

# Atom Tha Immortal, Empire

Enter my dominion of mic oblivion  
I'll wreck a civilian  
With military conditioning I'm killing them  
Lyricism of War  
You ain't ready for metaphor  
Cause an Atom song has more megatons than atom bombs  
Moving on  
Like Louis Armstrong to Great Beyond  
Retaliate  
Like Viet Cong in Vietnam  
Transform  
Like Enoch turning to Metatron  
Bringing bombs like Hizbollah guerrillas in Lebanon  
The line has been drawn  
Here's some critical 4-11  
Repent and seek Christ to go to heaven  
Spiritually no Pharisee leaven  
I'll leave you terrified to go outside like New York city in '77  
Summer of Sam  
Rip mics with both hands  
Early advance  
Was in spray cans and breakdance  
You're half a man  
But I'm something else entirely  
Immortal representing for the I.E. society

Chorus:

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Empire strikes back  
Give us our mics back  
You wack cats can't rap  
Scared to spit the facts  
Spitting fictitious rhymes  
Straight suspicious rhymes  
The human race is almost over  
Here comes the finish line  
(x 2)

(T'sai of Outskirts)  
T'sai the chosen  
Bulldozing over you characters  
Ain't scared of you  
Preparing you for the final shake down  
Attacking your mentals to the point they break down  
Your mic I take now  
Till your crew don't make a sound  
Cause I roll with tight spitters  
Holy mic defenders  
This beat packs more heat than cops with life enders  
White flags waves surrenders  
My flow leaves you froze  
Like poles in the winter  
Try to lick a bite, you'll get stuck  
Unstoppable like Mack truck  
You're wack when you bust, suddenly smacked by a bust  
I stand my ground like no more back of the bus  
Empire strikes back fast  
With no hesitation  
Collaboration y'all wack crews can't even fathom  
T'sai form the Outskirts, and that spiritual brother Atom  
With skills that's endless and that's a Menace like the Phantom  
909 we put it down to the fullest, so here's the anthem  
What, what.

(chorus)