

# South Park Mexican, The Day Of Unity

[SPM:] Tryna stop the rise but the mexican lives

[SPM:] Carley... I want you to stay strong mamacita..... Listen to your mom ok?.... Dont worry dadd gonna be home soon

[SPM:] Thinking bout my baby girl, Thinking bout my baby girl [Echoes]

[SPM Verse one:]

Thinking bout my baby girl

Growing up by herself in this shady world

She got a good mom and I hope that

Everything will be fine 'til I'm home black

Up in this prison cant do much

With my homies and is my turn to cook lunch

Listen my children I cant believe

what this muthafuckas doing to my family

But I stay strong and I keep my faith

even though I'm thuggin 'til I see my grave

Momma dont worry about your youngest son

You should know that I never was the lucky one

sadness was all that I was delt right?

Happiness never knew what it felt like

But I know I cant be held back

Like they did me in the 6th grade memba that? [Laughs]

[Carolyn (Hook):]

Today they love what they see our people killin one another

[SPM (In the background):]

8 Bar hooks... But I'm just gonna do 4 know what I'm saying cuz I gotta to do this)

[Carolyn continue hook:]

They fear the day of unity the day our people come together

[SPM Verse Two:]

I know the primege should never have a favorite child

But my Carley just so crazy and wild

My only daughter she's daddy's girl

And for her I'll buy the whole Astro world

But she dont want money she just wants me there

To watch her play piano or brush her hair

And I know theres a million kids

That feel the same pain that my children's in

45 Years cuz they hate a G

To brake loose from this modern day slavery

They wanna sent the cage making minimum wage

Thats how this muthafuckin system was made

I lift weights I play handball

I write carley I write my grandma

I'm writting a movie and I'm sending a copy

To Edward James Olmos this hoes cant stop me

[Hook 1x]

[SPM Verse Three:]

You got Tango and you got Famas

You got vatos that cry for they mommas

You got soldados that handle they bizz

You got people that cant recognize they kids

You got homiez coming in on the straight 5

Put some work in now he gotta face life

Thats 40 years before he on parole

Is all in the sopa he aint coming home

This is the belly of the beast the semen jungle

The drunk driver that kill my homiez niece and uncle

Just walks right by me should I straight floor em

Naw homie instead im gonna pray for em

In 7 weeks when this album hits the streets

They'll be pist at me cuz I made history

I speak from the place they stuck my race

But revenge is the sweetest muthafucking taste

[Hook 2x]