

# Freedom Of Speech

## Immortal Technique

Freedom of speech, motherfucker  
Okay, something for the kids (hahaha)  
[Pinocchio]I got no strings to hold be down  
To make me fret or make me frown  
I had strings, but now I'm free  
I got no strings on me  
[Verse 1]Step into the club smoothly with a L in my hand  
Bitches know that I'm a freak like the elephant man  
Intelligent plans  
Fuck a record deal, I want development land  
With my benevolent clan  
And that's the reason that I only trust my fam  
40,000 records sold, 400 grand  
Fuck a middle man, I won't pay anyone else  
I'll bootleg it and sell it to the streets my self  
I'd rather be that than signed and stuck on a shelf  
And because of this executives try to diss me  
Racism frozen in time like Walt Disney  
And now they say they wanna get me signed to the majors  
If I switch up my politics and change my behavior  
Try to tell me what to rhyme about over the beat  
Bitch niggas that never spent a day in the street  
But I repeat that nobody can hold my reigns  
I put the truth on tracks nigga, simple and plain  
[Pinocchio]I got no strings, so I have fun  
I'm not tied up when we need one  
They've got strings but you can see  
There are no strings on me!  
[Verse 2]I guess to America I'm a disaster  
A slave that was destined to own his masters  
Independent in every single sense of the word  
I say what I want, you fuckin little sensitive herb  
This is America, I thought we had freedom of speech  
  
But now you want try to control the way that I speak  
And O'Reilly you think that you a patriot?  
You ain't nothing but a motherfuckin racist bitch  
Fulla hatred, pressin a button trying to inject me  
But I ain't got no motherfuckin deal with Pepsi

No corporate sponser telling me what to do  
Asking me to tone it down during the interview  
Tryin' to minimize the issue, but I'm keeping it large  
I love the place that I live, but I hate the people in charge  
Speakin is hard when you got strings attached  
So I'm a say it for you 'cause I ain't got none o' that  
And if you didn't understand what I spit at your brain  
Aiyyo son, let this little nigga explan:  
[Pinocchio]I got no strings to hold be down  
To make me fret or make me frown  
I had strings, but now I'm free  
I got no strings on me  
Come on son, y'all niggas know the way I do  
Immortal Technique, got com (?) live for you  
And I know sometimes it be making you nervous  
The way I snatch puppet rappers that belong in a circus  
You motherfuckers just can't compare  
Looking for a fan base that's no longer there  
I know that you're scared, and you're hidin' up in the cut  
But this is freedom of speech nigga, tell 'em what's up  
Word nigga, fuck John Ashcroft! Nigga, fuck Fox News! Fuck those snake-ass  
bitches Tryin to manipulate your opinion, tellin you what to think  
Word the fuck up, like "we invaded niggas 'cause we want to free them"  
You racist motha fucka, you don't give a shit about those people  
You can suck my dick!!  
(hahahaha)  
Another rum and coke at the bar, nigga  
Its my day off, word up  
Fuck, for the kids, (ha) for the kids (hahaha)  
Beat Bandits

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