

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:

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)