Appendix: Brujeria Lyrics

Brujeria, *El Patron*

(Alternative Tentacles Records, 1994; trans. Rachel Conover)
El Patron

Un soldado cayo muerto
Nuestro jefe fue asesinado
Quien nos va mandar, Pablo Escobar
Fue rey de coca—hizo plata de hojas
Fue un gran hombre, Padre de los pobres
Fue un general—Mando indios guerreros
Era El Patrón, el mero chingón

El negocio de placer—lo supo bien
Los indios lo cogían y los pochos lo vendían
Los negros cocinaron y las gangas empujaron
Polvo pa los ricos y tierra pa los pobres

Pinches indios pobres lo llamaban el patrón
Llévenme pal cielo patrón
El dinero es nada
Mi espíritu es todo
Patrón bendígame ven a salvarme patrón

El señor pablo escobar fue hombre con visión
La visión de ayudar su gente propia
Hombre de familia y el padrino de los pobres
Repartió placer al mundo entero
Y ahora, ahora gente nos vamos al panteón para enterrar el patrón

Millones de gente lo van a extrañar
¿Quién? ¿Quién Te digo?
¿Quién nos va a cuidar?

Who? Who, I’m asking you?
Who is going to take care of us?

[Brujo:] I
[Mexicano:] Tell me who
[B:] I, el Brujo

The Boss

A soldier fell dead
Our boss was killed
Who will lead us, Pablo Escobar
Was king of cocaine—made money from leaves
Was a great man—godfather of the poor
Was a general—sending native warriors
Was the boss, the best of all

To the poor natives, he bought them houses
To the strong natives, he gave them guns
To the sold out cops, he gave them great bribes
To the stupid judges, he cut their throats

The business of pleasure—He knew it well
The natives harvested it and the spics sold it
The blacks cooked it and the gangs pushed it
Powder for the rich, and rocks for the poor

Fucking poor natives called him the boss
Take me to heaven boss
Money is nothing
My spirit is all
Boss bless me, come and save me boss

Mr Pablo Escobar was a visionary
The vision to take care of his own people
A family man and the godfather of the poor
He gave pleasure to the whole world
And now, now people we are going to the pantheon to bury the boss

Millions of people will miss him
Who? Who, I’m asking you?
Who is going to take care of us?
[Brujo:] I
[Mexicano:] Tell me who
[B:] I, el Brujo

1 “pocho” is a derogatory slang term used by Mexicans to describe americanized Mexicans living in the U.S. (Valenzuela, Glosario). I have translated it as “spic” to keep the derogatory tone.
Raza Odiada (Pito Wilson)

**Pito Wilson:** They keep coming, savage brown skinned hordes, across the customs checkpoints in San Diego, between backed up cars on our freeways, they hang their laundry out the window, they do jobs white people are too cool to do themselves. I don't care if it starts a race war, I don't care if it brings every bigot out of the closet and gets every brown skinned savage beaten up on the street.

Brujo: What is he saying?

**Mexican:** Shh! Shh! Not yet

**PW:** Who cares as long as I, Pete Wilson, am governor and president?

**B:** What is that fucking white man saying?

**M:** He wants to fuck the race

**B:** Hey

**M:** No, no, no he wants to kill the race

**B:** Pass me that AK-47

**M:** Here it goes boss

**B:** In this country you speak English or you get out

**M:** What? To hell with English

**PW:** I, Pete Wilson, will be president

**B:** Move on faggot

[bullets sound]

**M:** Hey, dance, dance white man, dance, kill him boss, do it motherfucker

**PW:** No, no please...

**B:** Motherfucker, now I'll fuck him, motherfucker, that's all idiot

**PW:** No,.. ah..

**M:** Andale, Baila, baila Güero, baila matalo jefe, hechale cabron

**PW:** No, no please...

**B:** Cabron ahorita lo chingo, cabron, ya estuvo Güey

**PW:** No,.. ah..

Hermanos mojados—de los Estados Unidos

who’s gonna fuck you hardest—isn’t Satan

we are the hated race in the white world

Chosen by American hands

Pete Wilson is full of hate

He’s looking to fuck up our race

**Heredo Wilson—El rey de racistas—Pito Wilson**

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Hated Race (Pete Wilson)

**Pete Wilson:** They keep coming, savage brown skinned hordes, across the customs checkpoints in San Diego, between backed up cars on our freeways, they hang their laundry out the window, they do jobs white people are too cool to do themselves. I don’t care if it starts a race war, I don’t care if it brings every bigot out of the closet and gets every brown skinned savage beaten up on the street.

**Brujo:** Que dice?

**Mexicano:** Shh! Shh! Todavía no

**PW:** Who cares as long as I, Pete Wilson, am governor and president?

**B:** What is that fucking white man saying?

**M:** He wants to fuck the race

**B:** Hey

**M:** No, no, no he wants to kill the race

**B:** Pass me that AK-47

**M:** Here it goes boss

**B:** In this country you speak English or you get out

**M:** What? To hell with English

**PW:** I, Pete Wilson, will be president

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**PW:** No, no please...

