

# 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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