

# Hollywood Driveby

## Immortal Technique

Somebody talk shit to me in L.A., would never live  
Cause brown rolls deeper than red or blue, ever did  
I got bullets that'll rip through yo' ribs  
More painful than watchin R. Kelly piss on yo' kids  
Here's the ultimatum motherfucker, give me the ASCAP  
Or give America Biggie and 2Pac flashbacks  
Some niggaz don't think the underground is grimy and dirty  
'til they find your body on a fuckin highway in Jersey  
I fire rockets at generic topics  
Your lyrics don't hold weight, like two-dimensional objects  
Cause jail culture didn't give you that fitted hat  
to memorize a ghostwritten shit verse and spit it back  
I won't let your wack rhymes redefine lyricism  
For a whole generation with they fathers in prison  
You live inside the image of an era that's gone  
Like government officials tryin to justify Vietnam  
I leave niggaz traumatized, like they momma died  
And they was responsible for the drive-by homicide  
And I don't market revolution, I live it  
What you think cause you fake everyone else is a gimmick?  
Jealous bickering, industry slaves, the nerve of you  
Like a child prostitute born into a life of servitude  
Until we murder you, makin the red carpet burgundy  
With PsychoRealm in the streets where I prefer to be

Hollywood drive-by, motherfuckin murder-fest  
Weed clouds in the air, that cause turbulence  
Revolucion, motherfucker you heard of it  
I light the spliff with the flag, while I'm burnin it  
Hollywood drive-by, sprayin the cucarachas  
War with the system like the streets of Oaxaca  
Yeah, revolucion, motherfucker you scared of it?  
Well it's comin to the industry now, so be prepared for it

You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps  
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-fledged rats  
You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full  
You're on some bull {\*scratches\*} you're on some bull

You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps  
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-fledged rats  
The real G's stay strapped in full combat  
What you see in the videos is full-on acts  
The streets don't believe you homie  
Armageddon in the rap game is comin and we lead the army  
Rock tear a tape out of yo' sounds  
Got hostages in pink, this is what they call hip-hop now?  
I keep that metro shit out of my whip  
Man that dummy rap is through makin money, it's about to extinct  
You know the radio tryin to kill rap with that shit  
The only thing dyin is the DJ's when the K spit  
We're here to CEO's, and blow up A&R's  
I'm takin your chips like crashing your game of cards  
This is how I eat holmes, I would give you buzz  
And take the life of these stars for this thing of ours

Yeah, uhh

I'm from the city of falling stars, the home of banging hard  
Waiting for them at the Radio City Hall to snatch 'em out their fucking cars  
Expose 'em for what they are - NARCs, jakes, snake informants  
Feeding us horse shit, blaze up all of them  
They say hip-hop doesn't exist  
Rappers talking hard dressed up like punk rock kids  
Pumped up by some corporate endorsement, dead corpses are voiceless  
No one hears ya homie, ya little fame is over  
We'll send little homies foreclosure  
like bankers, cause you owe us the mortgage  
For exploiting the lifestyle that many died, jailed up in storage  
Leaving most of us hopeless, homies radio focused  
What we're building got 'em all afraid  
Give me the K, I'll be honored to ignite the flame  
that'll, burn down the game, what's fame? Keep it  
A movement, a sonic war, motherfucker you sleepin