back
I won't let your wack rhymes redefine lyricism
For a whole generation with their fathers in prison
You live inside the image of an era that's gone
Like government officials tryin to justify Vietnam
I leave niggas traumatized, like they mamma died
And they was responsible for the driveby homicide
And i don't market revolution, I live it
What you think cuz you fake, everyone else is a gimmick
Jealous bickering, industry slaves, the nerve of you
Like a child prostitute, born into a life of servitude
Until we murder you, making the red carpet burgundy
The psycho realm in the streets, where I prefer to be

[hook]

Hollywood driveby, motha fuckin murder fest
Weed clouds in the air, that cause turbulence
Revoluci

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