

# Atom Tha Immortal, Los Pobres

It happens somewhere on a bus in Lima/  
When you begin to see the world isn't gold/  
When you behold a seven year old dancing for change with no parents/  
And realize the world isn't shocked at her appearance/  
Matter of fact, you wouldn't reach for change yourself/  
Cause you're a selfish bastard with your Amerikan wealth/  
And you look down upon the downtrodden withdrawn/  
From the neo-liberal economic system you spawned/  
On..the shores of Latin American maps/  
Like NAFTA caused the Mexican economic collapse/  
These are facts/  
That you don't know/  
..So you go off/  
When they cross deserts looking for livelihoods that they lost/  
But..if it were you, you would be here too/  
How can you blame a family that's trying to work for food/  
And feed their kids' faces/  
Racists need to recognize/  
That Amerika survives on the labor that we provide.

(Chorus)

How can you call yourself a man/  
How can you call us the immigrant when you're living in our ancestral land/  
This bloods buried in every river, valley and moutaintop/  
...Thousands of years before you ever came to Plymouth Rock/  
This is the story of our people/  
Who built the city of Macchu Piccu/  
And the temples of Chitzen Itza/  
Historical legacy that ain't related to you/  
So you fear the word "Aztlán" cause you know that it's true/  
Our people were murdered/  
...Sons were turned into slaves/  
And still today we work for minimum wage/  
In a capitalistic system that exploits to survive/  
Atom, reporting live from Anahuac, the occupied.

(Chorus)

La Lucha sera larga y dificil/  
Pero la continuaremos is how I feel/  
Cause the struggle is our obligation/  
If you ain't fighting for, well then you're holding back your people some more/  
We need to move forward/  
First we need to chill with the beef/  
Like being trapped inside a slaughterhouse with frozen meat/  
..It's counter-productive/  
We need to make change/  
But you can't when you're living off your mom at your age/  
Education is key/  
..So how're you gonna make moves/  
When you can't add, read, subtract or pay dues/  
Gotta finance our own campaigns to make change/  
And buy up our own politicians like brand-names/  
Amerika the Whore, concerned with only wealth/  
Turns away the poor, whenever they knock on her door/  
..This song is dedicated to my people/  
Every field laborer, Zapatista soldier and campesino