

Immortal Technique

"Military Minded"

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Yeah (Yeah!)
The worst thing you could try to do
(What's that?)
Is rush a good thing
(True, true, true)
Revolution is inevitable, you stupid motherfuckers
(You ain't never lie, man, word)
Immortal Technique!
(Word up)
Boot Camp Clik!
(Yeah!)
(Yes, sir)
Trainin' troops, in the hoods and the schools
(Yes, sir)
You wanna know why?

[VERSE 1]

My militant mind designed to seek and find
The truth that's buried beneath the debris and lies
I analyze enemies and the friends disguised
Stay wise to them guys claimin' Mafia ties
Y'all don't really wanna be down with This Thing of Ours
Big cowards since George Bush demolished the towers
I'm in the hood where the hood still battle for power
There's a revolutionary gangster born every hour

In this thug life, motherfucker, ride to the ground
Got the power off a leader, followers gunnin' you down
Just one word is chaos and riots in the streets
Y'all make DVD's on rappin' with beef?
I grind dilligent, my mind militant
Cuz you can't make dollars with five cents
I got flags on my necks now, tats on my face
Don't fuck with the Feds, already beat a case

(Keep a tech nine in my dresser)

The revolution shall be televised
Enter the stage and see the mindstate of a rebel while
I'm reloadin', bombs explodin'
Niggas is holding body jars so I'm over joking

So I
Got serious
See my experience?
I never play around, I'm layin' em down flat, period
Act like you not hearin' it and shots yell
See, I recruit heads like Beirut in jail cells
I put the plan in effect, demandin' respect
I'm immortal with this technique, brandishin' techs
Heart of steel, niggas see that God is for real
In bifocals, my vocals put the hard in kill
Steven Segal, ain't nobody breathin' tomorrow
When you step to me today boy, leavin' em gone
I'm on another level, higher than most I tell you
You can't fuck around, cease, it's simple
Ya not a rebel

(Shit gets outta hand, I got a tech in the trunk)
(Motherfucker!)
(It's not a game though, we end up with life)
(I kick it hardcore, so these critics tryna to ban me)
(Hand me a nine and I'll defeat foes)
(Shit get outta hand, I got a tech in the trunk)
(Motherfucker!)
(It's not a game though, we end up with life)
(Bring heavy ammunition, so you don't have to run!)
(I'm wavin' automatic guns, guns, guns)

I say what other rappers wish they could about the
government
Pretend to not know me, but on the low they lovin' it
So make money but don't forget who you fuckin' wit'
The streets carry me like the Hebrew Arc of the
Covenant
Respect is hard to earn, but freedom is harder to get
Cops are the illest gang, the SWAT team'll slaughter
your set
They say we're too serious
That's just part of our flesh
Cuz we'll dance on your fuckin' grave and party to
death
House party in the hood, fuck the Radison nigga!
I roll deeper than Peruvians in Paterson nigga!
The automatic'll bring panic to the aristocratic ecstasy
addicts
And little fuckin' industry faggots
Rappers got publicists like the mob with no-show jobs
Tryna front like you put work up in the street?
Boot Camp Clik, Immortal Technique
On some thug shit, choke you to sleep
Cursin' the rhymin' scene and bangin' on the Feds in
Madina

With the flow that expose America like Katrina
Behind doors they talk like Nixon, Mark Furman and Mel
Gibson
But I fucked that crowd up like the Pistons
And I've been like that since Robert Downey Jr was
sniffin'
Since 50 Cent's mom was cookin' crack in the kitchen
I'm stackin' up guns like they stackin' up niggas in
prison
But the most important thing we have against the
system?

Military mind nigga (Yeah!)
Military mind, mind, mind

(Cuz I explode and my nine is easy to load)

Military mind nigga (Yeah!)
Military mind, mind, mind

Cuz I explode and my nine is easy to load

This is how we do, every day, all day
This is how we do, ???

(Immortal Technique, Boot Camp Klik)

This is how we do, every day, all day
This is how we do, ???

(Revolucion!)
(Stay focused bitches, word up)
(Smoke you out, ST, mugshot)
(BC son, BCC)
(Let em know, son, let em know, nigga)
(Boot Camp Klik!)

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