

# The Message & the Money

## Immortal Technique

Before we go any further..

I would like to send a message to all the underground mc's out there, working hard

The time has come to realize you networked in a market

And stop being a fucking commodity

And if you didn't understand what I've just said then you already waiting to get fucked

For example; a lot of these promoters are doing showcases

Throwing events, and not even paying the workhorses

They trying get us to rock for the love of hiphop or rock for the exposure

Now look man, I don't mind doing a guest spot for my peeps

Or, or, or doing a benefit show, but don't lie to me pussy

Coz I find out I'm paying your lightbill, I'm fucking you up nigga

Besides, you ain't doing this for the love, you ain't doing it for the exposure

You charging up to 10\$ at the door, and you ain't tryin to give me shit??

So wait a minute... you want me to go shopping, cook the food, and put it in front of you

But you won't let me sit down and eat with you? The fuck is that?

Niggaz need to start playing their position, man. Just coz you throw a party

A hosting event or an open mic or a showcase, or a battle

That don't make you important at all

Without me and everybody like me out there

You ain't nutting but a good idea, motherfucker

So stay in your place

And to all these bitchass saronayas who are too lazy to come up with a way to sell records..

That they keep recycling marketing schemes and imagery

C'mon..

There is a market for everything man

There is a market for pet psychologists nigga. There is a market for twisted Shitfetish video's. For nipplerings, for riverdancing, for chocolate cupboard roaches..

But you can't find one for cultured hardcore reality and hiphop?

People like you: the house nigga executives

And them rich motherfuckers that own you; you the motherfucking machine man!

You and all these niggaz talking about the same shit

With the same flow over the same candy-ass beats

But I refuse the feed the machine

And Im not giving any magazine money

So maybe my album won't get 5 mics, or double-x-1's, or 5 discs

Whatever man, fuck it

But then again; you don't own me, and none of you niggaz ever will

If I'm feeling what you fight for I'm rolling with you to the end

But if not, then FUCK YOU!

And the more that mc's, producers, dj's

And independent labels start to grasp the conceptuality

Of what their contribution to the business of hiphop is

Rather than just the music - the more the industry will be forced to change

Oh, heh, and one last thing;

You don't have to agree with everything I've said

But don't ever be condescending to me

Picking up your wack ass friends that rhyme and being like

'Ow yeah, Immortal Technique - he's aaiight'

No nigga..

Your mom is pussy, that's aaiight, ok..

Your peoples getting shot dead in the street, that's aaiight

I'm the motherfucking Immortal Technique nigga! The message and the money!

And you ain't got either!

Remember that!

Punk ass motherfucker..