

South Park "Land of the Lost"

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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 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

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 fuckin' 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

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