

Immortal Technique "What Is Hip-Hop"

Visit "[What Is Hip-Hop](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You not as cold as me
Mother fucker, stop pretendin
I'll murder you in front of your crib like John Lennon
Rip the tendons outta your muscle to cut the tension
I'm beyond your comprehension
Like related subatomic particles in fifth dimensions
Suspension in your breathing is what I'm leaving
Until a legion of demons whisper the meaning of life in
ya ear
Right before they make ya mother fucking life
disappear
But just because you hear the multi-syllabic gramatical
Don't compare me to rappers that are on sabbatical
Cause i never did business in little fucking Italy
I play checkers on triple-decker buses in Tripoli
The way that you typically bicker with me, inexplicably
Is a mystery that pisses me off ridiculously
Because im lyrically beyond your level, scientifically
Specifically, spitting out the spick in me, prolifically
Im the majority of America, futuristically
After i die, fuck my music, you'll feel me spiritually
Darker than Sicily, rippin above the averages
You hold no weight, like bitches after miscarriages
And your label produces no kids like gay marriages
I'm disparaging every fake-thug rapper in sight
That's why your faggot ass will never make it into the
light
I'll crack your skull when i smash your face into the mic
And now you know what i'm like
I'll Suge Knight the industry, i feel like the spirit of Nat
Turner got into me
You're infinitely hopeless, you sound like shit when you
spit live, like Jennifer Lopez
I'll massacre a rich rapper, and all his broke friends
And go to club Cheetah, rockin some blood-soaked
Timbs
Party-crashin animal, fuckin model bitches
Leavin their stick-figure anorexic pussy in stitches
My verbal blitz is to outshine your offense
You're watered-down nonsense, and i'm 200-proof
Chockin a local youth in his home-made vocal booth
You're a fucking incompetent killer like Ray Kurut

And i'm Technique, the rawest nigga ever produced
I spit nastier than regurgitating period juice
So burn your fucking rhymebook, stay warm, and put it
to good use
Im bout to drop like frozen airplane shit through ya roof
And im sick of fake hustlers telling lies to the youth
You never robbed Dominicans, and you couldn't sling
rocks if you was Palestinian
You broke mother fucker, you cats don't burn rubber
You niggas cant even get a cab like Danny Glubber
You aint hardcore, ill smack the shit outta your mother
You wanna be gutter? i'll leave you laid out in the street
Signed yours truly, the mother fuckin Immortal
Technique

Visit [Immortal Technique](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.