South Park Mexican, The Last Chair Violinist

(feat. Carolyn Rodriguez) 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 [CHORUS (Carolyn):] 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 [CHORUS] 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 [CHORUS]