

The Illest

Immortal Technique

Ayo, I burn my bridges with a blow torch
a rebel born from verbal holocaust
dirty and never try to clense to get the drama off
the swiftest stealth assassin snipe you
from balcony shots of terrorist position
professional from the opera box
rhyme documents infamous like the
Bill of Right, illa tight, having niggaz
open like the thrill of dykes Jean Grae
ya koo's a mass murderer, friends who got
the dirt on her, foes who never heard of her
wild style, my mouth gone to train up, I spit
Krolyon in five colours, when I speak I spray my
name up, split your wig up like Denny and Bruce
splash your remains and brains out on the street
like Henny and juice, noose your neck and loosen
your spine from back shift your spleen, rip till it's
just obscene, from down town spilling it, New York
illest who rip it ever, flow like a river fuck a girl
like a nigga what?

I've been through Hell and back, scars swell
on my back, I spit bars, y'all spit repetative
raps, I'm a street dude, who decided to rhyme
with lines that'll crack the disc between your mind
and your spine, that's why, y'all wanna bite my design
and that's why, usually I hold the mic like a nine
pistol whip you on the side of your eye, watch it
pop out, we knock out cats, with the floors when
it rocks out, shocked out, like you driving in
a lightning storm, with the top down, we got
this locked down, like convicts on the run
getting shot down, we four times
gaining yards in the whole line, see me
and Tech we steadily building, and we about
to blow like the Oklahoma Federal Building
and all them niggaz get mad when we step in
the building, cause we make the crowd jump
and hit they heads on the ceiling, what?

I spit heat like the deserts of Saudi Arabia
bury competition like Mesopotamia, emanating
radiation pissing liquid uranium, I bring the rock
like European drunks in soccer stadiums, I'll
split your cranium with perfect symmetry lyrically
if your not the illest, then you don't deserve to
spit with me, OBS obliverating bastards
sacrilegiously, I sacrifice niggaz who
talk shit ritualistically, meticulously making
all my rivals suicidal like white suburban
kids on acid reading the Satanic Bible
my arrival is genocidal, like Christopher
Columbus, exterminating racism of whack
MC's that walk among us, I've just begun to bust
I'll make this place, open gondela
these racist cops wanna lock me longer then
Nelson Mandela, pissed off, I'm making hella

paper, East to West coast, and I treat the law in this
country like a mother fucking joke, cause if I'm
willing to smoke the president, while he's sniffing his
Coke, you know it don't mean shit to me
to cut a fucking cops throat

Yea, Jean Grae, Pumpkinhead, Immortal Technique
DP-one, tell 'em what the fuck we about to do

sh..sh..sh..shit on the whole industry