

# Angels & Demons

## Immortal Technique

"What do you see when you're in the dark and the demons come?"

"I see you. I see you standing over the grave of another dead president"

I see angels above me  
Demons below me  
Fighting over heaven, heaven, heaven  
It's real

America's nightmare; young, black, and just don't give a fuck  
Run up in the courtroom and wet 'em up  
Got nothing to lose but my handcuffs  
Every man must choose to lay down or stand up  
It's war time, everything is fair, no fear  
When they say the homie murdered the judge, I don't care  
Fuck 'em, he deserved it, long as the homie get away  
And don't get caught for the crime, I encourage it  
We rootin' for the villain in black  
Pourin' out Absolut, salute, niggas is shootin' back  
In self defense we bang the pistol like  
Larry Davis or Brian Nichols  
Every pig, every public official, the boomerang  
Is coming back to get you, you reap what you sow  
The system you created created a monster  
And now you scared cause it's coming back to haunt you

I see angels above me  
Demons below me  
Fighting over heaven, heaven, heaven  
It's real

I see angels above me  
Demons below me  
Fighting over heaven, heaven, heaven  
It's real

Since we gonna take the blame, I'm a rep my name to get my aim right  
Let's have an overthrow and after party in the same night  
Same height as Huey, same muscle build as Malcolm  
With the same circumstances in the hood, you know the outcome  
And read it in the news about your sergeant and your captain  
Don't take this as a warning, just another nigga rappin'  
Fuck the way we organizing, fuck the training and the grapplin'  
And fuck them Uncle Toms who call police because we smack them  
And fuck you sympathizers with your middle class reactions  
Cause we bangin' on the system, G'd up, fuck the factions  
And if you didn't know, the G was for George Jackson  
And long live his warrior spirit packin' the Magnum  
Watching over the soldiers, knowin' niggas be blackin'  
When we really need to be disciplined in our ways and actions  
When we get some freedom you niggas can start braggin'  
Till then, inside the blood of my eye, you see the dragon

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Immortal Technique]

I'm like the birth of baby Mohammed, the movement I started  
Can spar with the hardest, the martyr regarded as Spartacus-hearted

It doesn't matter whose missiles can shoot the farthest  
When you're a target in an Afghan Tutoberg Forest  
Close quarters combat over corrupted elections  
Bilderberg is like cancer, it grows an infection  
Nepotism is the gold and the conductor's connection  
And ignorance is the prison that the people are kept in  
The military ain't there for the people's protection  
They're just there to protect an investment  
That's why people get arrested, electrocuted, molested  
Connected streets are infested with those tired of protestin'  
Traumatized children grow to guerilla garrisons  
9/11 generations pale in comparison  
And you will learn a lesson repeated through history  
That no matter what you think, occupation is not victory

[Outro: Immortal Technique]

Somalia, Kashmir  
Nigeria, Palestine  
Iraq, bring it back

[Hook x2]