

The Mexican (feat. Tom Morello & K.I.D.)

GZA

Chico Fernandez
Sleeping on his guns Shot rare coins for practice
Map to the fortune, hidden up under the mattress
A lead belt attaches with holsters
Waiting area, two blazing toasters
Hit the stage coach on stallions
Looking for Federal Reserve notes and gold medallions
Heavily pursued by the local governor, a southerner
Sought after by the whole battalion
Fell out a snake within the handshake
Get the drop on them then he exploited the mistake
Protecting his gold he sold by the plates
Ready to shoot while his horses drank from the lake
Deputy saved by the badge on the blazer
A warning shot from one that had the aim of a lazer
Trait by the neighbor a gambler
Who would stack the deck, plus he marked cards wit a razor
He's called Fernandez
Sleepin' on a gun
Dreams of Santa Anna
Fighting in the sun
Drums so loud from outside
Makes it hard to dream
A rain is fallin' hard and fast
Makes it all seem real
Mornin', come mornin'
A Chico's gotta have his share
Mornin', sad mornin'
What a laugh, and I cried
And I cry, cry, cry, cry, cried
He used to move weight but then became a grower
Constricted boa, the most in the lower
Cooperating along in mining zones
For mostly silver and other shining stones
Abandoned political rebel
He moved with a group of pistolevils flashing heavy metals
Clash with the law triggered intense reactions
Hard labor gave them multiple contractions
Lawmen turned to outlaw, gunfighter cattle rustlers
Hustlers ruff riders useless connections
Everything traversal
Cross stone socio-economic circles Senorita pining

Chico come on home
Santa Anna's losing
You'll be first to go
Sam Houston's laughing
Davy Crockett too
When Anna takes the Alamo
The first to go is you
Mornin', come mornin'
A Chico's gotta have his share
Mornin', sad mornin'
Heaven will be thereMornin', sad mornin'
What a laugh and out loud
Ha ha ha ha ha

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>