

# South Park Mexican, Land of the Lost

(feat. 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  
Cuz deep in his heart he knows that God is real  
Mama still tries, to open his eyes  
Cuz the way a man lives is the way a man dies  
His father's doin' twenty-five to life  
Cuz 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  
Sellin' wholesale, just like his pop taught him  
Rock bottom, a muthafuckin' 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  
It was a cold murder, he made sure that he really hurt her  
Over dumb shit, but he had to take it further  
Circumstances that led to last dances  
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 smokin' roaches burnin' the shit out my fingers  
Rememberin' the words of the Church choir singers

[Chorus]

[Third Verse (SPM):]

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

[Chorus (2x)]

