

## Alexia % Chris Phillips

### "Hidden Track"

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[Intro]

Oh, you mother fuckers thought it was over, huh  
Well its not, you didn't count on a fallen angel  
getting back into the grace of God and coming after  
you  
Ya'll niggaz ain't shit  
Your producers ain't shit  
Your fucking A & R ain't shit  
I'll fucking wipe my ass with your demo deal  
Yo Diabolic, take this mother fucker's head off

[Diabolic]

Go ahead and grip glocks  
I'll snap your trigger finger in six spots  
You'll have to lip lock with hypodermic needles to lick  
shots  
I'll watch you topple flat  
Put away your rings and holla back  
Can't freestyle, you're screwed off the top like bottle  
caps  
Beneath the surface, I'm over heating your receiving  
circuits  
By unleashing deeper verses than priests speak in  
churches  
What you preach is worthless  
Your worship defeat the purpose  
Like President Bush taking bullets for the Secret  
Service  
Beyond what ya'll fathom  
I shit on cats and jaw tap 'em  
Show no compassion like having a straight faced  
orgasm  
Tour jack 'em, have his half a ten bitch suck my friend's  
dick  
In the mean time, you can French kiss this clenched fist  
Diabolic, a one man brigade spreading cancer plague  
This fucking a pussy's face, holding a hand grenade  
So if I catch you bluffin'  
Faggot, you're less than nothing  
I just had to get that stress off my chest like breast  
reduction

[Technique]

You mother fuckers are nothing

You cannot harm me

I'll resurrect every aborted baby and start an army

Storm the planet hunting you down cuz 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're 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'm gunna kill you inevitably

Chemically bomb you, fuck using a chrome piece

I'm Illmatic, you won't make it home like Jerome's niece

I'll sever your head diagonally for thinking of dissin' me

And then ill use your dead body to write my name in calligraphy

This public democracy, brain washed your 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're like Kevin Spacey, your style is usually suspect

You never killed a cop, you not a mother fucking thug yet

Your mind is empty and spacious

Like the part of the brain the appreciated culture in a racist

Face it, you too basic, you're never gunna make it

Like children walking through Antarctica, butt naked

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