

## Chino XL "Lick Shots"

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[Intro]This is the Invasion!  
The Evil Genius Green Lantern!  
Immortal Technique, "The 3rd World"  
(It's on now motherfucker - ha ha, drop)  
You ain't got the right to bear arms, huh?  
Sometimes you might have to brandish a motherfuckin  
firearm  
(Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots, lick shots)

[Chorus: Immortal Technique]Lick shots, lick shots, lick  
shots  
Lick shots for the revolution  
Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots, lick shots  
But watch, where the fuck you shootin  
Yo where you aimin at? Where you aimin at?  
Where the fuck you niggaz aimin at?  
Where you aimin at? Where you aimin at?  
This is only for the hardcore wherever you at, yeah

[Immortal Technique]Random one cop killa, hip-hop  
has never been realer  
Volume 2 shot up the president like a gorilla  
New York police state capital tried to swallow me  
Locked me longer than Puerto Rico been a colony  
Thirteenth Amendment slavery property  
And now they signin rappers that promote their  
philosophy?  
Fuck that, nigga hip-hop is not Republican  
That's just the white motherfuckers that own the  
publishin  
And get the fuck out, if you want the foreigners gone  
I paint the White House black and park my car on the  
lawn  
Marry a Muslum girl and fuck her five times a day  
(WHAT?)  
Every time right before we shower and pray (HA! )  
You damn right the AK, symbolizes Jihad  
But a holy war, is a conversation with God  
You bitch niggaz misinterpret what you don't  
understand  
Stackin the wrong sign can end up, shootin your man  
Shootin each other, shootin your brother

Aim the gun at the right motherfucker  
And leave him colder than the prison in Russia  
Or America's white power structure  
Niggaz love to say "Fuck revolution!"  
Until the jury comin and move for the prosecution  
And them brothers act like a born-again Huey Newton  
Forgot about the bullshit music they was producin  
But my niggaz aim precisely, through the confusion -  
AND

[Chorus]

[Crooked.]I got a hundred shooters with me,  
Rugers shoot you through the kidney  
Stand in front of the judge and lie quicker than Scooter  
Libby  
I'm runnin through the city - dear God  
If I murk the racist Rush Limbaugh I wonder would you  
forgive me? (Huh?)  
Somebody told me glim back as the plan's over  
See ya, time to let him see a damn soldier  
Flip your Landrover, I told ya I blam toasters  
Gun pop off like the mouth of Ann Coulter  
This is my gangsta religion  
See I aim with precision, point blank the position  
I'm black as them ancient Egyptians  
Before European historians went and changed the  
description  
I'm blamed for the 'caine in the kitchen  
The C.I.A. playin with the pigeons, same pain that I'm  
pitchin (yea)  
Listen, you dudes better watch the hook  
I'm a boxer, coppers'll come up, Hoffa look  
They wanna get rid of this conscious crook  
Like I'm a Gnostic, apocryphal, non-canonical Gospel  
book  
But I ain't goin nowhere, that's the motherfuckin truth  
America don't care for it's inner city youth - so I

[Chorus]

[Chino XL]Puerto Rican superhero!  
Yo, XL eternal my journal, Sojourner, Nat Turner  
Cop murdered by the certain burner turned in the back  
of his sternum  
He flirted with pullin me over for bein brown, I bust  
Now he in the back of the truck with Don Imus  
I must, take aim when I lick shots  
Throw stray bullets like when Nas got off of Pharoahe  
Monch  
These pigs wanna see us dead inside a jail cell  
Turn us from Shawn Carter to Shawn Combs to Sean

Bell

My temper 'bout to break like levees in New Orleans  
Catch Jimmy Lovine when he refinance his mortgages  
Kid illusion is dead, we movin with the blue and the red  
Latin Kings, Giuliani with a gat to his head  
Y'all don't lick shots like killers aimin at the Feds  
Y'all lick shots like Jenna Jameson and Superhead  
Pigs slice to Venice and beef at the benefits meet  
Buried him on Venice Beach with the flies and the bees  
Bzzzt - Chino, and Immortal Tech'  
Kill shit like the Chinito at Virginia Tech (what's fuckin  
with that?)  
And Jacob ain't your friend, he's a fuckin jeweler  
BLAP, BLAP! I shoot the cats off your fuckin Pumas!

[Chorus]

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