

# Diabolical

## Immortal Technique

Oh ya'll motherfuckers thought it was over huh?  
But it's not.  
You didn't count on the fallen angel getting back into the grace of God and coming after you.  
Ya'll niggas ain't shit.  
Your producers ain't shit.  
Your fuckin A & R ain't shit.  
I'll fuckin wipe my ass with your demo deal.  
Yo, Diabolic. Take this motherfucker's head OFF!

Go ahead and grip glocks  
I'll snap your trigger finger in six spots  
You'll have to lip lock with hypodermic needles to lick shots  
I'll watch you topple flat  
Put away your rings and holla back  
Can't freestyle, you're screwed off the top like bottle caps  
Beneath the surface, I'm over heating your receiver circuits  
By unleashing deeper verses than priests speak in churches  
What you preach is worthless  
Your worship defeat the purpose  
Like President Bush taking bullets for the Secret Service  
Beyond what ya'll fathom  
I shit on cats and jaw tap 'em  
Show no compassion like having a straight faced orgasm  
Tour jack 'em, have his half a ten bitch suck my friend's dick  
In the mean time, you can French kiss this clenched fist  
Diabolic, a one man brigade spreading cancer plague  
Fist fucking a pussy's face, holding a hand grenade  
So if I catch you bluffin'  
Faggot, you're less than nothing  
I just had to get that stress off my chest like breast reduction

You motherfuckers are nothing, you cannot harm me  
I'll resurrect every aborted baby and start an army  
Storm the planet, hunting you down, 'cause I'm on a mission  
To split your body into a billion one-celled organisms  
Immortal Technique willlll destroy your religion, you stupid bitch  
You're faker than blue-eyed crackers nailed to a crucifix  
I'm 'bout to blow up like NASA challenger computer chips  
Arsenic language transmitted revolutionary  
I'm like time itself, I'm gonna kill you inevitably  
Chemically bomb you, fuck using a chrome piece  
I'm illmatic, you won't make it home like Jerome's niece  
I'll sever your head diagonally for thinking of dissing me  
And the use your dead body to write my name in calligraphy  
This puppet democracy, brain washed, just psychology  
So you're nothing like diversity without equality  
And your crew is full of more faggots than Greek Mythology  
Using numerology, to count the people I sent to heaven  
Produces more digits than twenty-two divided by seven  
You're like Kevin Spacey, your style is usually suspect  
You never killed a cop, you're not a motherfucking thug yet  
Your mind is empty and spaceous  
Like the part of the brain that appreciates culture interracialist  
Face it, you're too basic  
You're never gonna make it  
Like children walking through Antarctica, butt-naked