

Industrial Revolution

Immortal Technique

Yeah nigga, Immortal Technique, metaphysics

The bling-bling era was cute but it's about to be done
I leave you full eclipse like the moon blocking the sun
my metaphors are dirty like herpes but harder to catch
like an escape tunnel in prison I started from scratch
and now these parasites wanna percent of asscap
trying to control perspective like an acid flashback
but here's a quotable for every single record exec
"get your fucking hands out my pocket nigga" like Malcolm X
but this ain't a movie, I'm not a fan or a groupie
and I'm not that type of cat, you can afford to miss if you shoot me
curse to heavens and laugh when the sky electrocutes me
Immortal Technique stuck in your thoughts darkening dreams
no ones as good as good as me, they just got better marketing schemes
I leave you to your own destruction like sparking a fiend
'cause you got jealousy in you voice like star scream
and that's the primary reason that I hate you faggots
I've been nice since niggas got killed over 8-ball jackets
and Reebok Pumps that didn't do shit for the sneaker
I'm a heatseaker with features that'll reach through the speaker
and murder counter revolutionaries personally
break a thermometer and force feed his kids mercury
ANR's tried jerking me thinking they call shots
offered me a deal and a blanket full of small pox
your all getting shot, you little fucking treacherous bitches

[Hook]

This is the business, and you all ain't getting nothing for free
and if you devils play broke, then I'm taking your company
you can call it reparations or restitution
lock and load nigga, industrial revolution

[Verse 2]

I want fifty three million dollars for my collar stand
like the Bush administration gave to the Taliban
and fuck packing grams nigga, learn to speak and behave
you wanna spend twenty years as a government slave
two million people in prison keep the government paid

stuck in a six by eight cell alive in the grave
I was made by revolution to speak to the masses
deep in the club toast the truth, reach for the glasses
I burn an orphanage just to bring heat to you bastards
innocent deep in a casket, Colombian fashion
intoxicated off the flow like thugs passion
you motherfuckers will never get me to stop blastin'
your better off asking Ariel Sharon for compassion
your better off banging for twenty points for a label
your better off battling cancer under telephone cables
Technique chemically unstable, set to explode
foretold by the dead sea scrolls written in codes
so if your message ain't shit, fuck the records you sold
'cause if you go platinum, it's got nothing to do with luck
it just means that a million people are stupid as fuck
stuck in the underground in general and rose to the limit
without distribution managers, a deal, or a gimmick
Revolutionary Volume 2, murder the critics
and leave your fucking body rotten for the roaches and crickets

[Hook]

Lyrics submitted by Bob.

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