

Stronghold Grip

Immortal Technique

Immortal Technique, Poison Pen
Swave Sevah motherfucker (get 'em right now!)

I leave government spies and murderers
wrapped in plastic like Dominican furniture
I put the iron in you, like the center of Earth's curvature
And make your block turn into the, border of Serbia
My flow's dirtier than juiced-up players in baseball
And beat you in the head like a sock with an 8-ball
You got Stockholm Syndrome, and that's why I hate y'all
Cause you be biggin up the industry while they rape y'all

Yeah, I spaz out (spaz out) and beat the shit out niggaz
You fag out (fag out) and beat the jizz out niggaz
Gloves (check) ski mask (check) duct tape (check)
Get a ducac and lost and recovered and break neck
Bed-Stuy, BestBuy, clique and rush the {?}
Rip up the pavement, throw the whole block on you
Pop up, you gotta get it
Like Ricky in "Boyz N the Hood," stoppin to scratch a lotto ticket

Yo, I feel the sudden surge given me the urge to speak (yo what up?)
Scream somethin that's absurd and disturb the peace (fuck y'all!)
Quick to throw a hot verse to beats
You see the music I'm a prisoner, hip-hop is my work release
I'm not the same Swave you knew, I'm a whole new person
More assertive and aggressive, my attitude worsened
I raise hell on this earth
Your rap is over, you Casanova's gon' end up like Gerald Levert, bitch!

[I.T.] Stronghold tighten the grip, on the underground
[P.P.] I fight back-to-back holdin my brothers down
[S.S.] You done started, with the wrong motherfucker now
[I.T.] Married to the cause and we loyal, we don't fuck around
[P.P.] Stronghold overthrow the whole fuckin underground
[I.T.] Secretly run, by commercial motherfuckers now
[S.S.] So while you little step-and-fetch niggaz run around
[all] Controlled demolition, we bringin the structure down!

Immortal Technique nigga, I'm the type to flip
Cause me and my dogs fight to the death like Michael Vick's
And I don't hit women so I'm not gonna mangle your wif
A prostitute with an AIDS race'll handle the biz

Hit the block with a pen and glock, a ox and rocks, a devil spray
If that's a K, play yo' punk-ass infected with leprosy
Leave you half-murdered beyond, recognition beat and indecent
Leave you with your plastic surgeon for a remix

Yo, ayyo I'm hard-bodied with it
And these scars, contusions, concussions, fractures
and pains you suffer from; I probably did it
You ain't worth spit, I put a hit out on your mother
Then fuck up you and your four brothers

You play Scarface when a microphone's in the room
But you more like Pacino in "Dog Day Afternoon"

ASCAP clappin 'em, all this rap traps
Snatch that diamonds off your neck, worth 50 dead Africans

Yo, this dude is truly a joke
That stuff got you feelin tough, must be sniffin +Peruvian Coke+

[I.T.] We spit Cold War syndrome, it shatters the bones
[P.P.] Spray my dependance on your bitch face when it splatters you on
[S.S.] Thrown in submission holds and choked 'til you tap out
[I.T.] And shut down your party like Whitney Houston's crackhouse
[P.P.] Stronghold, live and direct up in your set
[S.S.] The habitual line steppers - Swave, Pen and Tech