

South Park, Land Of The Lost

f/ Marilyn Rylander

First Verse (SPM):

He was the son of a dope man, what he saw was what he learned

He left school, now it's finally his turn

To rob and steal, but he feels he needs to stop and chill

'cause deep in his heart he knows that God is real

Mama still tries, to open his eyes

'cause the way a man lives is the way a man dies

His father's doing twenty-five to life

'cause the love of money cuts like a knife

Blinding lights, he doesn't know which way to go

His best friend just got killed two days ago

He writes his Dad the first letter that he ever wrote

A little note, about how bad his heart was broke

Before the mail, could even reach his jail cell

The boy was murdered at a neighborhood hotel

selling wholesale just like his pop taught him

Rock bottom, a muthaf**kin' cop shot him

Chorus (Marilyn Rylander):

We always will....

Remember you...

We always will...

Have love for you...

A taste of life....

And now your gone...

You found a life....

In the Land of the Lost....

Second Verse (SPM):

They met when they was teenagers, around the tenth grade

She fell in love, and now he wants to get paid

He convinced her to work at the buck naked

And everything she made dancing he would take it

She got a fake I.D., and a club license
A second life, that she had to live in silence
At seventeen, she got the strength to finally leave him
That's when she met the demon
Circumstances that led to last dances
It was a cold murder, he made sure that he really hurt her
Over dumb shit, but he had to take it further
She hit the canvas, now she at Saint Frances
Six o' clock services, feel the nervousness
Of having to look at death perfectless
I'm smoking roaches burning the shit out my fingers
Remembering the words of the Church choir singers
Chorus

Third Verse (SPM):

Another Mexican gangbanger
A trigger happy ditch digger
Set tripper, wig splitter
Itchy finger quick to blast upon a rival
Vida loca, another word for suicidal
Same color of skin, but different color rags
Browns putting browns up in body bags
Every two or three streets is a different clique
They got no love for themselves so they living sick
For centuries we been filling penitentiaries
It's plain to see, we're our worst enemy
The smartest, most talented of the raza
Is all dead or doing time for a f**kin' Tronza
Geniuses, all dying meaningless
'cause they can't find a way to break free from this
Needless to say, the gangsta that I speak of
G-Love, is laying in a grave that he dug
Chorus (2x