

Hudson Falcons, The

"Latin Knights"

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Esteban sinkin' into the heart of the barrio
He ain't got no money all he got are the clothes that are
on his back
Two cigarettes left can't afford a pack
He's been alone since he was about six
That's when his grandmother died,
all his mother cared about was turning tricks
If she was ever home she'd just beat him to shit
He wanted to hang out with the boys down on the
corner
His grandmother made him promise he'd never do that
She said all that those boys were "oh they're just
junkies and killers"
But he was alone so he had to take his promise back

Esteban went to them late one day
He pleaded please help me I got nowhere to stay
And no one to love, and no one loves me
They wanted to help most of them had been there
To hell and back they knew the boy needed a prayer
So they gave him a chance something that he'd never
seen
They showed him off to everyone all around the
neighborhood
They had him run some shit to prove his loyalty
When he beat up a couple of Flying Dutchmen to help
protect Maria
Mother Pedro said, "Son, welcome to our family"

They Christened him Taurito one day in July
When Pedro hugged him, Taurito he started to cry
Nobody had done that since his grandmother was alive
His new sister Maria said she was so proud of him
They fucked all night but it wasn't a sin
He held her and she held him

Hangin' out on rooftops in Washington Heights
His brothers taught him how to shoot and fight
They laughed and drank wine 'til daylight
Acting tough like some street corner matadors
Taurito's brothers taught him how to score

With the downtown junkies and them uptown whores

That's when the trouble started comin' down
The Shamrocks were movin' in from midtown

Taurito on the corner with a 40 in his hand
A .38 in his pocket he was gonna make sure that they understand
That he's a real man
Pedro took him aside and said, "I'm so proud of you
But you got to take cover when they start to shoot
That's what protection's for, son you've never seen a war"

Meet down at the bodega at half past ten
Pedro made sure everyone knew the plan
Before they stab us we gotta shoot them
Fireworks down on the avenue
All the boys they're bracin' for a fight
First shot rings out at midnight

Taurito took two in the back of the head
By the time he hit the ground he was already dead
In a pool of blood, a couple drops added to the flood
Pedro fell to his knees and cried "La Virgin,
Why did You take my baby boy his soul was so clean
Why couldn't You take me?"
A hush fell over Washington Heights
A silence amidst all the hustles and all the street fights
Never again did the moon ever shine as bright
Those crazy Latin Knights

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