

Alexia % Chris Phillips

"Industrial Revolution"

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[Verse 1]

Yeah nigga, Immortal Technique, metaphysics

The bling-bling era was cute but it's about to be done
I leave ya full of clipse like the moon blocking the sun
my metaphors are dirty like herpes but harder to catch
like an escape tunnel in prison I started from scratch
and now these parasites wanna prosenna my asscap
trying to control perspective like an acid flashback
but here's a quotable for every single record exec
get your fucking hands out my pocket nigga like
Malcolm X

but this ain't a movie, I'm not a fan or a groupie
and I'm not that type of cat, you can afford to miss if
you shoot me
curse to heavens and laugh when the sky electrocutes
me

Immortal Technique stuck in your thoughts darkening
dreams

no ones as good as good as me, they just got better
marketing schemes

I leave ya to your own destruction like sparking a fiend
cuz you got jealousy in ya voice like star scream
and that's the primary reason that I hate ya faggots
I've been nice since niggaz got killed over 8-ball
jackets

and Reebok Pumps that didn't do shit for the sneaker
I'm a heatseaker with features that'll reach through the
speaker

and murder counter revolutionaries personally
break a thermometer and force feed his kids mercury
ANR's tribe jerking me thinking they call shots
offered me a deal and a blanket full of small pocks
your all getting shot, you little fucking tregerous
bitches

[Hook]

This is the business, and ya'll ain't getting nothing for
free

and if you devils play broke, then I'm taking your
company

you can call it reparations or restitution
lock and load nigga, industrial revolution

[Verse 2]

I want fifty three million dollars for my collar stand
like the Bush administration gave to the Taliban
and fuck packing grams nigga, learn to speak and
behave
you wanna spend twenty years as a government slave
two million people in prison keep the government paid
stuck in a six block eight cell alive in the grave
i was made by revolution to speak to the masses
deep in the club toast the truth, reach for the classes
I burn an orphanage just to bring heat to you bastards
innocent deep in a casket, columbian fashion
intoxicated of the flow like thugs passion
you motherfuckers will never get me to stop blatin'
your better off asking Ariel Sharon for compasion
your better off banging for twenty points for a label
your better off battling cancer under telephone cabels
Technique chemically unstable, set to explode
foretold by the dead sea scrolls written in codes
so if your message ain't shit, fuck the records you sold
cuz if you go platinum, it's got nothing to do with luck
it just means that a million people are stupid as fuck
stuck in the underground in general and rose to the
limit
without distribution managers, a deal, or a gimmick
Revolutionary Volume 2, murder the critics
and leave your fucking body rotten for the roaches and
crickets

[Hook]

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