

# Apocalypse Remix

## Immortal Technique

[Immortal Technique:]

The system, can never stop what's been set into motion  
Like volcanic eruptions on the floor of the ocean  
My purpose is to burst to the surface  
Immersed in the smoldering lava from verses  
Surrounded by, murder mamas not bitches that's worthless  
I cut chicken heads off, like hexes and curses, weapons I purchase  
Make Homeland Security nervous; I run, pockets and purses  
Like subway searchers robbing masonic temples disguised as churches  
I'm busy so I'll leave that one for you to interpret  
Three serpents of merchants from military industry murder  
The beef is eaten up, like the mad cow in your burger  
Fathom the cause of cattle cannibalism  
Factory farms, are like a fuckin animal prison  
The microcosm of, Adam Smith's capitalism  
America's pagan religion given as the mark of the beast to the Christians  
A destruction of, Babylon, that's my mission!

[Chorus: Immortal Technique]

Everywhere Tech and them go, the Feds watchin us  
Clockin the world through satellites like binoculars  
We fight for the release of political hostages  
Motherfuckin right soldier, this is the apocalypse!  
Everywhere Tech and them go, the Feds watchin us  
Clockin the world through satellites like binoculars  
We fight for the release of political hostages  
Waitin for 2012's burning apocalypse

[Akir:]

Yo, sex drugs and murder, webcams and burgers  
Check scams and lurkers, test scans to purpose  
Sect crams to further, death plans and workers  
Get canned you nervous as you step, plan that hurts us  
It's demand to be purchased, we can care if you serve us  
We programmed to be perfect, frequent handed the serpents  
An amazement on purpose, see I'm amazin my earners  
But now the tables is turnin, got my hand right on that curtain  
Hit the stages and burn it, with these pages I earn this  
Can't take it, I'm nervous while fake enemies perp'in

Foul energies worth and, crowds' ears'll be perkin  
Take it somethin disturbin and it's hurtin for certain  
Yearnin to get my turn in, workin to get a word in  
Been in the scene observin while I'm learnin how the system's worked and  
Capitalistic merchants tryin to make a million urgent  
Constructive revolution confusin how the world's burnin

[Chorus x2: Akir]

Everywhere I get 'em go, the beast watchin us  
Know we got the spot in control, they got binoculars  
When we be, out on the road they try to follow us  
You never gon' silence this, this is the apocalypse

[Pharoahe Monch:]

You have now acquired an old cyrus hybrid, work 'til my third iris  
Chip inside my brain projects scriptures onto my eyelids  
Celibacy, virtual sex, avoid the virus  
Secretive shit that I did will put the city at high risk  
The mentalist, the temple that houses the wisdom  
It's like, Malcolm X calculus amalgamated algorithms  
They say "Pharoahe, teach me about the system"  
Nigga boot me in your computer I'll give you acute astigmatism  
See through +Windows+, +Word+, Pharoahe's the +Mac+ +Intel+  
Bit off the +Apple+, plant seeds, spit crack +Excel+  
Lyrical +FireFox+, the verbal +Explorer+  
Who metaphors the industry to Sodom and Gomorrah for ya  
They profit from water, they'll profit from oxygen  
Pharoahe the prophet says that this is the apocalypse  
We livin in these last days, use your optics what the topic is  
The coppers got binoculars, they'll probably try to knock us cause

[Chorus: Pharoahe Monch, Immortal Technique]

[Pharoahe Monch:] Everywhere Pharoahe goes, the Feds watchin me  
[Immortal Technique:] Satellites observin the fulfillment of the prophecy  
[Pharoahe Monch:] Middle fingers up to the sky with no apologies  
[Immortal Technique:] Cause none of you got an apocalypse insurance policy  
[Pharoahe Monch:] Everywhere Pharoahe goes, the Feds watchin me  
[Immortal Technique:] Fascism breakin out of the cocoon of democracy  
[Pharoahe Monch:] Middle fingers up to the sky with no apologies  
[Immortal Technique:] Iraq was just practice for the urban war philosophy

[Outro: Immortal Technique]

Ha ha ha, AH-hahahahaha!  
It's burnin in here, call the Fyre Dept.  
Akir, aiyyo Pharoahe

They ain't never gon' find this shit man  
Ha ha ha ha, like the weapons of mass destruction  
[laughing]  
---

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>