

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' penitentiaries
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)]

