

## Street Signs

Ozomatli

Oye! Chico! Tirate! Que Tirate!  
Oye! Chica! Tirate! Que Tirate!

This for the B boys in the place who be breaking rockin ecko  
Pnb, the nation now it's on ready set go  
Let it be said, dude with the dred is from the west coast  
Linoleum what? My homies kill it like asbestos

Yeah, I'm 'bout the cleanest of the grimys  
Hold the mic and with the same hand do 1990's  
Peace to radio tron, don't stop, you know it's real  
Being normal like a bunt so I do stunts when I windmill

And if you pose, you a faker  
Peace to rock steady and the LA City breakers  
Replace electro lights with a shot of super socco  
Nobody ever ticked like the homie poppin' taco

Or my Uncle Pablo still pop on occasions  
This is dedicated to the blacks, whites and Asians  
And my Latinos and my bambinos  
Who refuse to be wack, spin on they back for a C-note

Come on, throw ya hands in the air  
Come on people, keep 'em there  
Got a fam fresh crew and I'm now for mayor  
'Cause it's more to this track than the kick and the snare  
We been all around the world trying to take you there  
So say yeah

Yeah, today's the day, ain't it?  
Let your soul soar free above this world tainted  
I dream a dream to some it seems faded  
Where it don't even matter what color your skin's painted

I windmilled in whales until I fainted  
Before the record sales prevailed we was related  
Like cousins and then the bling came  
In the meantime we still grind for street fame

Like Chaka spray paint what I'm saying  
When I was a baby I wrote graffiti with a crayon  
My combos levitate like a s<sup>x</sup>™ance  
See the street signs, so I'm embracing the chaos  
Come on

Get your hands up  
Get some  
Put your feet down  
Get on the floor

World wide party people get ready  
Let the beat ride, time to rock steady  
Black, white, yellow, yellow, red to brown  
Let's rock the planet, everybody get down