

## Darkseed

### "Positive Balance"

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[Intro]

Big Zoo, uh  
Technique, uh  
Positive balances, uh, uh

[Verse 1 - Big Zoo]

Pound for pound  
I'm the most positive when I bust mine  
The Zoo adds on like a plus sign  
Addition, that's the key in the ignition  
With no pause, I propel to pole position (Vroom!)  
Ahead of the pack, light years ahead of the wack  
I give a fiend a Good Book, instead of the crack  
That's the gold mine, negativity can't hold mine  
The black bear's headed for the gold mine (look out,  
look out)  
And then I'm positive as Showtime  
I make negative MC's switch styles in no time  
They change teams, rhyme about kings and queens  
Instead of how they sellin' work to fiends  
Then I, switch thugs into soldiers  
Those that have given up on God to praise J Hova  
(Damn!)  
The rap Ice Age is over  
And positivity protects the Z boulder boulder

[Chorus - Immortal Technique w/Big Zoo ad-libs]

Yeah, you know how it goes, positivity, yeah  
My opinion is solid ground but your a common hater  
Splitting and dividing on numbers like a denominator  
Third-eye navigator movements are necessary  
Everything you see in videos is secondary  
You need positivity like you need respect in jail  
Because without balance you'll be making negative  
record sales  
Neg-neg-negative record sales, ziga-zam, Technique,  
like this

[Verse 2 - Immortal Technique]

I jerk off inside books and give life to words  
Leaving concepts stuck together you probably never

heard (what?)

I love when people think I'm psychologically disturbed  
Cause it means I overloaded their neurological nerves  
Rappers try to serve me with disgusting incompetence  
But I keep it positive with ultimate dominance  
Meditating with Native Americans close to Providence  
I speak to the spirits of ancestors at pow-wows  
But rumor has it that you getting raped like Lil' Bow  
Wow

Now listen industry motherfuckers, don't get offended  
Remember, that I'll bring an end to your pretender  
agenda

And render contenders dismembered, bend the fabric  
of time (what? what?)

And put your soul in a blender

You living a lie like thinking Jesus was born in  
December

Instead of catering to labels, something gotta give  
I'll rip the electrons out your body and make you  
positive

I seen a lot of kids come and go with marketing  
gimmicks

Because without balance, you don't last more than a  
minute

This ain't a game, I'll beat the shit out you at the line of  
scrimmage

I rock shows in the ghetto, nigga you stuck in the  
village

I wanted to spit on the radio since I was eleven

But I can't afford the pay-ola for Hot 97's

So I make paper underground, and I'm soon to blow  
Moving tapes like Biggie's ghost at Bad Boy studios

\*Biggie - Hypnotize sample\*

[Chorus]

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