

Immortal Technique f/ Mojo

"Reverse Pimpology"

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[Immortal Technique] Hypocrites, hookers, sex offenders Y'all niggaz wanna be pimps and players? This ain't 1997 nigga I'd rather be rich and unhappy than broke and miserable Cause the game don't give a FUCK if you lyrical And that's pitiful, so my position is pivotal You can hate me all you like but you worship the principle I inspire revolution, the government's not invincible Vietnam to Venezuela, trick knowledge, they pimpin you All up in the hood like McDonald's and liquor Selling AIDS medicine, when we know you got the cure nigga (woo!) You leery of conspiracy theory but hear me Throw a business perspective, it makes more sense clearly Cause moreover, that's what we go to war over And numbers don't lie unless we do Bush and Gore over Free markets make money disingenuously But I invest in agriculture, biochemistry Smart nigga from the hood, pussy, what type of crime is that? But exec's are like, "You from Harlem? Where your diamonds at?" Stupid [Mojo] Can't dodge the game If you lookin for the money or the fame (oh-ohh) The players and the rules ain't changed (oh no) But see we tryin to leave a name So we're turnin out [Immortal Technique] Yeah, this is how pimps get pimped and players get played Rich people get robbed and, broke niggaz paid New York, London, Chicago, Philly and L.A. Miami, D.C., B-more and out in the Bay [Mojo] We're tearin it out of the frame See we deserve to stake that claim If we didn't it's a cryin shame What we're concerned about is how to turn it out [Immortal Technique] Show me a pretty girl, with the world stuck to her And I bet you there's a brother that's tired of fuckin her Lots of niggaz girls is someone else's one night stand I probably made some bitches nervous listenin with they man (ha ha) And if that offends somebody, I'm sorry, fuck you! What you think, revolutionaries don't like to fuck too? You just gotta beware of dangerous coochie Cover ya head like a kufi, some rappers think that they live in a movie Until they get herpes or clap from a groupie And I don't need to shout you out, nigga you know who you be Look, most people are only players cause they got

played And have not, let go of that, shit since the 7th
grade Yeah you got your heart broke, life sucks,
doesn't it? But you shouldn't fuck up someone else's
life because of it Someone did your mother like that,
that's why you fatherless Before jail or racist cops,
that's what the problem is [Mojo] Recognize the game
See who's the one to place that blame We gettin
trapped in a cycle of pain With a generation headed
down the drain Time we turn it out [Immortal
Technique] This is how pimps get pimped and players
get played Beautiful women get, cheated on and
gangstas sprayed Jersey, Detroit, Denver, Phoenix,
Atlanta Texas, Vegas, Seattle and fuckin Louisiana
[Mojo] Regardless of money you payin Just spendin,
hold a watch and a chain But can't offer your children a
thang What the hell is goin on in your brain? We gon'
turn it out [Immortal Technique] Yeah, I'm not a crack
rapper, I'm not a backpacker (ha ha ha) I'm not a wack
rapper, moonlighting as a bad actor I treat labels like
the projects, cause I'm a hater (what!) Go to the Sony
building and piss in the elevator Cater to hustlers,
crooks and cheap smugglers Bootleg my own album,
to reach customers (yeah) Every city, state and
country, the hood love me Even Aborigines, in Australia
bump me They say underground fans are all the color
of talcum But who the fuck you think buy 50 and Jay
albums? Who the fuck you think made Snoop and Dre
platinum? Call up any major record label and ask 'em
But there's some, devils in disguise in hip-hop that
belong at Republican fundraisers with Kid Rock (bitch!)
I hope one of my fans has one of your kids shot And
blames it on Acid, Prozac and Slipknot You a pussy
actin hard like a bitch cop I'll drop you to the floor like a
reverse wristlock Eat your food and shit on you, like a
highway pit stop And make, revolutionaries out of kids
that used to flip rocks The government, pimped 9/11 to
go to Iraq And history, repeats itself right on track
(how?) First as a tragedy, and then the comedy begins
(why?) Cause it's funny, motherfuckers don't see it
come around again [Mojo] + (I.T.) Where, can we be
free? (FUCK we gon' be free man?) We only wanna live
our lives Live our lives, with our eyes open Open your
eyes - open your eyes You stupid motherfuckers - you
stupid motherfuckers Open your eyes, before you die

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