

## Immortal Technique

### "R.O.T.C"

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[Immortal Technique]

Yeah, yeah, uh, yeah

The game is polluted by rappers that are really  
snitches,

And most DJ's are nothing but industry bitches,

And we don't got no mansion or riches,

But we got guns and knives, and your children's  
pictures,

And everybody loses in war, but you lose more,

What you think we brought back the panthers, and the  
Zulus for

Immortal witch doctor made himself a voodoo doll,

For every motherfucker that fronted, that I recall.

Fuck the industry, don't call me, you can't get with me.

I leave niggas hanging like Mississippi,

RBG to the last drop of blood in my body,

Or the Feds drag me away, like a tsunami.

But I'll be back, like a fresh body bag from Iraq,

Like a Baltimore slum,

during the resurgence of crack

Brown and black, like the AK I keep in the strap,

While we waiting on the next stock market to collapse .

Territorial, oratory, auditorium, fuck around,

I'll be the cause of your life's memorial.

I write raps territorial, east coast borders too,

Never cross them borders till I coastally slaughter you,

I'm better than all of you, vendettas be mauling you,

You talkin chedda, Ima Shredder, Ill sever it off of you,

I never remorse for you, no letters endorsing you.

Poll position in the coffin is what is, costing you,

The carcass boss is true, show of a fortress,

Them mortgage's of a culture of losses, through and  
through.

It's the rebel arms,

Gods speed with devils charm,

The bitch man gets switch blades in every arm,

And this way we exnay on any harm,

Cuz snakes play and fakes lay, like hidden bombs,

We march in unison, the soul is truer than eternal  
images to,

My life time to do it in.

Stronghold, said it, whoop your bitch ass with a tong,  
The rebel arms swarm and form like bulditron,  
Slash your obese, you heard mark of the east,  
Running through cop lands screaming fuck the police.  
Hormones in the water, they actin outa order, like a  
pack of  
Rabbid wolves, they lambs for the slaughter.  
Crush your man devour, rip the drums like animal,  
Even  
My regiment salute me, haters wanna shoot me,  
cool aid in they vains, they always try to sue me.  
You sell crack and rap, dead and skinned multiple baby  
mommamas,  
take care of your kids,  
Guilitine rap, shackles on your ankle,  
chemical warfare where punchlines connect,  
the circum plate snipers, with Immortal Tech,  
They call block governor, to drag 'em off the set.

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