

## Immortal Technique "Ambitions As A Rider"

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Yo, you're not as cold as me motherfucker stop  
pretendin,  
i'll murder you inrunna ya crib like john lennon,  
rip ya tendants out ya muscle to cut the tention,  
im beyond the comprehension like related sub atomic  
particles and flip dimensions,  
suspension on ya breathin is what im leavin till an  
allegion of demons whisper the meanin of life into your  
ear,  
right before they make you're motherfukin life  
dissappear,  
but just because you hear the multi salabric  
grammatical,  
don't compare me to rappers that are on sabbatical,  
coz i never did business in little fukin italy,  
i play checkers on tripple decker tall buses in tripoli,  
the way that you typically bicker with me, inexplicably,  
is a mystery that pisses me off rediculously,  
because im lyrically beyond you're level scientifically,  
specifically spittin out the spick in me, prolifically,  
im the majority of america futuristically,  
after i die fuck my music you'll feel me spiritually,  
darker then siccoli, ripping above the averages,  
you hold no weight, like bitches after mis- carriages,  
and your label produces no kids like gay marriages,  
im disparaging every fake thug rapper in sight,  
thats why you're faggot ass will never make it into the  
light,  
i'll crack ya skull when i smash ya face into the mic,  
and now you know what im like,  
ill suge knight the industry,  
i feel like the spirit of nap turner got into me,  
the infinately hopeless,  
you sound like shit when you spit live like jennifer  
lopez,  
i'll massacre a rich rapper and all his broke friends,  
and go to club cheetah, rockin sum blood soaked tims,  
party crashin, animal fuckin model bitches,  
leavin thier stick figure anorexic pussy in stitches,  
my verbal blitzes will outshine you're offence,  
you wanted down nonsense,  
and im two hump proof, chokin a local youth in his

home made vocal booth,  
you're a fukin incompetant killer like ray caruth,  
and im technique, the rawest nigger ever produced,  
i spit nastier then regurgitating period juice,  
so burn ya fukin rhyme book, stay warm,  
and put it to good use,  
im about to drop like frozen airplanes shipped through  
ya roof,  
and im sick of fake hustlers telling lies to the youth,  
you never robbed deminicans,  
and you couldn't sling rocks if you was palestinian,  
you broke mutherfuker, you cats don't burn rubber,  
you niggers can't even get a fukin cab like danny  
glover,  
you ain't hardcore, i'll smack tha shit outta ya muther,  
you wanna be gutter? ill leave you laid out in tha street,  
signed you'rs truly, the mutherfukin immortal  
technique

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