

Angel Of Death

Immortal Technique

Immortal Technique, I live life stranglin' death
I walk through the land where the fallen angel is kept
But I would never bow down to a pagan habit,
Like roman god's that were faggots named after the planets
The connotations of revelations taken for granted
Mark of the beast, the government microchips implanted
I'll be branded a manic for speakin' the truth
And I'll be murdered as soon as I hit the streets with the proof
Illuminati trying to raise the devil at any cost
They probably cloned Jesus with the blood off of the cross
And I know it's the same motherfuckers I see,
That genetically engineered HIV
Controlling the population according to mathematics
Generated by Masons and the military industry sponsorin' terror
Creatin' a profit margin that'll last forever
The Crusades and Vietnam stand blasted together
And you believe in "whatever"
Even the federal promise,
But the spawn of Satan can never be honest
The poor people pay homage
And pray to a god that the Vatican themselves don't really even
believe in
Cause they would rather worship money and the physical demons
Without biblical reason
I execute them for treason
I don't need an alibi
'Cause my place in history is the book of Malika
MOTHERFUCKER!
Yeah, Immortal Technique
Harlem, New York and North Philly
The angels of death are here, you motherfucker
I'm turn your cities to salt, nigga
Y'all ain't shit
And none of your peoples are shit
None of your children are shit
You'll all be dead tomorrow, fake motherfuckers
WHAT!
Outer Space, Immortal Technique
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
You're done nigga