

The Last Chair Violinist

Carolyn Rodriguez/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 x 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 doin' 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 rappin' 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.
 He is the last chair violinist,
 the one who brings hope.
To those who are the last chair violinist,
 whose pain no one knows.
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 shit,
lil' young motherfuckers livin' dangerous.
 Claimin' this and chunkin' that,
Makin' more moves than a runningback.
 Up in prison, he was Christian,
 Got no job and his wife is bitchin'.
 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.
 He is the last chair violinist,
 the one who brings hope.
To those who are the last chair violinist,
 whose pain no one knows.

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