

Frontlines

Diabolic

Forget what you knew
Welcome to the muthafuckin battlefield

I two-step with Lucifer and ever since i started dancin'
I've walked a fine line between Einstein and Charles Manson
Starvin' in this famine with my stomach growlin'
Like someone shouting a hundred thousand times louder than thunder poundin'
Fuck around and I'll punch you're mouth in
I'm king of the mountain with my life in this project like its public housin
g
Counting on the fact i fire bomb entire songs
And won't stop until the worlds inside my palm like Viacom
Diabolic I'll supply the higher wattage via fibre optic wire
Until you acquire some kinda knowledge
Coz' life made me grow wiser than old-timers
Hot-headed like the ghost rider behind a slow driver
Sole survivor flowin' lava's second nature
So don't test its best to save you're breath like respirators
I'll throw a punch at you're ribs that gives you're lungs asthma
And has you pouring out you're guts faster than Dutch Masters
Drunk bastard past the point of no return
Like Denzel trickin' Ethan Hawke into smokin' sherm
Judgement overturned held in court like Mordecai
Mortalize when i make statues bleed and portraits cry
I'll go to war for mine Rebel Army guard the border
I'm in the trenches barkin' orders like I'm Sergeant Slaughter
Pray to Jesus H for mercy and plead you're case
Coz' on the frontlines you're dead the second that you see my face!

This is the frontline this is the dead-
zone barely alive or in a box is how you head home
This is the frontline this is the life that i chose i thought i told you mut
hafuckas to lock and load

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Yeah
They said that the success of my music was theoretic
But my revenge is sweet enough to murder diabetics
Eugenics procter and gamble credit racial science
Couldn't produce a more aggressive intellectual giant
Nephilim bury em' with the bullets left in them
My heart is blacker than the children of Thomas Jefferson
Blacker than back in the days of tar and featherin
A cancerous endocrine the eagle-ass American
The hatchet and the sticks the fascist emblem
You could call it "Conspiracy Theory"
I don't give a muthafuck you could get your mother fucked
National security's a code-word for cover-up
Hold that down I look at character
Never let the color get to ya
I got white Revolutionaries like Muslims in Chechnya
Percussion thumpin' like the Russian Mafia over ya
But even they know what it's like when you fighting for Sloboda (Sloboda = F

reedom)

So whether Slavic or Islamic vodka/gin tonic
Drunken fantasies are cool son but here's the grim logic
You niggas wanna play industry and starve to be rich
Until they fuck you for millions like Paul McCartney's bitch
My lions live inside a box like Jumanji
Sikh niggaz that'll stab you up like Indira Gandhi
So never desecrate the space on which I meditate
My thoughts rip through tank-armored metalplates
And start to resenate to the spot where Moses caused the sea to seperate
The place that the Prophet Muhammad started to levitate
The exact moment that Jesus rose dead awake
And Siddhartha became the Buddha that regenerates
Half a bar over but I bring it home colder than dead soldiers
Soul controler holder of knowledge so fuck dianetics
I'm like the whole library in Kemet with Annunaki genetics!

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Yeah muthafuckaz

Immortal Technique / Diabolic
This is the Frontline the people first; one time
32... and a little somethin ahahaha
33 Degrees muthafucka go home and figure it out...