

Mexican Heaven

Carolyn Rodriguez/South Park Mexican

There's a question that people have been asking for eternity...is there a Heaven, and if so, what's it like?

Will I see my homie Chris there?
He got smoked by some fools who shouldn't be alive,
I'm tryin' to cope, but it's just so hard;
dear God, will I see him on the boulevard?
Can you tilt your hat to the side, if you want;
or do you gotta have it straight to the front?
I been saggin' Dickies ever since I was eight,
and I wonder will somebody try to tell me I can't?
I won a knife at the carnival they have off Jensen,
It's just for good luck, not for a weapon.
I wonder can I take it; well, that's if I make it,
but I don't wanna walk around all butt-naked.
Will my hydraulics work up in the clouds;
do people start complaining if the music is loud?
And these are the things that I asked the Reverend,
"Excuse me sir, but can Mexicans go to Heaven?"
The other day I spoke to the Reverend,
to see if he'd say that Mexicans could go to Heaven.
When I grow old, though I know this life is a blessing,
I wanna know, is there a Mexican Heaven Lord?
Will my grandfather's beer breath be real bad;
or will they make him take mints or the white Tic-Tacs?
Do the R&B and Hip Hop radio stations play our raps,
or do they still be hatin'?
People owe me money from previous business,
and I wonder can I get it with a little bit interest?
And what about drop-outs with no education;
I can't spell good but I know multiplication.
Do they got real tortillas for all the races;

or them fake lil' skinny ones like some places?
I know my sancha's out of the question,
but on the cool, she got love for a Mexican.
Will my homies pitch in or wanna smoke for free;
will they have gas money or depend on me?
Can I roll on gold streets in my '57;
let me know, can Mexicans go to Heaven?
The other day I spoke to the Reverend,

to see if he'd say that Mexicans could go to Heaven.
When I grow old, though I know this life is a blessing,
I wanna know, is there a Mexican Heaven Lord?
Will they charge an arm and leg for the new Mike Jordans;
or sell 'em half price so everyone can afford 'em?
What about tobacco products, do they ban 'em;
one thing about cigarettes: I just can't stand 'em.
Is minimum wage all they offer my people;
does my uncle gotta marry someone just to be legal?
Will he get dirty looks 'cause he can't speak English;
Do the chicks dress up or do they show their chichis?
What kind of clubs do they have in Heaven;
I don't dance Techno and no Two-Steppin'.
I got a few warrants, will they follow me there;
or can I start clean with a record that's clear?
Is my pitbull there; his name is Plex,
He choked on his chain jumpin' over the fence.
I'm sorry if I'm askin' you too many questions,
I just gotta know, can Mexicans go to Heaven?
The other day I spoke to the Reverend,
to see if he'd say that Mexicans could go to Heaven.
When I grow old, though I know this life is a blessing,
I wanna know, is there a Mexican Heaven Lord?

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