

Lick Shots

Immortal Technique

This is the Invasion!
The Evil Genius Green Lantern!
Immortal Technique, "The 3rd World"
(It's on now motherfucker - ha ha, drop)
You ain't got the right to bear arms, huh?
Sometimes you might have to brandish a motherfuckin firearm
(Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots, lick shots)

Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots
Lick shots for the revolution
Lick shots, lick shots, lick shots, lick shots
But watch, where the fuck you shootin
Yo where you aimin at? Where you aimin at?
Where the fuck you niggaz aimin at?
Where you aimin at? Where you aimin at?
This is only for the hardcore wherever you at, yeah

Random one cop killa, hip-hop has never been realer
Volume 2 shot up the president like a gorilla
New York police state capital tried to swallow me
Locked me longer than Puerto Rico been a colony
Thirteenth Amendment slavery property
And now they signin rappers that promote their philosophy?
Fuck that, nigga hip-hop is not Republican
That's just the white motherfuckers that own the publishin
And get the fuck out, if you want the foreigners gone
I paint the White House black and park my car on the lawn
Marry a Muslum girl and fuck her five times a day (WHAT?)
Every time right before we shower and pray (HA!)
You damn right the AK, symbolizes Jihad
But a holy war, is a conversation with God
You bitch niggaz misinterpret what you don't understand
Stackin the wrong sign can end up, shootin your man
Shootin each other, shootin your brother
Aim the gun at the right motherfucker
and leave him colder than the prison in Russia
or America's white power structure
Niggaz love to say "Fuck revolution!"
Until the jury comin and move for the prosecution
And them brothers act like a born-again Huey Newton
Forgot about the bullshit music they was producin
But my niggaz aim precisely, through the confusion - AND

I got a hundred shooters with me, Rugers shoot you through the kidney
Stand in front of the judge and lie quicker than Scooter Libby
I'm runnin through the city - dear God
If I murk the racist Rush Limbaugh I wonder would you forgive me? (Huh?)
Somebody told me glim back as the plan's over
See ya, time to let him see a damn soldier
Flip your Landrover, I told ya I blam toasters
Gun pop off like the mouth of Ann Coulter
This is my gangsta religion
See I aim with precision, point blank the position
I'm black as them ancient Egyptians
Before European historians went and changed the description
I'm blamed for the 'caine in the kitchen
The C.I.A. playin with the pigeons, same pain that I'm pitchin (yea)

Listen, you dudes better watch the hook
I'm a boxer, coppers'll come up, Hoffa look
They wanna get rid of this conscious crook
Like I'm a Gnostic, apocryphal, non-canonical Gospel book
But I ain't goin nowhere, that's the motherfuckin truth
America don't care for its inner city youth - so I

Puerto Rican superhero!

Yo, XL eternal my journal, Sojourner, Nat Turner
Cop murdered by the certain burner turned in the back of his sternum
He flirted with pullin me over for bein brown, I bust
Now he in the back of the truck with Don Imus
I must, take aim when I lick shots
Throw stray bullets like when Nas got off of Pharoahe Monch
These pigs wanna see us dead inside a jail cell
Turn us from Shawn Carter to Shawn Combs to Sean Bell
My temper 'bout to break like levees in New Orleans
Catch Jimmy Iovine when he refinance his mortgages
Kid illusion is dead, we movin with the blue and the red
Latin Kings, Giuliani with a gat to his head
Y'all don't lick shots like killers aimin at the Feds
Y'all lick shots like Jenna Jameson and Superhead
Pigs slice to Venice and beef at the benefits meet
Buried him on Venice Beach with the flies and the bees
Bzzzt - Chino, and Immortal Tech'
Kill shit like the Chinito at Virginia Tech (what's fuckin with that?)
And Jacob ain't your friend, he's a fuckin jeweler
BLAP, BLAP! I shoot the cats off your fuckin Pumas!