Young Lords

Jake Mandell

New to the world, fresh out the barrio, I was an outlaw rebel, out of my mind, young and wild, my existence defined in one word: Survive!
[Verse 1: Joell Ortiz]If it to be sold, I can sell it, If he can't, that's cool,
I'll fix it up make it look good enough to catch some fool,
It started when I was young with my genesis games,
He traded me John Madden for it I don't remember the name,
But it was weak though, the streets though, they play with perico,
So Tito became my hijo, he had cheap blow,
And each o like three, four times, I flip one,
But it's evil, the people I deal with a stick none
With big guns, they [?] through that diesel who never change
These cuts are [?] like they agree with everything
The weed ain't the same, all the colors is new
It ain't just green, the haze is purple and them berries is blue
I don't care if it was pink, as long as they still smoking
I had them bags packed until they damn near open
The hustle's in my veins, I could bleed in a pot
And make a soup that'd go for 10 dollars a pot
[Immortal Technique:]In la calle, a collision course with incarceration, consumed by the lies of the streets, they were an illusion but I awoke caged like an animal
[Verse 2: Pumpkinhead]They got me locked in a cell where I'm feeling like an experiment,
My spirit sharper than lasers they used to build pyramids,
Writing on the walls keep me sane,
Knuckle pushups on the concrete, till I bleed out the pain,
Thoughts of my freedom lingering in my brain,
I'm stronger and much quicker I appreciate the gain,
Building with my [?], brown power reunite,
Tattoos of my flag, PR pride Jesus Christ,
But I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy,
So when I'm free I'll teach, spread the speech,
Of how they try to divide us (to make us weak) find us (and break a piece) so I gotta, (to make it [?]) honest (I play for keeps),
This is the life of your forefathers that fought hard,
Four corners of backyards, power in numbers, so they subtract us and add bars,
If they want it, we gonna take 'em to war,
We not a gang or a clique, we young lords!
[Immortal Technique:]I came to my senses, un esclavo no soy (I am not a slave), that is not my past, I came to know me and my people, red brown and black, helped me paint the future.
[Verse 3: CF]The world got a template, to turn us into inmates caged in a state pen,

Man, fuck going to penn state,

Bonded to slave ships to punch in your timecard,
Walk my oasis spacing jungle behind bars,
Got my epiphany like Malcolm X,
Prison to the bricks, but I'm stuck in this global house arrest,
I'm a free man so I changed my mannerisms,
This Greenspan system wanna dent my activism,
Estilo machetero get my people out the ghetto,
21st century grito de alar estate quieto (stay calm),
We vocal minorities, no pookie man trail,
Guess the local authorities to be the Ho Chi Minh trail,
From robbing bodegas and boosting like low-lives,
The medium figures choking the four five,
Revolutionary gangsters in your presence,
Trying to dead us through cancer, through chemical testing!
[Immortal Technique:]Unidos por fin! (Finally, united!) We seize the time, free at last, learn to love, live to fight, not just for me, but for others, teach the new blood, and live for freedom!
[Verse 4: Immortal Technique]I survived the cointelpro assassinations.
AIDS epidemic, Crack era, fractured a nation,
The Interpretation of American Democracy,
Is best exemplified in it's foreign policy dichotomy,
I live a double life of political philosophy,
But revolution follows me, the struggle for equality,
Against the morally bankrupt claiming to be born again,
It's a civil war again like MS-13s origin
Ban ethnic studies claiming our culture will swallow them,
But you can't conquer people and build a country on top of them,
And then feel offended that they breathe the same oxygen,
Your family values lack the wisdom of Solomon,
But Operation Condor and Operation Bootstrap are Polisci 101,
Research for the new jack,
It's hard to reach Communist Utopia tomorrow,
When your hands are in a fuckin glass jar like Che Guevara,
Forget the distorted historical facts you were given,
Slave trade was the capital for capitalism,
Trapped in a prison mentally, dying existentially,
Separated from people you can't see yourself to be,
Then racially integrated into a burning house colony of an empire,
Economically burning out,
Can't win a debate so they sponsor every threat to me,
I wonder if agent 800 is standing next to me!
In Puerto Rico, the main problem we have es que somos colonia (is that we are a colony) we are a colony, we are fighting for freedom, because we will not be a slave nation for [?] the struggle here is to make universities the struggle here is in the community, it's against the police and violence, it's against discrimination, it's against

the crime against humanity on this beautiful Caribbean Island, this is [?] Young lords, revolutionary always, from San Juan, Puerto Rico, Que viva Puerto Rico libre! (Long Live a free Puerto Rico!)

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