

Immortal Technique "Black Vikings"

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[1st Verse : Immortal Technique]

Back like I was locked up, putting in work
Burning through books like Nazi's in a Catholic church
I'm cursed like Cain when he murdered his brother
Cut your face off and wear it while I'm fucking your
mother
I'm Mars Ultor, the avenger, the god of war
And if you don't believe in me, I doubt you believe in
God at all
I breathe smokeless fire, the gin type
That'll make you hate the way that Allah made you to
live life
Like Hindu, niggers, who be bleaching their skin white
Other people's teeth in my hands after a fist fight
I was born with a sixth sense and a swift right
Skin wear wolves (?) will rape demons at midnight
Sell your kids into slavery after we murder you
Or sacrifice them in the same fire we burnin' you
Barbarian funeral, nigger, you wanna know?
Damn the river, bury me, and let the water flow

[2nd Verse : Styles P]

Cut the nose off, the ears off, the whole head
Immortal and ghost coming, code red
You never seen a black barbarian
Warrior, warlord, pussy, cut your balls off
More bodies come, more bodies hauled off
What you want the sword and get shit sawed off
You don't need an axe in it
And I'm breaking your back because your spine
needed a crack in it
You bugging me, I'm coming to fumigate
The wolverine, the sabre tooth, the way that I mutilate
I'm like the viking ?
Except I got black skin and both of my eyes in
Don't test him, please don't stress him
He'll hang you from a tree with your own intestines
How'd you wanna die? Make your own suggestion
Now talk to the lord and make your own confession

[3rd Verse : Vinnie Paz]

You pussies living in a movie theater

Put the motherfucking spell on you like bruja
Chop his motherfucking head like a ruthless leader
Guns drawn in a church service, shoot the preacher
We need to be godly to know Allah
Ain't no rappers eating around me, like a broken jaw
It ain't ever been a day that I ain't broke the law
What you think I hold a motherfucking toaster for?
I ain't going there, there's police in that room
And Vinnie walk around with bags of dust like a
vacuum
Bury you under the earth inside a black tomb
My body covered in Dadhichi and stab wounds
I'm a guerilla, barbarians is my ancestors
That's a part of my neurological transmitters
We Islamic and brought the story of ? with us
While we brought the motherfucking blam blam with us

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