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Hermanos mojados—de los Estados Unidos

who’s gonna fuck you hardest—isn’t Satan

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**Heredo Wilson—El rey de racistas—Pito Wilson**
Pito Wilson—Sera presidente—Pito Wilson
Pito Wilson—Te quiere ver muerto—Pito Wilson
Pito Wilson—El cristo de odio—Pito Wilson

Hermanos mexicanos—no sean huevones
Holocausto de la raza—Ya empezo
El Pito del norte—esta creciendo
Sera presidente el cristo gabacho
Primero los mojados—despues los mayates
Puro guero o puro muerto

Mexican brothers—don’t be idiots
Holocaust of the race—has already begun
Peter of the North—is getting powerful
The american christ will be president
First wetbacks—;later niggers
Purely white or purely dead

Pete Wilson—Hates the race—Pete Wilson
Pete Wilson—Will be president—Pete Wilson
Pete Wilson—wants to see you dead—Pete Wilson
Pete Wilson—christ of hate—Pete Wilson

Pito Wilson—Odia la raza—Pito Wilson
Pito Wilson—Sera presidente—Pito Wilson
Pito Wilson—Te quiere ver muerto—Pito Wilson
Pito Wilson—El cristo de odio—Pito Wilson

Brujeria, La Migra (Cruza la Frontera II)
(From the Raza Odiada album, Roadrunner Records, 1995; trans. Rachel Conover)
La Migra (Cruza la Frontera II)

Brujo: ¿Cuánto quiere ese coyote?
Mexicano: Diez mil pesos
B: Pa todos
M: No, Jefe, Pa cada uno
B: Pinché coyote ladrón, hay que joder al güey

Coyotes rateros, te chingan la feria
Siguen al brujo te llevo pa' gratis
Trae tu abuela tu tia Elena

La Migra hayo a tu abuela en el desierto
La mandaron a Tijuana pegada con palos
El Brujo tiene contrabando del bueno
Numero de Seguro y cartas verdes

La migra la migra
Te pegan bien duro
La migra la migra
Te pican el culo

La misma migra te pasa por lana
Mordidas de feria te compran todo
Siguen al brujo te llevo pa' el norte
Cuidado con ese alambre cortado
Ay cabron ahi viene la troca
Pa'tras pinches pollos ahi viene la migra
Carga a tu abuela corrale tia
Ya aplastaron el lelo

Border Patrol (Crossing the Border II)

Brujo: How much does that coyote want?
Mexican: Ten thousand pesos
B: For all
M: No, Boss, For each one
B: Fucking coyote thief, we have to fuck the idiot

Thieving coyotes they fuck you with the bribery
Follow El Brujo I'll bring you for free
Bring your grandmother your aunt Elena

Fucking coyotes live for the bribery
Earn your pay and take your grandmother
Fucking Border Patrol is waiting for you
They brought you back with a beating

The border patrol found your grandmother in the desert
They order her to Tijuana bound with sticks
El Brujo has good contraband
Social Security numbers and green cards

Border patrol Border patrol.
They hit you hard
Border patrol Border patrol
They kick your ass

The same border patrol let you pass for money
Some money buy all
Follow El Brujo I’ll bring you to the north
Careful with this cut fence
Oh motherfucker, here comes the truck
Go back fucking chickens here comes the border patrol
Carry your grandmother, run aunt
They’ve already crushed the slow one

Brujeria, Division del Norte

(From the Brujerizmo album, Roadrunner Records, 2000; trans. Rachel Conover)
Division del Norte

Qué pasó con nuestro revolución
Creen que esto se acabó
Sangre sureña no se gastó
Quién va mandar los del norte!

Pancho Villa no murió
Aquí tengo su espíritu
Aunque no creas en Brujos
Con el machete
Zapatismo no murió
Aquí tengo su espíritu
Aunque no creas en Brujos
División Del Norte!
Pa que Viva México!
División Del Norte!

Van a ver nuestra revolución
Están oyendo que esto no se acabó
Sangre sureña nos llamó
Listo! División Del Norte!

Viva nuestra revolución
Otra vez Villa va mandar
Desde el cielo tus oídos dicen
"Juntense todos, griten pa guerra!"

Pancho Villa no murió
Aquí tengo su espíritu
Aunque no creas en Brujos
Con el machete
Zapatismo no murió
Aquí tengo su espíritu
Aunque no creas en Brujos
División Del Norte!
Pa que Viva México!
División Del Norte!

Northern Division

What happen to our revolution?
You think this is all over with
Southern blood was not wasted
Who’s going to lead those from the North!

Pancho Villa has not died
I’ve got his spirit right here with me
Even if you don’t believe in Brujos
With a machete
Zapatismo has not died
I’ve got its spirit right here with me
Even if you don’t believe in Brujos
Northern Division!
So that Mexico can live!
Northern Division!

They will see our revolution
Are you hearing that this isn’t finished?
Southern blood has called us
Ready! Northern Division

Pancho Villa has not died
I’ve got his spirit right here with me
Even if you don’t believe in Brujos
With a machete
Zapatismo has not died
I’ve got its spirit right here with me
Even if you don’t believe in Brujos
Northern Division!
So that Mexico can live!
Northern Division!

Long live our revolution
Once again Villa will command
From the heavens your ears tell you
Get everyone together, cry out for war!

Pancho Villa has not died
I’ve got his spirit right here with me
Even if you don’t believe in Brujos
With a machete
Zapatismo has not died
I’ve got its spirit right here with me
Even if you don’t believe in Brujos
Northern Division!
So that Mexico can live!
Northern Division!

4 The term “brujo” means witches, but I have left it untranslated here as it also refers to the band Brujería and the lead singer Juan Brujo.