

South Park Mexican f/ Carolyn Rodriguez**"The Day of Unity"**

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[SPM]

Tryin' to stop the rise but the Mexican lives
Carley, I want you to stay strong mamasita
Listen to your mom, okay
Don't worry daddy is gonna be home soon
Thinkin' bout my baby girl, thinkin' bout my baby girl

[Verse 1]

Thinkin' about my baby girl, growing up by herself in
this shady world
She got a good mom and I hope that, everything all be
fine till I'm home black
Up in this prison can't do much, with my homies and it's
my turn to cook lunch
Missing my children I can't believe, what this
motherfuckers doing to my family
But I stay strong and I keep my faith, even though I'm
thuggin' till I see my grave
Momma don't worry bout your younger son, you should
know that I never was the lucky one
Sadness was all that I was dealt right, happiness never
knew what it felt like
But I know that I can't be held back, like they did me in
the six grade member that? Haha

Eight ball hooks, but I'm just gonna do four
You knahmsay, cause I gotta do this

[Chorus: Carolyn Rodriguez]

Today they love what they see
My people killing one another
They fear the day of unity
The day our people come together

[Verse 2]

I know the parent should never have a favorite child,
but my Carley just so crazy and wild
My only daughter shes daddy's girl and for her I'll the
whole Astroworld
But she don't want money she just wants me there, to
watch her play piano or bush her hair

And I know is a million kids, that feel the same pain that
my children is in
Forty five years cause they hate a G, to break loose
from this modern day slavery
They want us in a cage making minimum wage, that's
how this muthafuckin system was made
I lift weighs, I play handball, I write Carley, I write my
grandma'
I'm writing a movie, and I'm sending a copy to Edward
James Olmos this hoes can't stop me
Get it right, Yo Yo
One time for your mind

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

You got Tango and you got Famas, you got vatos that
cry for they mommas
You got soldados that handle they buiss, you got
people that can't recognize they kids
You got homies comin' in on a straight five, put some
work in now they gotta face life
That's forty years before he have parole, is all in the
sopa he ain't comin' home
This is the belly of the beast the semen jungle
the drunk driver that killed my homie's niece and uncle
Just walked right by me, should I straight floor him?
Naw homie instead
I'm gonna pray for him
I'm seven weeks when this album hits the streets,
they'll be pissed at
me cause I'll make history
I speak from the place they stuck my race, but revenge
is the sweetest muthafuckin' taste

[Chorus]

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