

## **Avant F/ Kelly Rowland**

### **"Muthafuccen Mexican"**

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Simon! Y para un frijol eating cabron,  
Cyclone, pelon, chingon,  
And all that,  
the local cholo went solo,  
but I came back  
With Mexican Militia on my hat,  
A baseball bat,  
it's on cause Chicanos gotsta scrap  
Ready to beat down, ready to shoot,  
ready to burn down ready to loot,  
And won't stop til my point's understood,  
And I ain't gonna do it in my own neighborhood.  
I'm gonna do it where they'll be affected,  
Until some civilized muthafuckas are elected  
Frank V's loking up,  
For years Chicanos have been broken up,  
It's the different gangs different sections  
But wait til we get together,  
Muthafucken Mexicans!

Hey Frank, kick back on the lyrics,  
You a lil' too hype on them, just relax, relax  
Fuck that shit man chale!  
Gimme my cuete, so I can do a jale,  
But not on someone Brown from another town,  
But on them muthafackas that try to keep the raza  
down.  
I gotta pay em back,  
I got my stolen ride and I grabbed my stolen gat,  
Jacked a 12 pack and now I'm ready to attack.  
I heard he called me a wet back,  
Now he's gonna get cracked.  
He said that my race was no good,  
So now I'm on my way to a rich neighborhood.  
With my nine milli,  
about to act silly,  
and get raw like the outlaw Billy  
the kid,  
you know what did?  
I went to square it off with a gringo who hates me,  
Took my last sip took my cuete off safety,

Seen him with his wife coming out of the casa,  
and I said boo-ya! This is for the raza!  
And drove off at a highway speed.  
I'll be damned if the pinche jura catch me.  
Cause they just love, to pull over a Latin  
And hope he starts running,  
so they can start capping.  
But "Ay yo captain,  
this Chicano ain't goin' to run.  
and uno ochenta siete's my favorite num"  
And I'll fight til the end,  
Aqui para Frank V, a Mutha fucken Mexican.

I'm the kind of Mexican that they hate.  
The kind that you wouldn't want your daughter to date.  
That kind that believes for equal rights you gotta fight,  
the kind that makes the fighting bitches hold they  
purse tight at night.  
But then again I'm the average.  
Cause the t-shirt and khakis make me a savage,  
to the average caucasian or asian.  
Thinking that I'm ugly and suck-but they're wrong  
I'm not really a beast,  
that's just an image conjoured up by the paranoid  
police  
Always looking for a scape goat,  
or any excuse to grab a Mexican by his throat,  
And I heard they got a new saying,  
You break the law and we'll break your jaw  
And I'm mad as fuck!  
And I'm sick of your conduct,  
and I'm sick of the jokes of white crack,  
I bet that you're mad to see a Mexican on wax,  
making hits.  
Gimme the hard look, I don't give a shit.  
I know you're just dancing around the hat,  
Fuck all the other muthafuckas, Yeah I said that!  
So when you try to attack,  
I'm gonna dance around your head as if you were a  
muthafucken hat.  
Fucken punk, fucken muthafucka,  
I told you not to under-estimate the power of a  
Mexican...

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