
Subject: The Wetback Song

Posted by [Aircraftkiller](#) on Tue, 23 May 2006 05:41:17 GMT

[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

I know a wetback
He takes the numbers from my paycheck
But he's just like a maze
Where all my money disappears, it continually changes

And I've done all I can
To stand on the steps of Capitol Hill with a bill in my hand
Now I'm starting to see
Maybe it's got everything to do with them

Fathers, be good to your wetbacks
Wetbacks grow up to be illegals like you
Illegals become moochers who turn into welfare slaves
So fathers, be good to your wetbacks too

Ooh, you see that skin?
It's the same he's been standing in
Since the day I saw him crossing the border
Now we're left
Cleaning up the welfare mess he made

Fathers, be good to your wetbacks
Wetbacks grow up to be illegals like you
Illegals become moochers who turn into welfare slaves
So fathers, be good to your wetbacks too

Wetbacks, you can break
You find out how much they can take for less than minimum wage
Wetbacks will be strong
And wetbacks soldier on
But wetbacks would be gone without warmth from
A welfare state's good, good payments

On behalf of every man
looking out for every wetback's welfare money
You are the one who drains my fucking checkbook

Fathers, be good to your wetbacks
Wetbacks grow up to be illegals like you
Illegals become moochers who turn into welfare slaves
So fathers, be good to your wetbacks too
So fathers, be good to your wetbacks too
So fathers, be good to your wetbacks too
