

Immortal Technique f/ Da Circle, J. Arch

"Rebel Arms *"

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* hidden track; follows right after "Crimes of the Heart" at 04:30 [Intro: DJ Green Lantern] What you thought it was over?! Shit ain't over 'til we say it's over motherfucker Aiyyo Tech, what you think about the rap game right about now? "It's all bullshit, you know that, I know that! Hey, come along with me man, we'll have a budget, huh? We'll have some clout.." "I didn't get into this for that!" "Well that's all there is!" "Well if that's all there is I've been wastin my motherfuckin time wit'chu I can get more clout and more money on the STREET than I can get followin your ass..." [Immortal Technique] (Rebel arms!) Yeah... yeah, uhh, yeah The game is polluted with rappers that are really snitches And most DJ's are nothin but, industry bitches And we don't got, no mansion or riches But we got guns and knives and your children's pictures And everybody loses in war, but you lose more What you think we brought back the Panthers, and the Zulu for? Immortal witchdoctor made himself a voodoo doll for every motherfucker that fronted that I can recall Fuck the industry, don't call me, you can't get with me I'll leave niggaz hangin like Mississippi RBG to the last drop of blood in my body Or the Feds drag me away, like a tsunami But I'll be back, like a fresh bodybag from Iraq Like a Baltimore slum, during the resurgence of crack Brown and black, like the A.K. I keep in the strap While we waitin on the next stock market collapse! [Da Circle] It's territorial, oratory editorial Fuck around I'll be the cause of your life's memorial I write rap's territorial, East Coast border zoo Never crossin waters 'til I will coastally slaughter you I'm better than all of you, vendetta's be mauling you You're talkin cheddar, I'm a shreddar, I'll sever it off of you I'll never remorse for you, no letters endorsin you Pole position in the coffin is what it's, costin you The cockiest bosses who control the fortunes too The mortgage is of a cultural losses, through and through (But it's the rebel arms!) Godspeed with devil's charms The bitch-made gets switchblades in every arm And this way we ix-nay on any harm Cause next play and fakes lay like hidden bombs We marching units in, the soul is true within

Eternal missions with church, a lifetime to do it in
Stronghold said it, whoop yo' bitch-ass with batons The
rebel arms swarm and form like Voltron Slash your own
beast, you heard +Mark of the East+ Runnin through
cop lands screamin "Fuck the police!" Hormones in the
water (water) they actin out of order Like a pack of
rabid wolves, they lambs for the slaughter Crush your
man to bull, rip the drums like Animal Eat 'em seeds,
save my own kind, I'm a cannibal My regimen salute
me, haters wanna shoot me Kool-Aid in their veins,
they'll always try to sue me You sell crack and rap, did
a scared bid Multiple baby mamas, take care of yo'
kids Guillotine rap, shackles on your neck Chemical
warfare where punchlines connect Da Circle play the
snipers, with Immortal Tech' They called the block
govenor to drag him of the set! [J. Arch] Rebel arms out
for supremacy and move non-gimmicky Related to
royalty on each trip you mention me Twist bars illest-ly,
rebel against the infantry Get more than yo' feet wet
when I make you a memory Cats not ready because
they commercially industry I make house calls to those
afraid to visit me Disrespect, I'll smash off the petty
from undisclosed locates, move fast for their cheddy
Arch don't breakdance, yet I +Rock Steady+ I jump on
your scope to prove your aim not deadly My shot to the
top is like Mikki and Mal' smelly Flow milky like the tits
of a chick, that's top heavy The +Technique's
Immortal+ so Rebel Arm's the regiment Arch status
nicer than, other rappers ever been My cantine's full
from when the doc don't got medicine Five-star
general, frontline veteran [Outro: DJ Green Lantern]
Invasion baby! Shit ain't a fuckin game that we playin
Immortal Technique... Oh yeah, don't forget
"Revolutionary Vol. 3" comin soon You're not worthy,
you sons-of-bitches!

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