Immortal Technique & DJ Green Lantern "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

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

Now York police state conital tried to swallow

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

macristana

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]

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 its 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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