

# Mexican Heaven (feat. 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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