

The Last Chair Violinist

South Park Mexican

Yo, yo...one time, one time...one time, yo...yo, yo

One time when I come, two times when I'm done
Old truck like Sanford and Son
Next week can't recognize
On chrome so pretty to the naked eyes
That's me, on the road again
This 8 by 10 is closing in
In the hood I had it all
And a cold motherfucker with a basketball
Now I play with prisoners
And don't nobody trip with us
Some in Garza, some in Dominguez
Cops ask, "No speaky English"
And the holidays are the hardest
Gotta stay headstrong, regardless
And you are gonna have your days
In the place where killas have to pray
In the place where killas have to pray
In the place where killas have to pray

He is the last chair violinist
The one who brings hope
To those who are the last chair violinist
Whose pain no one knows

I seen the pain in the eyes of lonely men
When can we ever be whole again?
Without Gina and my kids
A nigga just don't really wanna live
But I gotta stay free in my mind
Eventually hearts freeze doing time
No love, just respect
Steel shank touch his neck
Pick up another casualty
Put him in the fridge call his family
And his mom had a dream
All this would be happenin
Trafficking to the rapping king
Everything's unraveling
Invest in me, it's destiny
I'll still wreck from the penitentiary
I'll still wreck from the penitentiary
I'll still wreck from the penitentiary

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Two hits inhale, homie hold your breath
This is all the indo that's left
Watch man, don't let 'em see
Keep your eyes on the enemy
He did 20 on 70
Last game that he played was centipede
In the world, everything changed

Look around, things seem strange
All the kids in gangsta n shit
Lil young motherfuckers living dangerous
Claimin this and chunkin that
Making more moves than a runninback
Up in prison, he was Christian
Got no job and his wife is bitching
So he back on the streets again
8 months later back in the pen
8 months later back in the pen
8 months later back in the pen

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