

A 1980 exodus of 125,000 dreams, a quest to find out what freedom really means at any cost.

Boat loads of Cubans lost in a maze of red tape and hate, entered this country through the bottom of the united states and straight set up shop.

As Arthur McDuffie was being beat to death by four white cops this world was about to face the music.

Between the El Mariel and the 1980 riots, we as minorities Americans could no longer take our freedom for granted and misuse it

because incase you haven't notices we've gone from the El Mariel boatlift to the Hurricane Katrina bus lift with the same response.

With America standing to help us with one hand on her hips and the other one on her guns.

Like 9/11 some how made us all Americans but it took a tragedy to make us all feel like we were one.

You see the El Mariel boatlift, Hurricane Katrina and the Oklahoma bombings,

we all got something in common and that's the desire to enjoy a freedom that can not be rearranged by fear.

To let nothing stand in the way of the freedom of those who chose to live here

so today is 1980 again and I'm that bus that crashed through the gates of the Peruvian embassy.

I hope that when I spit this poem the whole world will remember me.

I'm screaming like (something) give us us our free, me Pitbull and this industry.