

# Hendrix

Wyclef Jean

I'ma do this one for my homies gone  
The judge hit the hammer they ain't coming home  
We all are from the danger zone  
The devil pulled the card and he said choose one  
I chose music, my homies chose yay  
Some of my ballers chose the NBA  
Cuzzo's on the block, man they gang bang  
Funeral parlors makin' all the change

Yeah when my cousin got his first tec  
I was playing Jimi Hendrix in the basement  
All I wanted to be was a rock star  
And all he wanted to be was an Escobar  
El Chapo, Si  
El Chapo, Si  
All he wanted to do was be El Chapo, Si  
El Chapo  
El Chapo, Si  
All he wanted to do was be El Chapo, Si

Gone 'til November, he ain't comin' back  
I was talking bout my homies man that sold crack  
Caught in the trap, hit from the back  
They hid the steel  
Like the owl boy that's hidden on the dollar bill  
Welcome to the rotten apple  
The city of lights  
No matter how days shine  
They can't steal the nights  
Cause when the ghost knock knock  
Just before you guess, red dot at your chest  
The Eagles raid the cuckoos nest  
Better be with them artillery packs  
They be jumping like Jack when they jump out the box  
Ratatatata that's the sound of the gat  
They be flying through the air like vampire bat  
Straight from the back when they attack  
In the middle o' night when you up in the trap  
You keep on bucking, they bucking you back  
In the middle of bucking somebody get flat

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When he bought me that guitar I felt like Prince the artist  
Turn up my guitar  
When my cousin got his first tat  
Acoustic trappin' in the basement  
All I wanted was to be a rock star