

Akir f/ Immortal Technique, Mojo, Poison Pen

"The Louisiana Purchase *"

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* bonus track; edited words are in {brackets}

[Akir]

Yo, uhh

Where was FEMA? What do they gain from Katrina?
And why it take so long to save us but so fast to clean
up?

Who's in charge of them green bucks?
Cause they supposed to give survivors least two G's
plus
I need much in answers; was it because, they live below
standards

and drugs ran rapid that it's quiet up in the cabinet?
Who was on call, did they really drop the bomb?
Did they say {fuck} it? We're reminded 'bout them
damn walls

Can we call 'em levies? Did the water get heavy and
overrun the town

or did people come knock 'em down?

Are they tryna help 'em out or tryna kick 'em out?
When you see them come around to evacuate a house
Who has insurance in one of the country's most
poorest, communities?

Isn't this country for you and me?

Separatin families, destroyin unity, conquer through
divide

Are they gonna help us survive?

Or is it genocide, do they wanna help and all revive?
Or will it be, gentrified? Watch the choppers in the skies
No supplies, devils in disguise, spinnin stories on my
people's lives

Standin by while they just lettin us die (die)

[Immortal Technique]

I feel like the whole world gone crazy
The stadium smells like {fuckin} dead babies
And old people, goin through rigamortis
While the government tortoise, slow to support us
Instead they record us and give us self-righteous
orders
Reporters implore us, not to break the law

I saw a {bitch} talkin on TV, I wanna break her jaw
A teleprompter, can never describe what I saw
The phones are dead, no police and no E.M.T.
Powerless like we got hit, with an E.M.P.
It reminds me of the days when we lived as slaves
They just denied the migrant workers, federal aide
And people tell me poverty, doesn't have any color
Well it does down here mother-{fucker}
And now they talk about, rebuildin where nothin is
workin (nothin!)
Just lawyers gettin more contracts by Halliburton

[Poison Pen]

We restored the fresh corner on some Mardi Gras
{shit}
Swervin down Bourbon - on some party town {shit}
Drinkin {fuckin} liquor, I'm speakin real candid
Who knew, N.O. would turn president land this
dude got us lookin savage - like newer reports
Get the rich ones out the tellies, and ignored the warts
Scores of people perched on top roofs
96 hours with no damn rule, but who the {fuck}
wouldn't shoot?
"So would I" says the cat
Brother stranded, wife and seed on his side, {gat} on
the lap
Now anarchy, rule the street
Mayor cuss the government out, on the TV all you hear
is bleeps
Despair dro, some the same
Super dope synonymous with pain, ironically they
change quotes the same
I know firsthand I got blood (yeah) you heard from me
Second line been should be playin for eternity

[Mojo]

Walk with imagination, prepare for the devastation
of these poor people bein displaced in our own nation
No food or water with four days waitin
Fearlessly they're flyin over to assess the situation
Dirt they doin to my folks blatant
Satan they causes, breakin they clauses, lyin to our
faces
Take a step back, let's retrace this
Cats were breakin into stores cause they were runnin
out of patience
Most of them gunshots you heard about, yeah
They were pointed in the air cause the bullets were
flares
But regardless if the media cares or not
We should still share a lot of truth, keep stirrin the pot

into a spicy gumbo, dig deep, let your funds go
Never know a storm might hit Flatbush or Ludlow
Who do you think they'll save, them or us?
Mother Nature doesn't choose sides, cash flow does
(that's right)

{*music and sirens fade out*}

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