

Immortal Technique f/ Poison Pen, Swave Sevah "Stronghold Grip"

Visit "[Stronghold Grip](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[ad libs for first 22 seconds] [Immortal Technique]
Immortal Technique, Poison Pen Swave Sevah
motherfucker (get 'em right now!) I leave government
spies and murderers wrapped in plastic like Dominican
furniture I put the iron in you, like the center of Earth's
curvature And make your block turn into the, border of
Serbia My flow's dirtier than juiced-up players in
baseball And beat you in the head like a sock with an 8-
ball You got Stockholm Syndrome, and that's why I hate
y'all Cause you be biggin up the industry while they
rape y'all [Poison Pen] Yeah, I spaz out (spaz out) and
beat the shit out niggaz You fag out (fag out) and beat
the jizz out niggaz Gloves (check) ski mask (check)
duct tape (check) Get a ducat and lost and recovered
and break neck Bed-Stuy, BestBuy, clique and rush the
{?} Rip up the pavement, throw the whole block on you
Pop up, you gotta get it Like Ricky in "Boyz N the Hood,"
stoppin to scratch a lotto ticket [Swave Sevah] Yo, I feel
the sudden surge given me the urge to speak (yo what
up?) Scream somethin that's absurd and disturb the
peace (fuck y'all!) Quick to throw a hot verse to beats
You see the music I'm a prisoner, hip-hop is my work
release I'm not the same Swave you knew, I'm a whole
new person More assertive and aggressive, my
attitude worsened I raise hell on this earth Your rap is
over, you Casanova's gon' end up like Gerald Levert,
bitch! [Chorus: Immortal Technique, Poison Pen, Swave
Sevah] [I.T.] Stronghold tighten the grip, on the
underground [P.P.] I fight back-to-back holdin my
brothers down [S.S.] You done started, with the wrong
motherfucker now [I.T.] Married to the cause and we
loyal, we don't fuck around [P.P.] Stronghold overthrow
the whole fuckin underground [I.T.] Secretly run, by
commercial motherfuckers now [S.S.] So while you little
step-and-fetch niggaz run around [all] Controlled
demolition, we bringin the structure down! [Immortal
Technique] Immortal Technique nigga, I'm the type to
flip Cause me and my dogs fight to the death like
Michael Vick's And I don't hit women so I'm not gonna
mangle your wiz A prostitute with an AIDS race'll handle
the biz [Poison Pen] Hit the block with a pen and glock,

a ox and rocks, a devil spray If that's a K, play yo' punk-ass infected with leprosy Leave you half-murdered beyond, recognition beat and indecent Leave you with your plastic surgeon for a remix [Swave Sevah] Yo, ayyo I'm hard-bodied with it And these scars, contusions, concussions, fractures and pains you suffer from; I probably did it You ain't worth spit, I put a hit out on your mother Then fuck up you and your four brothers [Immortal Technique] You play Scarface when a microphone's in the room But you more like Pacino in "Dog Day Afternoon" [Poison Pen] ASCAP clappin 'em, all this rap traps Snatch that diamonds off your neck, worth 50 dead Africans [Swave Sevah] Yo, this dude is truly a joke That stuff got you feelin tough, must be sniffin +Peruvian Coke+ [I.T.] We spit Cold War syndrome, it shatters the bones [P.P.] Spray my dependance on your bitch face when it splatters you on [S.S.] Thrown in submission holds and choked 'til you tap out [I.T.] And shut down your party like Whitney Houston's crackhouse [P.P.] Stronghold, live and direct up in your set [S.S.] The habitual line steppers - Swave, Pen and Tech [Chorus] [ad libs to the end]

Visit [Immortal Technique f/ Poison Pen, Swave Sevah](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.