

Immortal Technique "Parole (Liberty City Invasion)"

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[Intro]

Yeeaahhh nigga what?

You made parole.

What?

Pack your stuff

Da fuck?

And get the fuck outta here

Aye yo man it's bout mothafuckin time man. aye yo G.

aye yo G son I got my Papers man! I'm out of this
mothafucka!)

[Verse 1]

I'm outta jail and I'm never goin' back again.

Never sellin' heroin, never sellin' crack again

Don't work for the government, coke packagin'

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, samaritins

Every time we come back, they keep on cashin' in

Prison labor, third world sweat shop comparisons

Till we kidnapped the whole fuckin garrison

Yeah, poverty makes people wreckless things,

But corruptions do worse to their bling

Prisons are more over crowded than the rap game

They saw your more likely to go to jail with a black

name

Freakonomics that I speak through ebonics are fuck

chronics

Little niggers is hooked on chronic, nigga

But if you 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 the divide us

But I wont let them use us like Teddy Roosevelt's ruff

riders

My movements like a jujitsu kada, so fuck my alma

mater

(Calls some one on the phone)

[Verse 2]

I'm on parole, and I'll never be alone again

Fuck this place baby, I'm comin 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 right 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,
Niggas sellin' niggas out for two or three Benjamins
But now I'm free, hit the block eating Entenmann's
Beni-Hana in and out, flow for me to enter in
Newspapers pencillin', trying to pay the rent again
excon job interveiw Nobody answerin feeling violent
from the frustratrati oni got pent up in
But now trying to go back to the place I was sent up in
Turn my whole life around, fuck the establishment
Listenin to hip hop like where the fuck the talent went?
How the fuck dod you replace lyrics with your
swaggerin'
I'ma fix that rythmin 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 reactions gonna be draft is and send us back
again
[Verse 3]
I'm on parole, and I'll never be on crack again,
Fuck this palce baby, I'm comin' home again
Family wrapped their arms 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 right of
passage in,
It's slavery with nasty food for your abdomen
Midle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack em in
Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than
saccharin.

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