

## **Immortal Technique "Industrial Revolution"**

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[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 compassion  
your better off begging for twenty points for a label  
your better off battling cancer under telephone cables  
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]

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