

## Immortal Technique

### "Military Minds"

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[Intro: Immortal Technique]

Yeah, The worst thing you could try to do, Is rush a good thing.

Revolution is inevitable, you stupid mothafuckas  
Immortal Technique, Boot Camp Clik, trainin' troops  
In the hoods and the schools, you wanna know why?  
(why?)

[Verse]

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 wild to them guys claimin' Mafia ties  
Y'all really don't wanna be down with this thing of ours  
Big cowards since George Bush demolished the towers  
I'm in the hood where the good still battle for power  
It's a revolution, every gangsta born every hour

[Verse]

In this thug life mothafucka, ride to the ground  
I got the power off the leader, follow we gunnin' them  
down  
With just one word there's chaos and riots in the street  
Y'all make DVD's on rappin' wit beef?  
I grind diligent, my mind militant  
Cuz you can't make dollars wit 5 cents  
I got flags on my necks now, tats on the face  
Don't fuck with the Feds, already beat a case

[Chorus] (Scratches Sample)

{Sample 2x}

"I keep a tech nine in my dresser"

[Verse]

The revolution shall be televised  
Enter the stage and see the mind state of a rebel while  
I'm reloadin, bombs explodin  
Niggas holdin' body jars so I'm off jokin'  
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

I recruit heads like Beirut in jail cells  
Put the plan in effect, demandin respect  
I eat more when with this Technique brandishin techs  
Heart of steel, niggas see that God is for real  
In bifocals, my vocals put the hard and kill  
Steven Seagal, ain't nobody breathin tomorrow  
When you step to me, the day boy leavin 'em gone  
I'm on another level, higher than most I tell you  
You can't fuck around seats and ???, ya now rebel

[Chorus] (Scratches)

{Samples}

"Shit get outta hand I got a tech in the trunk"

"Mothafucka!"

"This ain't a game, gon' be in it for life"

"I kick it hardcore so these critics tryna ban me"

"Hand me a nine and I'll defeat foes"

"Shit get outta hand I got a tech in the trunk"

"Motha fucka!"

"This ain't a game, gon' be in it for life"

"Bring heavy ammunition so you don't have to run"

"Im waivin automatic gu-gu-guns"

[Verse]

I say what other rappers wish they could about the  
government

Pretend to not know me, but on the low they lovin' it  
So get 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 S.W.A.T. Team will  
slaughter your set

They say we're too serious, that's just part of our flesh  
Cuz we'll dance on ya fuckin grave and party to death  
House party in the hood, fuck the Patterson nigga

I roll deeper than Peruvians in Padison nigga  
The automatic will bring panic to the aristocratic ,  
ecstasy addicts,

And little fuckin industry faggots  
Rappers got publicists like the mob

Wit' no show jobs

Tryin' to front like you put work up in the street?

Boot Camp Clik, Immortal Technique

On some thug shit, choke you to sleep

Cursin the rhyming scene, I'm bangin on the Feds in  
Medina

With the flow that expose America like Katrina

Behind doors they talk like Nixon, Mark Furman, and  
Mel Gibson

But I'll fuck that crowd up like the Pistons  
But I been like that since Robert Downy Jr. was sniffin  
Since 50 Cent's mom was cookin crack in the kitchen  
I'm stackin guns like they stackin up niggas in prison  
But the most important thing we have against the  
system?

(Sample 2x)

"Our military mind nigga (yeahh)

Our military mi-mi-mind"

"Cuz I explode, and my nine is easy to load"

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