

WHAT DID WE DO TO GET THIS ROUGH LIFE?

Miro la raza as they go down in places,
as they fight, gamble, and do drugs.

We see prostitutes in the streets,
we see pandilleros stealing.

What is this all? Why can't they see
This ain't the way it's supposed to
Be?

We can't even walk down da 'hood
feeling free
because of all da nonsense going on.

Y it even feels like I can't even be da real me
-- sweet, kind,
giving, and
friendly -

as they look me
Up and
Down.

I turn around with a FROWN.
There it goes again!
That violence, fear and
Rage I have -
for my own raza!

So Guacha lo k pasa!
I say no one was born
This way.

What did we do to get this rough life?

- Vicki H.