

### 3. Wahl

## "One Remix"

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[Intro]

Akir: Yo tech, it's the last call baby it's good

Immortal Technique: Yeah, you know a remix just feels right dog?

Akir: Before we get outta here, you gotta drop one last gem on them

Knahmsayin?

Immortal Technique: No question, it's like the elders told me

No one person can do anything, but everyone can do something

So we gotta rep, for all the niggaz that ain't here right now

Akir: The outro tip, the One Remix, yo

[Akir]

One Enterprises, comprises the artist and the sound  
The pen and paper plays my savior while I'm getting down

Pray for my nieghbors as a favor for holding me down  
Slave for my papers as I savor the way that it pounds  
It's underground, but the blatent vibrations widely found

Facing the nation complacent radio stations now  
Stop hesitaing and contemplating the way we paitient  
Start motivating and get them playin the shit we sayin  
Ain't no delayin in this war that we gettin slayed in  
Cause times a waistin while we stand adjacent to abrasions

They fouls are more than flagrant

And so I see the prisons cages while I pound the pavement

Looking for payment saying fuck enslavement

Usin the tools of old ancients

Announcing my engagment to this music that we making

Ain't no faking on tracks, and we ain't never come wack (never!)

Immortal Technique and Akir y'all niggaz fear us that's a wrap

It's like

[Hook]

One love  
One music  
One people  
One movement  
One heart  
One spark  
One, One, One, One  
One gift  
One lift  
One stance  
One shift  
One way  
One day  
One, One, One, One, One

[Immortal Technique]

Immortal Technique in the trenches with my nigga Akir  
Our family survived the genocides so we can be here  
And now we enterprise the aftermath, one in the same  
Living the revolution 'till we catch one in the brain  
And even then my spirit will return in heavenly form  
And wipe the chess board clean, of my enemies pawns  
The red don communist threat, buried and gone  
So they invented a war, the government can carry on  
It makes me wonder if the word of god is lost in the  
man  
This is for the children of Iraq, lost in the sand  
This is for the illest emcees that'll never be known  
And this is for all the soliders that'll never come home  
I wrote this for Momia, stuck in a beast  
For people who, march in the streets, and struggle for  
peace  
For hood niggaz, born rugged, never rocking Versace  
Eddie Ramirez's cousin George, and my old friend  
Sashi  
Chris from the block, and all my niggaz stuck in a cell  
Paul Wolfowitz, motherfucker I'll see you in hell  
My destiny is to show the world, that the music is real  
Go back in time and play this shit, for the slaves in the  
field  
And for my children in the future, waiting to breathe  
People slowly dying hanging on, waiting to leave  
Believe when I'm gone, and this album's on a library  
shelf  
I'll be one with god and one with you and everything  
else

[Hook]

[Immortal Technique talking]

Yeah..

Revolutionary Volume 2 has been brought to you  
By the type of motherfuckers who ain't scared of shit  
And if you playing this album, and I'm no longer here  
And sometime far away from when I recorded this  
Remember that history

Isn't the way the corporate controlled media made it  
look like

Read between the lines and free your mind

Revolution is the birth of equality

And the anti-thesis to oppression

But this is only built for real motherfuckers

So when I'm gone, don't let nobody I never got along  
with

Try to make songs kissing my ass, recycling my beats  
or my vocals

The shit is real over here man

Thank you for listening, and thank you for supporting  
independent Hip Hop

The heart and soul of our culture

Keeping the truth alive

Goodnight my people.. goodnight..

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