

Immortal Technique "One (Remix)"

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(feat. Akir)

[Intro]

[Akir:] Yo tech, it's the last call baby it's good [Immortal Technique:] Yeah, you know a remix just feels right dog?

[Akir:] Before we get outta here, you gotta drop one last gem on them

Knahmsayin?

[Immortal Technique:] No question, it's like the elders told me

No one person can do anything, but everyone can do something

So we gotta rep, for all the niggaz that ain't here right now

[Akir:] The outro tip, the One Remix, yo

[Akir]

One Enterprises, comprises the artist and the sound The pen and paper plays my savior while I'm getting down

Pray for my nieghbors as a favor for holding me down Slave for my papers as I savor the way that it pounds It's underground, but the blatent vibrations widely found

Facing the nation complacent radio stations now Stop hesitaing and contemplating the way we paitient Start motivating and get them playin the shit we sayin Ain't no delayin in this war that we gettin slayed in Cause times a waistin while we stand adjacent to abrasions

They fouls are more than flagrant

And so I see the prisons cages while I pound the pavement

Looking for payment saying fuck enslavement Usin the tools of old ancients

Announcing my engagment to this music that we making

Ain't no faking on tracks, and we ain't never come wack (never!)

Immortal Technique and Akir y'all niggaz fear us that's a wrap

It's like

[Hook]

One love

One music

One people

One movement

One heart

One spark

One, One, One, One

One gift

One lift

One stance

One shift

One way

One day

One, One, One, One

[Immortal Technqique]

Immortal Technique in the trenches with my nigga Akir Our family surived the genocides so we can be here And now we enterprise the aftermath, one in the same Living the revolution 'till we catch one in the brain And even then my spirit will return in heavenly form

And wipe the chess board clean, of my enemies pawns
The red don communist threat, burried and gone
So they invented a war, the government can carry on
It makes me wonder if the word of god is lost in the
man

This is for the children of Iraq, lost in the sand
This is for the illest emcees that'll never be known
And this is for all the soliders that'll never come home
I wrote this for Momia, stuck in a beast
For people who, march in the streets, and struggle for peace

For hood niggaz, born rugged, never rocking Versace Eddie Ramierez's cousin George, and my old friend Sashi

Chris from the block, and all my niggaz stuck in a cell Paul Wolfowitz, motherfucker I'll see you in hell My destiny is to show the world, that the music is real Go back in time and play this shit, for the slaves in the field

And for my children in the future, waiting to breathe People slowly dying hanging on, waiting to leave Believe when I'm gone, and this album's on a library shelf

I'll be one with god and one with you and everything else

[Hook]

[Immotal Technique talking]

Yeah..

Revolutionary Volume 2 has been brought to you

By the type of motherfuckers who ain't scared of shit And if you playing this album, and I'm no longer here

And sometime far away from when I recorded this

Remember that history

Isn't the way the corperate controlled media made it look like

Read between the lines and free your mind

Revolution is the birth of equality

And the anti-thesis to oppression

But this is only built for real motherfuckers

So when I'm gone, don't let nobody I never got along with

Try to make songs kissing my ass, recycling my beats or my vocals

The shit is real over here man

Thank you for listening, and thank you for supporting independent Hip Hop

The heart and soul of our culture

Keeping the truth alive

Goodnight my people.. goodnight..

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