

Positive Balance (feat. BigZoo)

Immortal Technique

[Intro]

Big Zoo, uh

Technique, uh

Positive balances, uh, uh[Verse 1 - Big Zoo]

Pound for pound

I'm the most positive when I bust mine

The Zoo adds on like a plus sign

Addition, that's the key in the ignition

With no pause, I propel to pole position (Vroom!)

Ahead of the pack, light years ahead of the wack

I give a fiend a Good Book, instead of the crack

That's the gold mine, negativity can't hold mine

The black bear's headed for the gold mine (look out, look out)

And then I'm positive as Showtime

I make negative MC's switch styles in no time

They change teams, rhyme about kings and queens

Instead of how they sellin' work to fiends

Then I, switch thugs into soldiers

Those that have given up on God to praise J Hova (Damn!)

The rap Ice Age is over

And positivity protects the Z boulder boulder[Chorus - Immortal Technique w/ Big Zoo ad-libs]

Yeah, you know how it goes, positivity, yeah

My opinion is solid ground but your a common hater

Splitting and dividing on numbers like a denominator

Third-eye navigator movements are necessary

Everything you see in videos is secondary

You need positivity like you need respect in jail

Because without balance you'll be making negative record sales

Neg-neg-negative record sales, ziga-zam, Technique, like this[Verse 2 - Immortal Technique]

I jerk off inside books and give life to words

Leaving concepts stuck together you probably never heard (what?)

I love when people think I'm psychologically disturbed

Cause it means I overloaded their neurological nerves

Rappers try to serve me with disgusting incompetence

But I keep it positive with ultimate dominance

Meditating with Native Americans close to Providence

I speak to the spirits of ancestors at pow-wows

But rumor has it that you getting raped like Lil' Bow Wow

Now listen industry motherfuckers, don't get offended

Remember, that I'll bring an end to your pretender agenda
And render contenders dismembered, bend the fabric of time (what? what?)
And put your soul in a blender
You living a lie like thinking Jesus was born in December
Instead of catering to labels, something gotta give
I'll rip the electrons out your body and make you positive
I seen a lot of kids come and go with marketing gimmicks
Because without balance, you don't last more than a minute
This ain't a game, I'll beat the shit out you at the line of scrimmage
I rock shows in the ghetto, nigga you stuck in the village
I wanted to spit on the radio since I was eleven
But I can't afford the pay-ola for Hot 97's
So I make paper underground, and I'm soon to blow
Moving tapes like Biggie's ghost at Bad Boy studios
[Biggie - Hypnotize sample]

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