

Immortal Technique "The Prophecy"

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So you're the motherfucker they call....Immortal
Technique.

What the fuck make you so special nigga?

Huh... what the fuck do you do?

I calculate planet alignment like Mayan astronomy

Discovering atrocities worst than Aristotle

Subjecting children to sodomy

Your theory of the galaxy is primitive like Ptolemy

The truth about the universe dug up like Aztec pottery

Unpredictable results like experimental psychology

I stomp the streets with emcee's beneath my feet in
colonies

But presentation and spirit revolve around autonomy

Searching for monogamy

And cutting fake bitches out of my mind like a
lobotomy

So obviously I'm not gonna be here to play games

Walked the top of the world and leave the arctic circle
in flames

Battle the beast and false prophet predicted in the King
James

I give a fuck about your emcee name I don't admire
you

Only by dental records will you be identifiable

Cause the future is not reliable

Remember when rap was not economically viable

Comparable to what motherfuckers think of me

I might be nobody but wait till I'm together like a
symphony

Resounding sound that will continue infinitely

Angel of death punishing all those who live in infamy

And shine so far away from you

You'll never get a glimpse of me

Attempts to extinguish me don't even bother me none

Like retarded kids throwing ice cubes at the sun

A victory against Immortal Technique will never be
done

Just degrees of losing it every second your adding one

Some niggas dream of pushing kilos but I drop tons

With more facts and formulas and philosophical logic

Then a basement full of scientists puffing on chronic
Dipped in mycin potassium cyanide and liquid bubonic
And use it as a sonic one to find the spawn of the
demonic
Screaming like onyx is of absolutely no consequence
The poison is dense enough to clog up your arteries
Mercy is not a part of me
I cause you bodily injury permanently be simply
verbally murdering me
Is inconceivable cause of the unbelievable evil injected
inside
The blood stream of my people
And redemption is not located under a church steeple
The feeble and the meek in soul just like the technique
Will inherit the earth, But the earth will be weak
Mother earth in her decrepit terminal illness physique
The year three thousand is bleak no happily ever after
Just death following the forth right disaster, a legacy of
bastards
With plastic explosives your futures been eroded
Cause you forgot that when your free it's multiplied
indefinitely
By the struggle that be the struggle I see
To socialistically united the third world countries
Expose hypocrisy in Americas democracy
Sloppily obsessed with stopping me cause I speak
prophecy
Trample and dismantle your capitalist philosophy
The same way I stomp the conquering rap monopoly
And I'm not a fucking prophet
But that's the fucking prophecy

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