

Immortal Technique & DJ Green Lantern "Parole"

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[Intro: Immortal Technique (parole officer)]
(980505A) Yeah nigga what
(You made parole) What?
(Pack your stuff) The fuck?
(And get the fuck out of here) A-haha
Aiiyo man, it's about motherfuckin time man
Aiiyo G, aiiyo G son, I got my papers man
I'm out this motherfucker!

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again
Don't work for the government coke packagin
Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again
My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin
They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican
Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans
Every time we come back, they... [record rewinds]
I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again
I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again
I'm out of, I'm out of (I'm out this motherfucker!)

Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again
Never selling heroin, never selling crack again
Don't work for the government coke packagin
Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again
My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin
They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican
Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans
Every time we come back, they keep on cashin in
Prison labor, third-world sweatshop comparisons
'til we kidnap the whole fuckin garrison
Yeah, poverty, makes people do, reckless things
But corporations do worse to protect they bling
Prisons are more, overcrowded than the rap game
They say you more likely to go to jail with a black name
Freakonomics that I speak through ebonics
and fuck Phonics, little niggaz is (Hooked On) chronic
But if you on stage with the DEA, as your hype man
Don't get yourself locked up, and blame the white man
We transformed gangs and criminal enterprises

Usin O.G.'s as advisors
Before they, send us to war, after they divide us
But I won't let 'em use us like Teddy Roosevelt's Rough
Riders
My movement's like a jujitsu kata
I graduated outta prison, so FUCK my alma mater
nigga

[Interlude: Immortal Technique (woman)]
(Hello?) Yeah yeah, what's up yo?
(Hey, how you doin?) Yo, you know what?
I just got my papers (you're fuckin lying!)
Yo I'm comin home to you, I'll see you in like a day and
a half
([screams] Oh my God, I'm so happy! Are you serious?)
([screams] I'm so happy! Are you fuckin serious?)
Yeah, I'm dead serious baby, I'm comin home (oh my
God!)
Put the little blue thing on for me, aight?
(You got that baby, yeah!)

[Immortal Technique]
I'm on parole, and I'll never be alone again
Fuck this place baby, I'm comin home again
Shorty wrapped around me so I'll, never be cold again
Never have to knock a nigga out, for the phone again
Prison ain't the place that you find your rite of passage
in
It's slavery, with nasty food in your abdomen
Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack 'em
in
Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin
Jailhouse snitches without corroborating evidence
Niggaz sellin niggaz out for true to be, Benjamins
But now I'm free, hit the block, eatin Entenmann's
Benihana in and out, flow to eat to enter in
Newspaper pencillin, tryin to pay the rent again
Ex-con job interview, nobody answerin
Feelin violent from the frustation I got pent up in
But not tryin to go back to the place, I was sent up in
Turn my own life around, fuck the establishment
Listenin to hip-hop like "Where the fuck the talent
went?"
How the fuck did you replace, lyrics with your
swaggerin?
I'ma fix that, rhymin on with the mag-a-num
I roll up in a caravan, full of North Africans
My squad got, more soldier niggaz than the Saracens
Cause just watch (watch!) when the terrorists attack
again
Their reaction's gonna be draft 'em and send us back

again

[scratches]

I'm on parole, and I'll never be alone again

Fuck this place baby, I'm comin home again

Shorty wrapped around me so I'll, never be cold again

Never have to knock a nigga out, for the phone again

Prison ain't the place that you find your rite of passage
in

It's slavery, with nasty food in your abdomen

Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack 'em
in

Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin

I'm on parole

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