

Industrial Revolution

Immortal Technique

[Verse 1]

Yeah nigga, Immortal Technique, metaphysics The bling-bling era was cute but it's about to be done

I leave you full of clips 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 my ASCAP

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 the 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 ya to your own destruction like sparking a fiend

'cause you got jealousy in ya voice like star scream

and that's the primary reason that I hate yall 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 try jerking me thinking they call shots

offered me a deal and a blanket full of small pox

your all getting shot, you little fucking trecherous bitches[Hook]

This is the business, and ya'll 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, columbian fashion

intoxicated of the flow like thugs passion
you motherfuckers will never get me to stop blastin'
your better off asking Ariel Sharon for compasion
your better off begging for twenty points for a label
your better off battling cancer under telephone cabels
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 provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>