

Crossing the Boundary

Immortal Technique

DANGER! BEAT BANDITS, NIGGA! Yeah... Harlem to Chicago to LA. To Toronto... Philly...
Motherfucker Rio de Janeiro nigga... Capetown, South Africa! I never make songs to disrespect
women

Or to judge people, about the way that they living
But the way I am is based on the life I was given
Like them white boys, "losing my religion!"
I used to be a Christian and a political pawn
The Bible is right and all your native culture is wrong
Next thing you know you telling me bout making a song
Come in a studio and tell me that I'm making it wrong
Pissed off cause reality is making it strong
Like the ghost of Timothy McVeigh making a bomb
Hey yo Marvin Gaye, what the fuck is going on?
These rap niggas making propaganda out of your song
But it's the gong show, amateur night at the Apollo
My dick is like my music but harder to swallow
So children follow me like the Pied Piper

And sing the chorus in the air with your blunt and lighter
You played yourself thinking you
down with me

I'll end your life nigga don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen then you bound to see
That you get shot for crossing the boundary
The second verse is worse than the first in this respect
Scripted specifically to keep people in check
Harlem to Boston real niggas spit with me
But Landspeed you ain't fucking shit to me
And underground labels know that I don't trust you
And you only independent till you major so fuck you
And if you pissed off cause you think that I dissed you
I'll rape your mom so we can make this a personal issue
Dance with the devil

Remember that you're not on my level
Stupid you're not ready; I won decipher
Bragging Rights and Rock Steady
And practically every battle that they got in New York
And I still murder rappers on the streets for sport
Dr. Guillotine, cutting you short, little man
But you don't give me props cause I never won at Scribble Jam?
Well fuck you, I hope someone you love dies so fuck your crew
And fuck your family too
Technique said it bitch, what the fuck you gonna do?
You played yourself thinking you down with me

I'll end your life nigga don't fuck around with me
And if you kids can't listen then you bound to see
That you get shot for crossing the boundary Immortal Technique incinerate degenerate fags
Burn Trent Lott wrapped in his Confederate flag
I got the beretta with my face wrapped in a rag
So put the African slave jewelry in the bag
Motherfuckers tell me that a diamond is forever
But is it worth the blood of Malcolm and Medgar Evans?
House niggas get your head severed trying to be thug
You don't concern me, I'm trying to hurt the people you love
Word of mouth is I'm in the club being sneaky
I'm like the bodysnatchers and your girl is getting sleepy
I'll murder you, indiscreetly, right at the source
Like the Roman legionare that stabbed Christ on the cross
This about Judo
It ain't about Jesus
And you shouldn't fucking talk about telekinesis
Nigga please; moving shit with your mind?
Try moving your mom out the projects with your rhymes
And next time: I'm coming after cual quiera (what you want)
Profanity, fuck it carajo maldita mierda (fucking damn shit)
Roll up the hierba, y pasa la para izquierda (weed, and pass it to the left)
Put the price up to listen to listen to meek pop shit
Cause I got Martha Stewart giving me stock tips
Underground money with honeys up in the whip
Bangbus.com nigga fucking your bitch Yeah... played yourself, nigga. Fuck all ya'll. You don't
know shit about me, don't ever open your mouth and discuss who the fuck I
am. I thought I told ya'll niggas on Vol. 1, I wasn't fucking around, and you just slept, because
you sold a few thousand units
in the Golden era, when niggas'll buy anything on the shelf. Those days are through, and you're
through with them.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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