

Malverde Market

La Coka Nostra

In a country ridden by violence
In a land plagued by gunfire and drug money
One focal figure stands above the rest
Tonight, see why the people of Mexico call him
The Narco Saint

La Coka Nostra
In the midst of the Malverde Market
In the presence of the Narco saint
The vodka drink bottle smashed and the shotguns aimed
The reaper calling was enough to put 2Pac in paint
Murals of dead heroes, apocalyptic rain
We look above at all the scriptures say
Which is why, which is way
Sniff inside smoke from the biscuit haze
I sniff and daze in the alley where my child dirty
Nursing the stab wounds catching visions of Malverde
I pissed away my life for years, look I'm now 30
Product of pistoleers, rocking a foul jersey
Holding my side together, chopping up perico flakes
Maybe now is my time to head up to that peaceful place
And all I picture is that last Chico's face
I should have seen it coming, those deceitful snakes
What happened after that I cannot say
I saw the face of Jesus, and then I woke up out in Santa Fe

Mexican officials have now detained a 14 year old child assassin
Who's admitted to decapitating 4 people
His sister's also detained because she is err..
Basically admitting to dumping the bodies on freeway and rivers
Doing whatever's necessary to get rid of the decapitated bodies

In the midst of Malverde's darkness
In the presence of the narco saint
La coka nostra tagged on the walls of the house of pain
The reaper calling was enough to leave your house in flames
Tattoos of deceased idols, so killers sound the same
We look above it on the witness face
Jury with a bitter taste in their mouths
Division in the distant haze, The pistol plays like hellfire
Bullets whistle by like voices beyond the grave in the dead choir
I pissed away my life for many moons
Many shitty wombs in pissy motels
Exchanging bricks with many goons
Exchanging bullet wounds with many fools
I'm one of the most fortunate though, I've been torturing impending doom
And all I picture is when me and God talk
Looking like Tim Roth from the ending of Reservoir Dogs
What happened after that I can't tell you
But if you keep the faith then even death can't fail you

It's the latest gruesome discovery in a wave of violence
That's crippled this Mexican border city
Bodies of 9 decapitated men where found in a vacant empty lot
In this poor Tijuana neighborhood, just miles from San Diego
California state police said the heads were discovered in plastic bags near
the bodies

3 of the men have been identified as police officers
Their ID cards were found in their mouths
Official says drug turf battles where the center of much of the violence here
Claiming at least 37 lives over 3 days, 4 of them children