

## Alexia % Chris Phillips

### "Bonus Track"

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[Immortal Technique Speaking]

Oh, y'all motherfuckers thought it was over, huh?  
Well, it's not. You didn't count on the fallen angel  
getting back into the graces of God and coming after  
you. Y'all niggaz ain't shit. Your producers ain't  
shit, your fucking A&R ain't shit, I fucking wipe my  
ass with your demo deal

Yo, Diabolic, TAKE THIS MOTHERFUCKERS HEAD OFF!

[Diabolic]

Go ahead and grip glocks, I'll snap ya trigger finger in  
6 spots  
You'll have to liplock with hypodermic needles to lick  
shots  
I watch you topple flat, put away ya rings and holla  
back  
Can't freestyle? You screwed off the top like bottle caps  
Beneath the surface, I'm overheating your receiving  
circuits  
By unleashing deeper verses than preists speak in  
churches  
But your preach is worthless, your worship defeats the  
purpose  
Like President Bush taking bullets for the Secret  
Service  
Beyond what y'all fathom, shit on cats and jaw tap 'em  
Show no "cum-passion" like havin a strait-faced  
orgasm  
Tour jack him, have his half-a-ten bitch suck my friends  
dick  
In the mean time, you can French kiss this clenched fist  
Diabolic, a one-man brigade spreading Cancer Plague  
Fist-fucking a pussy's face holding a hand grenade  
So if I catch you bluffing, faggot, you less than nothing  
I just had to get this stress off my chest like breast  
reductions

[Immortal Technique]

You motherfuckers are nothing, you cannot harm me

I'll ressurect every aborted baby and start an army  
Storm the planet, hunting you down, 'cause I'm on a mission  
To split your body into a billion one-celled organisms  
Immortal Technique will destroy your religion, you stupid bitch  
You faker than blue eyed crackers nailed to a crucifix  
I'm 'bout to blow up like NASA Challenger computer chips  
Arsenic language transmitted revolutionarily  
I'm like time itself, I'ma kill you inevitably  
Chemically bomb you, fuck using a chrome piece  
I'm Illmatic, you won't make it home like Gerome's niece  
I'll sever your head diagonally for thinking of dissing me  
And then use your dead body to write my name in calligraphy  
This puppet democracy, just brainwashed psychology  
So you're nothing like diversity without equality  
And your crew is full of more faggots than Greek mythology  
Using numerology to count the people I sent to Heaven  
Produces more digits than 22 divided by 7  
You like Kevin Spacey, your style is usually suspect  
You never killed a cop, you not a motherfucking thug yet  
Your mind is empty and spacious  
Like the part of the brain that appreciates culture in racists  
Face it, you're too basic, you not going to make it  
Like children walking through Antartica, butt naked

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