

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