

Crossing the Boundary

Immortal Technique

I never make songs to disrespect woman
or to judge people about the way that they're living
but the way I am is based on the life I was given
like them white boys; +Losing My Religion+
I used to be a Christian and a political pawn
the bible is right and all your native culture is wrong
next thing you know you telling me 'bout making a song
come in the studio, and tell me that I'm making it wrong
pissed off 'cause reality is making us strong
like the ghost of Timothy MC Veigh making a bomb
'ey yo Marvin Gaye, what the fuck is going on
these rap niggas made propaganda out of your song
but it's the gong show, amateur night at the Apollo
my dick is like my music, but harder to swallow
so children follow me, like the pot piper
and sing the chorus in the air, with your blood in your lighter
(sing that shit nigga, right now)

You played yourself thinking your down with me
I end your life nigga, don't fuck around with me
and if you kids can't listen, then your bound to see
the way you get shot for crossing the boundary

The second verse is worse than the first and disrespects
script this specifically to keep people in check
Harlem to Boston, real niggas spit with me
but Landspeed, you ain't fucking shit to me
and underground labels know that I don't trust you
your only independent till your major, so fuck you
and if your pissed off 'cause you think that I dissed you
I rape your moms and we can make this a personal issue
+Dance With The Devil+ remember that your not on my level
stupid your not ready, I won Disypher, Praggig Rights from Rocksteady
and practically every battle that they got in New York
and I still murder rappers on the street for sport
Doctor Giateen cutting you short little man
but you don't give me props 'cause I never won at Scripple Jam
well fuck you, I hope somebody you love dies, so fuck your crew
and fuck your family too, Technique's said it bitch
What the fuck you gonna do

(Yeah, Wrap it up on these niggas, wrap it up, Yeah)

Immortal Technique insinuate degenerate fags
burn Trent Lott*, wrapped in his confederate flag
I got the Beretta with my face wrapped in a rag
so put the African slave jewelery in the bag
motherfuckers tell me, that a diamond is forever
but is it worth the blood of Malcolm and Medgar Evers?
house niggas get your head severed trying to be thug
you don't concern me, I'm trying to hurt the people you love
Word of Mouth is I'm in the club being sneaky
I'm like the body snatchers in your girl as getting sleepy
I murder you indiscreetly, right at the source
like the roman leech and Anit stabbed Christ on the cross
this is about Judo, it ain't about Jesus
and you shouldn't fucking talk about telekinesis

nigga please, moving shit with your mind
try moving ya moms out the projects with your rhymes
and next time, I'm coming after 'cual quiera' profanity
fucking 'carajo maldita mierda'
roll up 'de hierva, i pasala, para la izquierda'
put the price up to listen to me pop shit
'cause I got Martha Steward giving me stock tips
underground money with honeys up in the whip
Bangbus.com, nigga fucking your bitch

Yeah, played yourself nigga
fuck all ya, you don't know shit about me
why open ya mouth and discuss who the fuck I am
I thought I told ya niggas on volume one, I wasn't fucking around
you just slept, cause you sold a few thousand units in the golden era
when niggas would buy anything on the shelf
but those days are through, and you are through with them