

# Immortal Technique "Hollywood Driveby"

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## "Hollywood Driveby"

(feat. PsychoRealm, Sick Symphonies)

*[Immortal Technique]*

Somebody talk shit to me in L.A., would never live  
Cause brown rolls deeper than red or blue, ever did  
I got bullets that'll rip through yo' ribs  
More painful than watchin R. Kelly piss on yo' kids  
Here's the ultimatum motherfucker, give me the ASCAP  
Or give America Biggie and 2Pac flashbacks  
Some niggaz don't think the underground is grimy and  
dirty  
'til they find your body on a fuckin highway in Jersey  
I fire rockets at generic topics  
Your lyrics don't hold weight, like two-dimensional  
objects  
Cause jail culture didn't give you that fitted hat  
to memorize a ghostwritten shit verse and spit it back  
I won't let your wack rhymes redefine lyricism  
For a whole generation with they fathers in prison  
You live inside the image of an era that's gone  
Like government officials tryin to justify Vietnam  
I leave niggaz traumatized, like they momma died  
And they was responsible for the drive-by homicide  
And I don't market revolution, I live it  
What you think cause you fake everyone else is a  
gimmick?  
Jealous bickering, industry slaves, the nerve of you  
Like a child prostitute born into a life of servitude  
Until we murder you, makin the red carpet burgundy  
With PsychoRealm in the streets where I prefer to be

*[Chorus: Immortal Technique]*

Hollywood drive-by, motherfuckin murder-fest  
Weed clouds in the air, that cause turbulence  
Revolution, motherfucker you heard of it  
I light the spliff with the flag, while I'm burnin it  
Hollywood drive-by, sprayin the cucarachas  
War with the system like the streets of Oaxaca  
Yeah, revolution, motherfucker you scared of it?  
Well it's comin to the industry now, so be prepared for  
it

*[PsychoRealm]*

You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps  
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-  
fledged rats

You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full

*[scratches]*

You're on some bull {*\*scratches\**} you're on some bull

*[scratches]*

You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps  
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-  
fledged rats

The real G's stay strapped in full combat

What you see in the videos is full-on acts

The streets don't believe you homie

Armageddon in the rap game is comin and we lead the  
army

Rock tear a tape out of yo' sounds

Got hostages in pink, this is what they call hip-hop now?

I keep that metro shit out of my whip

Man that dummy rap is through makin money, it's  
about to extinct

You know the radio tryin to kill rap with that shit

The only thing dyin is the DJ's when the K spit

We're here to CEO's, and blow up A&R's

I'm takin your chips like crashing your game of cards

This is how I eat holmes, I would give you buzz

And take the life of these stars for this thing of ours

*[Chorus]*

*[Sick Symphonies]*

Yeah, uhh

I'm from the city of falling stars, the home of banging  
hard

Waiting for them at the Radio City Hall to snatch 'em  
out their fucking cars

Expose 'em for what they are - NARCs, jakes, snake  
informants

Feeding us horse shit, blaze up all of them

They say hip-hop doesn't exist

Rappers talking hard dressed up like punk rock kids

Pumped up by some corporate endorsement, dead  
corpses are voiceless

No one hears ya homie, ya little fame is over

We'll send little homies foreclosure

like bankers, cause you owe us the mortgage

For exploiting the lifestyle that many died, jailed up in  
storage

Leaving most of us hopeless, homies radio focused

What we're building got 'em all afraid  
Give me the K, I'll be honored to ignite the flame  
that'll, burn down the game, what's fame? Keep it  
A movement, a sonic war, motherfucker you sleepin

*[Chorus]*

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