

# Una Palabra

## 60 Tigres

This ain't a story 'bout race, color or creed  
It's a story 'bout hate, envy and greed  
Talk about ambitions but don't want us to progress  
Ya talk about assistance but all we get is the stress  
You don't really wanna see me grow  
Hating on me, choking on my flow  
You say we rude, don't like our attitude  
We crude, ain't got no gratitude  
But I wasn't born to be low, I was born to rise  
Wasn't born to pretend or keep my faith in disguise  
Ain't got no freedom of speech  
No freedom to teach, make our kids out of reach  
Wanna break ties  
Alienated in their own land  
Running riot in the streets  
Day by day getting out of hand  
You don't want me to be an inspiration  
You wanna blame me for agitation  
How can you tell me 'bout participation?  
When all you really want is segregation  
Una palabra no dice nada  
Y al mismo tiempo, lo esconde todo  
Como aquel viento que esconde el agua  
Como las flores que esconde el lodo  
Is it my religion? You keep seeing as a threat  
You think it's all about murder, violence and death  
But do you care to find, find the truth?  
Or is it easier to keep fronting and oppressing our youth?  
Is this why I'm a be awestruck?  
Damn these lies, just make us stuck  
Bow down to something greater  
Nah, forget that maybe later  
Really must be joking, deceits and lies is all I see  
Should I be your enemy or should I trust your lies?  
Should your treatment of my peeps make us forge them ties?  
Got to tell me the truth as it is  
Or we'll be keeping coming back right here to this  
Second class citizen in my own home  
Been 30 years gone and still no dome

Still gotta stay strong  
Thinking I'm thick trying  
To sell me this hypocrisy  
    Heard it before  
    You must be kidding me  
    Wanna dictate who I marry  
    And even what my sis' should wear  
    Then prevent her from a job  
        Stuck on welfare  
        Seems to provoke  
        And oppress us is okay  
    Seems racism is cool despite what you say  
    Wanna blame us for ya shortcomings  
        Just want a scapegoat  
        Still seeing us like a problem  
        Like we just off the boat  
    Guess you wanted cheap labour to build ya home  
        Una palabra no dice nada  
        Y al mismo tiempo, lo esconde todo  
        Como aquel viento que esconde el agua  
        Como las flores que esconde el lodo  
        Una Mirada no dice nada  
        Y al mismo tiempo, lo dice todo  
        Como la lluvia sobre tu cara  
        O el Viejo mapa de alg

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