

# Peruvian Cocaine

## Immortal Technique

I've heard whispers about the financial support  
your government receives from the drug industry.

Well, the irony of this, of course, is that  
this money, which is in the billions, is coming from  
your country. You see, you are the major purchaser of  
our national product, which is of course cocaine.

On one hand, you're saying the United States  
government is spending millions of dollars to  
eliminate the flow of drugs onto our streets. At the  
same time, we are doing business with the very same  
government that is flooding our streets with cocaine.

Mmm-hmm, si, si. Let me show you a few other  
characters that are involved in this tragic comedy.

I'm on the border of Bolivia, working for pennies  
Treated like a slave, the coca fields have to be ready  
The spirit of my people is starving, broken and sweaty  
Dreaming about revolution (REVOLUTION!) looking at my machete  
But the workload is too heavy to rise up in arms  
And if I ran away, I know they'd probably murder my moms  
So I pray to "Jesus Cristo" when I go to the mission  
Process the cocaine, paste and play my position

OK, listen Juan Valdez, just give me my product  
Before we chop off ya hands for worker's misconduct  
I got the power to shoot a copper, and not get charged  
And it would be sad to see your family in front of a firing squad  
So to feed your kids, I need these bricks  
40 tons in total, let me test it, indeed I  
Shit, this is good, pass me a tissue  
And don't worry about them, I paid off the officials

Yo, it don't come as a challenge, I'm the son of some of the foulest  
Elected by my people...the only one on the ballot  
Born and bred to consult with feds, I laugh at fate  
And assassinate my predecessor to have his place  
In a third-world fascist state, lock the nation  
With 90% of the wealth in 10% of the population  
The Central Intelligence Agency takes weight faithfully  
The finest type of China white and cocaine you'll see

Honey I'm home, nevermind why our bank account's suddenly grown  
It's funny, we're so out of this debt from this money we owe  
Would've ya...mind if I told you I had two governments overthrown  
To keep our son enrolled in a private school, and to keep ya tummy swollen  
C'mon, our fuckin' home was built on the foundation of bloody throats  
The hungry stolen of they souls, of course this country's runnin' coke  
I took a stunted oath to hush the one's who know  
But CIA conducts the flow of these young hustlers who lust for dough

I don't work in the hood (Hit my connect)  
Plus what's really good, they supply for the hood  
These dudes fucking crack me up, scrutinize like we inferior  
Petriified when we meet in my area (calm down)

My dude's'll shoot until I say so, got the loot?  
Give me the YAY YAY like Ice Cube, so don't play with my llello  
We won't stop for you bastards  
Must choose (?), chop it and bag it

Taking pictures and tapping phones  
Debating snitches and cracking codes  
Past a couple, blast the fo',  
Want any hustler stacking dough with probably crack the blow  
And my overtime is where your taxes go  
I gain your trust  
Get you to hand weight to us because we paid up front  
On the low with cameras taping ya  
Getting pop away? The prison sentence is going to  
Make the officer leave with two ki's out the evidence room

Out the evidence room  
Went my fame, truck, boat or plane, they watching you  
You think you got work? They copping too  
We control blocks, they lock countries  
Ya own companies, we had nice cars and sneaker money  
Now there's players out there, talking 'bout the holding  
With bugs in they house like they down South with windows open  
Your dough ain't long, you wrong, you take shorts and (?)  
Feds will be up in your mouth...like forks and spoons  
So enjoy the rush, live plush off Coke bread  
Soon you'll be in a cell with me, like Jenny Lopez  
In school, I was a bully, now life is fully a joke  
I keep a flow on a boat for Peruvian Coke  
Players do favors for governors and tax makers  
Fat Quakers smoke crack and sex acts with bad mayors  
The walls got ears, you big mouths probably scared  
Not prepared to do years like Javier

The story just told is an example of the path that  
drugs take on their way to every neighborhood, in  
every state of this country. It's a lot deeper than  
the niggas on your block. So when they point the  
finger at you, brother men, this is what you've got to tell them:

I'm not guilty. YOU'RE the one that's guilty. The  
lawmakers, the politicians, the Colombian drug lords,  
all you who lobby against making drugs legal. Just  
like you did with alcohol during the prohibition.  
You're the one who's guilty. I mean, c'mon, let's kick  
the ballistics here: Ain't no Uzi's made in Harlem.  
Not one of us in here owns a poppy field. This thing  
is bigger than (Immortal Technique). This is big  
business. This is the American way.