

The Getaway

Immortal Technique

Yo yo, son give me that newspaper

Yeah aight, here you go

Man, I hate this one yo. You know the Post is always on some bias racist bullshit, man. Word I mean on the daily news

word, I feel you

They ridiculous man, times are better but they still on some bullshit

I know that man.

Another nigga killed by these fucking cops, yo!

What? Word? Psh

See that's why I gotta get the fuck outta here man, I need some peace I need something like that or I'ma just start blasting! These fucking pigs man

I feel you, son

For real, yo

Yo son, fuck it then. Let's do something man, let's see some mamis out there

You know what? Matter fact pack the bags

Aight then

Start the fucking whip up, I'm outta here yo for real
Yo, I hate my job so I always look to a better day
Far from New York City on a tropical getaway
But not in Miami cause these white Cuban Anti-Castros can't stand me
And that's the reason I'll never win a fixed up Latin Grammy
After this racist Latinos'll goddamn me
But my Black people love me
And when I go to South America people'll be tryna hug me
Cause I talk about reality that effects them
And even though I blew up I could never neglect them
What kind of a revolutionary action would that be
I be categorizing practically every other MC
But never that cause I'm clever with facts
Sever your raps
Fake players and thugs
Will forever be whack
I'm still rolling with my squadron
Heavily strapped
And even if I get killed I'll enviably be back
Encyclopedia Hispanic are over digital dat
Don't ever compare me with small minded criminal cats
I kill kids on tracks like Dale Onhart
Spit in your face and leave your cheekbone with a burn mark
I was born a genius but I learned to be street smart
My vacation just started
I'm out to the Caribbean swimming in Dominican women the color of cinnamon

You motherfuckers wish you had the lifestyle I'm living in
Yo, yo

East coast to West coast and everything in between
This is dedicated to everybody chasing they dreams
This ghetto fabulous life really ain't what it seems
But I'ma make it cause I got survival stuck in my genes

Word up (word), Immoral Technique representing Harlem all the way to my fam
in Englewood. I'm out motherfucker
The ghetto way nigga