

Parole

Immortal Technique

Immortal Technique, (Parole Officer)

(980505A)

yea nigga what

(you made parole)

what?

(pack your stuff)

the fuck?

(and get the fuck out of here)

ayo man, its about motherfucking time man

ayo g, ayo g son, i got my papers man

I'm out this motherfucker

verse:

I'm out of jail and I'm never going back again

never selling heroine, never selling crack again

don't work for the government coke packaging

don't fire indiscriminate with the mack again

my people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin

they pretend to give a fuck, just like the vatican

second chance faith based, two faced, samaritans

everytime we come back, they keep on cashing in

prison labor third world sweatshop comparisons

till we kidnap the whole fucking garrison

(yea) poverty makes people do reckless things

but corporations do worse to protect their bling

prisons are more overcrowded than the rap game

they say you are more likely to go to jail with a black name

freakonomics that I speak through ebonics

and fuck phonics, little niggas is hooked on chronic

but if you on stage with the DEA as your hype man

don't get yourself locked up and blame the white man

with transformed gangs and criminal enterprises

using OGs as advisors

before they send us to war after they divide us

but I won't let them use us like Teddy Roosevelt's

Rough Riders

my movement is like a jujitsu kata

i graduated outta prison, so fuck my alma mater, nigga

chorus (caller)

(hello)

yea yea whats up yo

(inaudible)

yo you know what I just got my papers

(goodbye)

yo I'm coming home to you I'll see you in like a day
and a half

(inaudible)

yea I'm dead serious baby, I'm coming home

put the little blue thing on for me aight

I'm on parole and I'll never be alone again

fuck this place baby, I'm coming home again

shorty wrapped around me, so I'll never be cold again

never have to knock a nigga out for the phone again

prison ain't the place that you find your right of
passage in
it's slavery with nasty food in your abdomen
middle passage bottom of the ship, how they pack em in
perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin
jailhouse snitches without corroborating evidence
niggas selling niggas out for two to three benjamins
but now I'm free, hit the block eating Entenmann's
beni-hana in and out, flow for me to enter in
newspaper penciling, trying to pay the rent again
ex-con job interview nobody answering
feeling violent from the frustration I got pent up in
but not trying to go back to the place I was centering
turn my own life around, fuck the establishment
listening to hip hop, like where the fuck the talent
went
how the fuck did you replace lyrics with your
swaggering
Ima fix that rhyming on with the magnum
I roll up in a caravan, full of North Africans
my squad got more soldier niggas than the Saracens
you just watch, when the terrorists attack again
their reaction is gonna be draft em and send us back
again
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fuck this place baby, I'm coming home again
shorty wrapped around me, so I'll never be cold again
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