

Alexia % Chris Phillips

"The Prophecy"

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So you're the motherfucker they call....Immortal
Technique.
What the fuck make you so special nigga?
Huh... what the fuck do you do?

I calculate planet alignment like Mayan astronomy
Discovering atrocities worst than Aristotle
Subjecting children to sodomy
Your theory of the galaxy is primitive like telome
The truth about the universe stuck up like Aztec pottery
Unpredictable results like experimental psychology
I stomp the streets with emcee's beneath my feet in
colonies
But presentation and spirit revolve around autonomy
Searching for monogamy
And cutting fake bitches out of my mind like a
lobotomy
So obviously I'm not gonna be here to play games
Walked the top of the world and leave the arctic circle
in flames
Battle the beast and false prophet predicted in the King
James
I give a fuck about your emcee name I don't admire
you
Only by dental records will you be identifiable
Cause the future is not reliable
Remember when rap was not economically viable
Comparable to what motherfuckers think of me
I might be nobody but wait till I'm together like a
symphony
Resounding sound that will continue infinitely
Angel of death punishing all those who live in infamy
And shine so far away from you
You'll never get a glimpse of me
Attempts to extinguish me don't even bother me none
Like retarded kids throwing ice cubes at the sun
A victory against Immortal Technique will never be
done
Just degrees of losing it every second your adding one
Some niggas dream of pushing kilos but I drop tons
With more facts and formulas and philosophical logic

Then a basement full of scientists puffing on chronic
Dipped in mycin potassium cyanide and liquid bubonic
And use it as a sonic one to find the spawn of the
demonic
Screaming like onyx is of absolutely no consequence
The poison is dense enough to clog up your arteries
Mercy is not a part of me
I cause you bodily injury permanently be simply
verbally murdering me
Is inconceivable cause of the unbelievable evil injected
inside
The blood stream of my people
And redemption is not located under a church steeple
The feeble and the meek in soul just like the technique
Will inherit the earth, But the earth will be weak
Mother earth in her decrepit terminal illness physique
The year three thousand is bleak no happily ever after
Just death following the forth right disaster, a legacy of
bastards
With plastic explosives your futures been eroded
Cause you forgot that when your free it's multiplied
indefinitely
By the struggle that be the struggle I see
To socialistically united the third world countries
Expose hypocrisy in Americas democracy
Sloppily obsessed with stopping me cause I speak
prophecy
Trample and dismantle your capitalist philosophy
The same way I stomp the conquering rap monopoly
And I'm not a fucking prophet
But that's the fucking prophecy

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