

# 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