

Immortal Technique

"Out On Parole"

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980505A, Yeah nigga what?
You made parole. Pack your stuff, (the fuck) and get
the fuck outa here.
Ay yo man, It's about motherfucking time man,
Ay yo G, Ay yo G son, I got my papers man, I'm out this
motherfucker.
I'm outta jail, and i'm never going back again,
never selling heroin, never selling crack again,
Don't work for the government, coke packaging.
Don't fire indiscriminate with the mac again.
My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin.
They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican.
Second chance, fate based, *two faced* Samaritans.
Every time we come back, they keep on cashing in.
Prisons labor, third world sweat shop comparisons.
Till we kidnapped the whole fucking garrison.
Yeah, poverty makes people do wreckless things,
but corporations do worse to protect their bling.
Prisons are more over crowded than the rap game,
they say your more likely to go to jail with a black name.
Freakonomics that i speak through ebonics are fuck
cronics.
Little niggers is hooked on chronic, nigga.
but if you on stage with the D.E.A as your hype man,
don't get yourself locked up and blame the white man.
We transform gangs and criminal enterprises,
using O-G's as advisers, before they send us to war,
after they divide us.
But i wont let them use us like Teddy Roosevelt's ruff
ryders.
My movements like a jujitsu kada,
I graduated outta prison,
so fuck my alma mater.

I'm on parole, and i'll never be alone again,
fuck this place baby, I'm coming home again.
Family wrapped around me, so i never be cold again.
Never have to knock a nigga out for the phone again.
Prison ain't the place that you find your rite of passage
in,
it's slavery with nasty food in your abdomen.

Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack em
in.

Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than
saccharin.

Jail house snitches without corroborating evidence,
niggas selling niggas out for two to three Benjamins.
But now I'm free, hit the block eating Entenmann's
beni-hana in and out, flow for me to enter in
newspaper pencillin', trying to [pay the rent again
excon job interview nobody answering
feeling violent from the frustration i got pent up in
but not trying to go back to the place i was sent up in
turn my own life around, fuck the establishment
listening to hip hop like where the fuck the talent went?
how the fuck did you replace lyrics with your
swaggerin'

i'ma fix that rhymin em with the magnum
i roll up in a caravan, full of north africans
my squad got more soldier niggas than the saracens
cos just watch when the terrorists attack again
their reaction's gonna be draft us and send us back
again

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