

### **Mis trenzas**

My braids tell a story too long for you to comprehend  
My people sing song they can no longer can defend  
My hands burn with the flames that tan my skin  
The same color that you like to wear thin  
What makes you happy and what do you love?  
Are my people something you are sick of?  
How can I thrive if you pull on my chain  
It's seems a if you find pleasure in our pain  
I don't want to see you enjoy your trips to Cancun  
When I can't promise my family back home that I'll see them soon

### **Labor**

The hands that you hold to pray before you eat your dinner  
Are the same hands that picked your food  
The sweat that tore apart the bones of a loving father  
and burned the hands of a working mother,  
We hope our song are loud enough for you to hear but low enough to not cause fear  
Because We come from the prickly pear's nectar  
From the aged blue agave  
And we sprout from the plowed fields of Mexican soil.

### **Querido Mexico**

Teenage Rebellion, may sound familiar maybe the sneaking out, the drinking, maybe the going out maybe it was you. Summer of 2018 in Iztapalapa en Ermita y el Eje 6, might sound like gibberish to you but to me it's home. It was an emotional rollercoaster ride, where the Elotero was the ONLY man I'd chase after, where the music came from the heart and motivated us