

Alexia % Chris Phillips

"Leaving the Past"

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[Verse 1]

They told me I would never make it, I would never
achieve it

Reality is nurishment, but people don't believe it
I guess its hard to stomach the truth like a bulimick
its a dirty game and nobody is willing to clean it
But this is for the paralygics, people dreamin' of
runnin'

ladies married to men who dont please 'em, dreamin'
of comin'

urbanly murderous like David Berkowitz when I'm
gunnin'

Some cowards on the internet didn't think I would sell
scared to talk shit in person, cuz they stuck in a shell
and couldn't understand the pain of being stuck in a
cell

Hell is not a place you go, if you not a christian
it's the failure of your lifes greatest ambition
It's a bad decision to blindly follow any religion
I don't see the difference in between the raw and the
wrong

Soldiers emptyin' the clips at little kids and they moms
I'm just like a desperate motherfucker strapped to a
bomb

Humanity is gone, smoked up in a gravity bong
by a democrat republican Cheech and Chong
Immortal Technique, you never heard me preachin' a
song

I'm not controversial, I'm just speakin' the facts
Put your hands in the air like you got the heat to your
back

and shake your body like a baby born addicted to crack
And since life is a gamble like the crabstables at Vegas
I freestyle my destiny, it's not written in pages

[Verse 2]

I hate it when they tell us how far we came to be
as if our peoples history started with slavery
Painfully I discovered the shit they kept us secret
this is the exodus like the black jews out of Egypt
I keep it reality based wit the music I make

brought the truth to your face with the style I run wit
like the navy missile that shot down flight eighthundred
I'm like the africans who came here before Colombus
and from the 15hundreds until after the model
I watch Latin America get raped in the sorrow
You see the spanjards never left Espace the Cologne
and if you don't believe me, you can click on Uni
Mission
I never seen so much racism in all of my life
every program and newscast, all of them white
It's like a part tide with 10 percent ruling the rest
that type of stress 'll make me put the fucking tool to
your chest
Step in my way nigga, I wouldn't wanna be ya
I burn slow like (a) pissing drunk with gonnorrhea
I'll do a freak show in North Korea, burning the flag
while Jay Edgar Hoover politicians dress up in drag
Try to confuse you, makin' it hard to follow this:
capitalism en democracy are not synonymous
You swallow propaganda like a birth control pill
sellin' your soul to the eye on the back of the dollar bill
But that will never be me, cuz I am leavin' the past
like an abused wife with the kids, leavin' your ass
Like a drug addict clean and sober, leavin' the stash
unbreakable Technique leavin' the plane crash
I'm out with the black box and I refuse to return
I spit reality, instead of what you usually learn
and I refuse to be concerned with condecending
advice
cuz I am the only motherfucker that could change my
life

[Ending]

Some people think I won't make it
but I know that I will
Escape the emptiness
cuz that shit is slow and it kills
the flow and the skill
I made y'all believe that it last
You can make the future
but it starts with LEAVING THE PAST

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