

# 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