

Creation & Destruction

Immortal Technique

Yeah

Haha

Se acabado la mierda (Spanish: cut the shit)

Bout to drop a def' cut

Yo, yo, yo, huh Immortal Technique, disintegrates mic's when I spit

I cause more casualties than sunken slave ships

Full to capacity, I bring tragedy to rap without my man Kadafi

The government took Nazi scientists from Germany

To design nuclear rockets and ways of observin' me

'Cause their pathetic attempts, didn't work to murder me

When this country was conceived, these bastards never heard of me

But now I hold the souls of slave masters eternally

Bleeding internally, burnin' D, durin' surgery, verbally

'Cause I'm a spirit to which

Devils are incompatible

I've been around since the planet was inhabitable

I spit in the ocean and created microscopic animals

Which evolved into two species, the righteous and the cannibals

But until then, I had alien women suck me off

When God said "Let there be light", I turned it the fuck off

And that's the reason earth is only 5 billion years old

I made the sun shine, and permitted time to unfold

The surface was lava, but when I stepped down, it became cold

Fuck what you've been told

My spiritual form became a swarm of molecule sickness

Manifested liquid trapped inside a mountainous region

Until the skies starting raining, continuous seasons

Immortal Technique, at long last, reincarnated

Undebatably reinstated to leave you decapitated

Je suis fous, but my crazy words make sense

I'll split every pound in your body into six pence

I'm sick of simple similes about The Sixth Sense

I'll leave your body drenched in the blood of all your ancestors

You'll never be at peace, like the souls of child molesters

I'll cut you and bless your festering wounds with alcohol

Drown you in a clogged toilet, in a public bathroom stall

I'll rip you down, take a chunk of you home like the Berlin Wall

This is the final call, for all rappers that wanna brawl

Immortal Technique, the wrong motherfucker to dis

'Cause I allow God to let you motherfuckers exist

Hahahahaha yeah, real oh

We about to crash somethin' now, yo

Yo, yo, yo I'm the stronghold on your neck that doesn't let you breathe
Stronger than the fake image of God in which you believe
More dangerous than your ignorant ass could ever perceive
A European virus, mutated in Africa, overseas
Transported by mosquitoes and fleas to where you live
So lock yourself in your house with your wife and your kids
You're such a bitch, somebody probably made you out of a rib
My arrest record just scratches the surface of what I did
My bid locked me up and brought my life to an end
I was forgotten, abandoned by my bitches and friends
You don't want beef with people like me so don't pretend
I'll resurrect your aborted baby and kill it again
You get no props in hip-hop like feminine men
I'm iller than any plague God gave Moses to send
You wanna make amends, 'cause I'm the reason that the earth shakes
Burying your fam like Central American earthquakes
Immortal Technique
Harlem to Canada
Lyrically damage ya
Te dije que se acabado la mierda (Spanish: I told you the bullshit Would End)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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