

# Industrial Revolution

## Immortal Technique

(feat. DJ Rocraida)[Verse 1]

Yeah nigga, Immortal Technique, metaphysics  
The bling-bling era was cute but it's about to be done  
I leave ya full of clipse like the moon blocking the sun  
my metaphors are dirty like herpes but harder to catch  
like an escape tunnel in prison I started from scratch  
and now these parasites wanna percent of my ascap  
trying to control perspective like an acid flashback  
but here's a quotable for every single record exec  
get your fucking hands out my pocket nigga like Malcolm X  
but this ain't a movie, I'm not a fan or a groupie  
and I'm not that type of cat, you can afford to miss if you shoot me  
curse to heavens and laugh when the sky electrocutes me  
Immortal Technique stuck in your thoughts darkening dreams  
no ones as good as good as me, they just got better marketing schemes  
I leave ya to your own destruction like sparking a fiend  
cuz you got jealousy in ya voice like star scream  
and that's the primary reason that I hate ya'll faggots  
I've been nice since niggaz got killed over 8-ball jackets  
and Reebok Pumps that didn't do shit for the sneaker  
I'm a heatseaker with features that'll reach through the speaker  
and murder counter revolutionaries personally  
break a thermometer and force feed his kids mercury  
A&R's try jerking me thinking they call shots  
offered me a deal and a blanket full of small pocks  
your all getting shot, you little fucking treacherous bitches

[Hook]

This is the business, and ya'll ain't getting nothing for free  
and if you devils play broke, then I'm taking your company  
you can call it reparations or restitution

lock and load nigga, industrial revolution[Verse 2]

I want fifty three million dollars for my calloused hands  
like the Bush administration gave to the Taliban  
and fuck packing grams nigga, learn to speak and behave  
you wanna spend twenty years as a government slave  
two million people in prison keep the government paid  
stuck in a six by eight cell alive in a grave  
i was made by revolution to speak to the masses  
deep in the club toast to truth, reach for your glasses  
I burn an orphanage just to bring heat to you bastards  
innocent deep in a casket, colombian fashion  
intoxicated of the flow like thugs passion

you motherfuckers will never get me to stop blastin'  
your better off asking Ariel Sharon for compassion  
your better off begging for twenty points from a label  
your better off battling cancer under telephone cables  
Technique, chemically unstable, set to explode  
foretold by the dead sea scrolls written in codes  
so if your message ain't shit, fuck the records you sold  
cuz if you go platinum, it's got nothing to do with luck  
it just means that a million people are stupid as fuck  
stuck in the underground a general, that rose to the limit  
without distribution managers, a deal, or a gimmick  
Revolutionary Volume 2, murder the critics  
and leave your fucking body rotten for the roaches and crickets[Hook]  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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