

# Reverse Pimpology

## Immortal Technique

Hypocrites, hookers, sex offenders.  
Ya'll niggas want to be pimps and players?  
This aint 1997 nigga.

I'd rather be rich and unhappy, then broke and miserable.  
Because the game don't give a fuck, If you're lyrical.  
And that pitiful, so my position is pivotal.  
You can hate me all you like, but you worship the principle.  
I inspire revolution, the governments not invincible.  
Vietnam to Venezuela, trick knowlege they pimpin you,  
all up in the hood, like Mc Donald's and liquor.  
Selling AIDS medicine, well we know you got the cure.  
You're leery of conspiracy theories, but hear me.  
From a business perspective it makes more sense, clearly.  
Cuz more over, that's what we go to war over, and numbers don't lie  
Unless we do Portugal over.  
Free markets, make money disingenuously,  
But i invest in agriculture biochemistry, so a nigga from the hood,  
Pussy! What type of crime is that?  
But execs are like 'you from Harlem where your diamonds at?'

If you're lookin for the money or the fame,  
the players and the rules ain't changed.  
you see we're trying to leave our name,  
see how we're turning out?

This is how pimps get pimped,  
And players get played,  
Rich people get robbed,  
And broke niggas get payed.  
New York, London, Chicago, Philly and L.A,  
Miami, DC, B-more and out in the bay.

We're staring out of the frame.  
so we deserve to stake that claim.  
if we didn't it's a crying shame.  
what we're concerned about is how we're turning out.

Show me a pretty girl, with the world stuck to her,  
And i bet you there's a brother that's tired of fucking her.  
Lots of niggas girls are someone else's one night stand.  
I probably make some bitches nervous, listening with they man,  
And if that offends somebody, I'm sorry, fuck you.  
What you think? Revolutionaries don't like to fuck too?  
You just gotta beware of dangerous coochie,  
Cover your head like coofee, some rappers think that they live in a movie.  
Until they get herpies, a clap from a groupie,  
And i don't need to shout you out,  
Nigga you know who you be,  
Look. These people are only players because they got played,  
And have not let go of that shit since the seventh grade.  
Yeah you got your heart broke, life sucks doesn't it.  
But you shouldn't fuck up someone else's life because of it.  
Someone did your mother like that, that's why you're fatherless.  
Before jail and racist cops, that's what the problem is.

See who's the one to place that blame.

we're getting trapped in a cycle of pain,  
we're the generation is going down the drain.  
that's how we're turnin' out.

This is how pimps get pimped,  
And players get played,  
Beautiful women get cheated on,  
And gangsters sprayed.  
Jersey, Detroit, Denver, Phoenix, Atlanta, Texas, Vegas, Seattle  
and fuckin' Louisiana.

Regardless of the money you're paid.  
You spend it on a watch and a chain.  
You can't offer your children a thing.  
What the hell is going on in your brain?  
Look how we're turning out.

I'm not a crack rapper,  
I'm not a back packer,  
I'm not a whack rapper,  
Moonlighting as a bad actor.  
I treat labels like the projects, cuz I'm a hater.  
Go to the Sony building and piss in the elevator.  
Haters or hustlers, crooks and cheap smugglers,  
bootleg my own album, to reach customers.  
Every city state, in the country, the hood loves me.  
Even aborigines in Australia bum me.  
They say underground fans are all the color of talcum.  
Who the fuck you think buy fifty and jay albums?  
Who the fuck you think made snoop and dre platinum?  
Call up any major record label and ask them.  
But there are some devils in disguise in hip hop.  
That that belong in republican fundraisers with Kid Rock.  
I hope one of my fans has one of your kids shot,  
And blame it on acid, Prozac and Slipknot.  
You a pussy acting hard like bitch copper,  
I'll drop you do the floor like a reverse wrist lock.  
Eat your food and shit on you, like a highway pit stop.  
And make revolutionaries outta kids that used to flip rocks.  
The government pimped 9/11 to go to Iraq,  
And history repeats itself right on track,  
Cuz that's a tragedy, and then the comedy begins, (why)  
because its funny motherfuckers, don't see it come around again.

Where can we be free?  
We only want to live our lives, (live our lives)  
with our eyes open.  
Open your eyes, you stupid mothafucka, (you stupid mothafucka)  
open your eyes, before you die