

Immortal Technique f/ PsychoRealm, Sick Symphonies "Hollywood Driveby"

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[Immortal Technique] Somebody talk shit to me in L.A.,
would never live Cause brown rolls deeper than red or
blue, ever did I got bullets that'll rip through yo' ribs
More painful than watchin R. Kelly piss on yo' kids
Here's the ultimatum motherfucker, give me the ASCAP
Or give America Biggie and 2Pac flashbacks Some
niggaz don't think the underground is grimy and dirty
'til they find your body on a fuckin highway in Jersey I
fire rockets at generic topics Your lyrics don't hold
weight, like two-dimensional objects Cause jail culture
didn't give you that fitted hat to memorize a
ghostwritten shit verse and spit it back I won't let your
wack rhymes redefine lyricism For a whole generation
with they fathers in prison You live inside the image of
an era that's gone Like government officials tryin to
justify Vietnam I leave niggaz traumatized, like they
momma died And they was responsible for the drive-by
homicide And I don't market revolution, I live it What
you think cause you fake everyone else is a gimmick?
Jealous bickering, industry slaves, the nerve of you Like
a child prostitute born into a life of servitude Until we
murder you, makin the red carpet burgundy With
PsychoRealm in the streets where I prefer to be
[Chorus: Immortal Technique] Hollywood drive-by,
motherfuckin murder-fest Weed clouds in the air, that
cause turbulence RevoluciÃ³n, motherfucker you heard
of it I light the spliff with the flag, while I'm burnin it
Hollywood drive-by, sprayin the cucarachas War with
the system like the streets of Oaxaca Yeah,
revoluciÃ³n, motherfucker you scared of it? Well it's
comin to the industry now, so be prepared for it
[PsychoRealm] You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit
them full-clip raps While most of these gangsta
rappers are some full-fledged rats You're on some
bullshit tracks, I spit them full {*scratches*} You're on
some bull {*scratches*} you're on some bull
{*scratches*} You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit
them full-clip raps While most of these gangsta
rappers are some full-fledged rats The real G's stay
strapped in full combat What you see in the videos is
full-on acts The streets don't believe you homie

Armageddon in the rap game is comin and we lead the
army Rock tear a tape out of yo' sounds Got hostages
in pink, this is what they call hip-hop now? I keep that
metro shit out of my whip Man that dummy rap is
through makin money, it's about to extinct You know
the radio tryin to kill rap with that shit The only thing
dyin is the DJ's when the K spit We're here to CEO's, and
blow up A&R's I'm takin your chips like crashing your
game of cards This is how I eat holmes, I would give
you buzz And take the life of these stars for this thing
of ours [Chorus] [Sick Symphonies] Yeah, uhh I'm from
the city of falling stars, the home of banging hard
Waiting for them at the Radio City Hall to snatch 'em
out their fucking cars Expose 'em for what they are -
NARCs, jakes, snake informants Feeding us horse shit,
blaze up all of them They say hip-hop doesn't exist
Rappers talking hard dressed up like punk rock kids
Pumped up by some corporate endorsement, dead
corpses are voiceless No one hears ya homie, ya little
fame is over We'll send little homies foreclosure like
bankers, cause you owe us the mortgage For exploiting
the lifestyle that many died, jailed up in storage
Leaving most of us hopeless, homies radio focused
What we're building got 'em all afraid Give me the K, I'll
be honored to ignite the flame that'll, burn down the
game, what's fame? Keep it A movement, a sonic war,
motherfucker you sleepin [Chorus]

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