

## **Look Mexico "Don't You Dare"**

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So this is how we fight:  
Hands pressed against our chests, a step behind the  
line.  
I know, man, he's not worth it.  
The swelling will go down.

Our chins are stubbled and our ego's worn.  
Leathered to a dark and shiny brown.  
(Image is everything) Can't you tell that we're people,  
too?  
No no no ride it 'til you've had enough.

I'll wait for this no more.  
Can't seem to cool down these feverish hands.  
I know, man, he's not worth it.  
But for a change, I wouldn't mind a piece.

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