

Immortal Technique "Getaway"

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I hate my job so I always look to a better day//
Far from New York city on a tropical getaway//
But not in Miami//
'Cause these white Cuban anti-Castros can't stand me//
That's the reason I'll never win a fixed up latin
grammy//
After this racist latinos will god damn me//
But my black people love me//
And when i go to South America people try to hug me
Cause I talk about reality that effects them//
And even though I blew up I could never neglect them//
What kind of revolutionary action would that be//
I'd be catogorized with practically every other emcee//
But never that 'cause I'm clever with facts//
Sever your raps, fake players and thugs will forever be
wack//
I'm still rollin' with my squadron heavily strapped//
And even if I get killed I'll inevitably be back//
Encyclopedia hispanica over digital debt//
Don't ever compare me to small minded criminal kats//
I kill kids on tracks like Dale Earnhart//
Spit on your face and leave your cheekbone with a burn
mark//

I was born a genius but I learned to be street smart//
My vacation just started I'm out to the Caribbean//
Swimming in dominican women the colour of
cinnamon//
You motherfuckers wish you had the life style I'm living
in//

[East coast to west coast and everything stuck in
between//
This is dedicated to everybody chasing their dreams//
This ghetto fabulous life really ain't what it seems//
But I'ma make it 'cause I got survival stuck in my
genes]
X2

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