

## 3 Colours Red

### "La Raza II"

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It's all goin down this year  
My Lac's in gear and I wiped off my tattoo tears  
A lot of things have changed since '90  
I got a lot more homeboys and gente behind me  
And this time you just can't stop it  
No tellin' what might happen  
When your kids get a copy of the '95 remix  
We in the casa, we did it for La Raza  
Because it's all brand new, it's updated  
You see my Cherokee's a Lac  
And my spokes are gold plated  
I'm hitting side to side  
There's a lump in my throat  
But I just can't swallow my Brown Pride  
I'm like an eagle with a snake in his mouth  
And a brown fist represents Frost in the house  
Coming back hard on the rap scene  
It's all about the red, white, and green  
Yeah

[Chorus: Rich Garcia (Frost)]  
If you're chicano and you're brown and proud  
It's your kind of music  
(This is for the Raza)  
And If you're down for your neighborhood  
It's your kind of music  
(Chicano, and I'm brown and I'm proud)

Here I go again, and I'm bound to win  
Because I'm proud of the color of my skin  
You see I'm kinda like De La Hoya  
I'm filled with the spirit of an Aztec Warrior  
And that means you better not mess with me  
This is Frost, the capital E-S-E  
I'm hitting switches like back in the video  
I'm that same fool that you seen five years ago  
I still cruise, I paid my dues  
And the only thing new is some more tattoo  
It's that Mexican sound, that makes it brown  
I'm stomping in my Nikes and I'm all creased down  
Out in El Paso, up through Chicago

Even in Manhattan they begging for a Latin  
Cities like Miami is waiting for another jam  
I rocked Mexico but called it the Motherland  
Yeah

[Chorus]

Man, I think I came up with a solution  
And the answer is Brown Revolution  
So pump your fist to this  
And wave your Mexican flag  
And be proud that your khaki's sag  
I'm here to set the record straight  
And clean up the slate  
All player haters headed upstate  
They hate to see me bouncing through East Los  
Or cooling in my house on the hill on the West Coast  
Or hanging with the veterano OG's  
And hearing all the stories of the '70's  
Like how the boulevard used to be  
And how they had values in '73  
But now I'm living in a new era  
And surviving in the '90's is sheer terror  
Some of you don't know what's happening, ¿Que  
pasa?  
It's 1996 and this is still for La Raza

[Chorus x2]

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