

Kinto Sol

"Hecho En Mexico"

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Hecho en Mexico
compa ahi te va

Hecho en Mexico
Compa ahi te va
Hecho en Mexico
Te va arrastrar

Hecho en Mexico
Compa ahi te va
Hecho en Mexico
ta-ra-ra-raa

Hecho en Mexico
Compa ahi te va
Hecho en Mexico
ta-ra-ra-raa

The day I was born, the star died
I came to this world, to the land most beautiful
it's the house of the moon, like my homeland
in this world there's only one, it's the land of the sun
my people have style and they're full of flavor

I'm strong like tequila(ahh)
I'm also fierce like liquor
green, white and red
that is my color

I don't have money but I'm overflowing with courage
no matter how much it's happened upon, I always bring the heat
I don't forget my roots; I am the son of the corn
I feel proud of this great country

I am a relative of Villa as well as of Zapata
crack open a Tecate then a Model

it's all good bro
this is enough to comfort me

Hecho en Mexico
Compa ahi te va
Hecho en Mexico
ta-ra-ra-raa

Hecho en Mexico
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Hecho en Mexico
ta-ra-ra-raa

I don't know where to start
we have so many things; I'll never finish
those traitors I will execute
I am Aztec, of Chichimec, Zapotecan (and on the inside)

Indian, Yaqui, Tarasco and Mayan
pound for pound we are the best
kilo for kilo we are the champions
I like pulque (type of liquor) all the way

I like tortillas fresh off the burner
bada** for everything, I am a professional
I'd survive anywhere
I always find a way

In every place
I raise my flag
we are such; we like our nopales (type of food)
we tackle every type of job

Man, it doesn't have a chance
the word Mexico tatoed on my belly

Hecho en Mexico
Compa ahi te va
Hecho en Mexico
ta-ra-ra-raa

Hecho en Mexico
Compa ahi te va
Hecho en Mexico
ta-ra-ra-raa

Coming to us live from the Purple Mountains
putting Tepechitlan back on the map
Released out of my cage, the sun on my face
pulsating through my veins

It's the pride in my heart
what you hear in my voice
what never gave in
what traveled to foreign lands
never forgetting my culture

I came back (To my people)
to give my respects
and this I dedicate to my fellow [Mexicans]
farming the land, sowing the seed
and then after the season reaping the harvest

(We're) Poor but honorable
what's clear is the descency
beautiful and beloved Mexico; if I die elsewhere
may it be said that I'm sleeping
and may they take me to you.

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