

Military Intelligence

Virtuoso

[Akrobatik]

Don't be mad at me, America created this bloodlust
it's time to be prepared for war, heads up when the scuds bust
you can fire your missiles, there no match for my New England patriot
the fear wells up inside of ya'
as they whistle past your tenement, my president set the precedent
that we don't need concrete evidence or no allied troops to represent
I'll bust your shit unilaterally
and any damage I suffer that's just collateral b
more fuel for the fire
but if you set fire to the fuel the stakes become higher
fourty-eight hours bitch bounce now
turn on the television if you wanna see the fucking countdown
counter attack I'm not having it
my smart bombs are sixty-six point six percent accurate
my leaders name's another word for pussy
slander and propaganda got me fucked up so don't push me
I'm full of savagery, so you don't wanna battle me
I kill the innocent and call it incidental casualties
your minds boggled, I got you slow to grab the throttle
I caught you sleeping with the help of my night vision goggles
I guarantee you dumb fucks won't sleep on me again
I see you sitting back cocky like Saddam in his den
I'm bombing your men, bombing your women, bombing your kids
check the box score on CNN to see what I did, bitch!

[Hook]

My rap flows militant, atten-chun!
the general, commander of the regiment
leveling your settlement the chief speaks eloquent
command presidents, with military intelligence. (2x)

[Virtuoso]

This is V-Day, we may need reinforcements for the fortress
their forces are drowning in an ocean of corpses
while I fly high above birds eye the war eagle
your feeble slash flows that blow like torpedoes
with our limbs aching, march from where we've been stationed
for invasion to capture and skin
we're making expansions to the shores which are foreign
we're going to war in the name of J.P. Morgan
Gates and Rockefeller they get shot the hell up
while looters rush, grab the artifacts and rob Iraq of
the culture, from which the vulture stole the Jesus sculpture
knowing that if Christ was alive he would revolt ta'
see you fight for who could use his name in vain to tame the same
people that you claim you save
you gave us purple hearts and call them medals of bravery
but it feels more like I got shot for modern slavery
fuck a war! cause I got my legs blown off
while George Bush junior and senior were playing golf
for who would I vote, when politicians dream of spittin' two in my throat
leaving me sitting by a suicide note
send wire fuck the empire tell the men fire
I recommend dire consequence for them liars
soldier my flame thrower burn 'em to embers
then return 'em to sender with my terms of surrender

[Hook: x2]

[V:] The war horse, more force than an A-bomb
we take arms, cremating your body with napalm
we take on many

[A:] anybody get slayed

[V:] for every dollar on weapons, we spend a penny on AIDS

[A:] fuck research

cause if you ask me Virtch we already got the cure
but turned it down cause it works better on the poor
I think we got it fucked up for sure
intelligence is more

than finding out the oppositions plans for war

[V:] if the whole world respected love over fear

then a brother would hear your point without a slug in the ear
what kind of holy war has devils on both sides

who spend money on missiles not medical supplies

instead of stealth bombers if you spent the wealth on hospitals

[A:] Maybe every nation wouldn't want to take a shot at you

[V:] so the new battle plan is respect life in all elements

A&V:now that's military intelligence!

[Hook: x2]