

## Daniel Ceballos

### "Peruvian Cocaine"

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[Intro: from the film "Scarface"]

Host: I've heard whispers about the financial support your government receives from the drug industry.

Guest: Well, the irony of this, of course, is that this money, which is in the billions, is coming from your country. You see, you are the major purchaser of our national product, which is of course cocaine.

Host: On one hand, you're saying the United States government is spending millions of dollars to eliminate the flow of drugs onto our streets. At the same time, we are doing business with the very same government that is flooding our streets with cocaine.

Guest: Mmm-hmm, si, si. Let me show you a few other characters that are involved in this tragic comedy.

[Beat starts]

\*Two Men Speak in Spanish\*

[Immortal Technique - Worker]

I'm on the border of Bolivia, working for pennies  
Treated like a slave, the coke fields have to be ready  
The spirit of my people is starving, broken and sweaty  
Dreaming about revolution (REVOLUTION!) looking at  
my machete  
But the workload is too heavy to rise up in arms  
And if I ran away, I know they'd probably murder my  
moms  
So I pray to "Heso Preisto" when I go to the mission  
Process the cocaine, paced and play my position

[Pumpkinhead - Cocaine Field Boss]

Ok, listen while I'm out there, just give me my product  
Before we chop off ya hands for worker's misconduct  
I got the power to shoot a copper, and not get charged  
And it would be sad to see your family in front of a  
firing squad  
So to feed your kids, I need these bricks

40 tons in total, let me test it, indeed I (\*sniff\*)  
Shit, this is good, pass me a tissue  
And don't worry about them, I paid off the officials

[Diabolic - Peruvian Leader]

Yo, it don't come as a challenge, I'm the son of some of  
the foulest  
Elected by my people...the only one on the ballot  
Born and bred to consult with feds, I laugh at fate  
And assassinate my predecessor to have his place  
In a third-world fashion state, lock the nation  
With 90% of the wealth in 10% of the population  
The Central Intelligence Agency takes weight faithfully  
The finest type of China white and cocaine you'll see

[Tonedeff - American Drug Distributor]

Honey I'm home, nevermind why our bank account's  
suddenly grown  
It's funny, we're so out of this debt from this money we  
owe  
Woulda ya...mind if I told you I had two governments  
overthrown  
To keep our son enrolled in a private school, and to  
keep ya tummy swollen  
C'mon, our fuckin' home was built on the foundation of  
bloody throats  
The hungry stolen of they souls, of course this  
country's runnin' coke  
I took a stunted oath to hush the one's who know  
But CIA conducts the flow of these young hustlers who  
lust for dough

[Poison Pen - Drug Dealer]

I don't work in the hood (Hit my connect)  
Plus what's really good, they supply for the hood  
These dudes fucking crack me up, scrutinize like we  
inferior  
Petrified when we meet in my area (calm down)  
My dude's'll shoot until I say so, got the loot?  
Give me the YAY YAY like Ice Cube, so don't play with  
my llello  
We won't stop for you bastards  
Must choose (?), chop it and bag it

[Loucifer - Undercover Police Officer]

Taking pictures and tapping phones  
Debating snitches and cracking codes  
Past a couple, blast the fo',  
Want any hustler stacking dough with probably crack  
the blow  
And my overtime is where your taxes go

I gain your trust  
Get you to hand weight to us because we paid up front  
On the low with cameras taping ya  
Getting pop away? The prison sentence is going to  
Make the officer leave with two ki's out the evidence  
room

[C-Rayz Walz - Prison Inmate]  
Out the evidence room (\*Said with Loucifer\*)  
Went my fame, truck, boat or plane, they watching you  
You think you got work? They copping too  
We control blocks, they lock countries  
Ya own companies, we had nice cars and sneaker  
money  
Now there's players out there, talking 'bout the holding  
With bugs in they house like they down South with  
windows open  
Your dough ain't long, you wrong, you take shorts and  
(?)  
Feds will be up in your mouth...like forks and spoons  
So enjoy the rush, live plush off Coke bread  
Soon you'll be in a cell with me, like Jenny Lopez  
In school, I was a bully, now life is fully a joke  
I keep a flow on a boat for Peruvian Coke  
Players do favors for governers and tax makers  
Fat Quakers smoke crack and sex acts with bad mayors  
The walls got ears, you big mouths probably scared  
Not prepared to do years like Javier

[Immortal Technique Speaking]  
The story just told is an example of the path that  
drugs take on their way to every neighborhood, in  
every state of this country. It's a lot deeper than  
the niggas on your block. So when they point the  
finger at you, brother men, this is what you've got to  
tell them:

[Wesley Snipes - from "New Jack City"]  
I'm not guilty. YOU'RE the one that's guilty. The  
lawmakers, the politicians, the Columbian drug lords,  
all you who lobby against making drugs legal. Just  
like you did with alcohol during the prohibition.  
You're the one who's guilty. I mean, c'mon, let's kick  
the ballistics here: Ain't no Uzi's made in Harlem.  
Not one of us in here owns a poppy field. This thing  
is bigger than (Immortal Technique). This is big  
business. This is the American way.

