

Limp Bizkit F/ Xibit

"Paradise Lost"

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From B-More Careful to The Chocolate City
Where not so pretty chicks often act sadity.
Tiny cats carry gats, attitudes is shitty.
In the streets they form black committees.
It's simply the call of the wild. The young black child's
in danger; They can't seem to manage their anger.
Unborns is aborted with hangers
Little shorties goin' insane givin' brain to strangers.
Can't seem to change this. The man has arranged this.
Oblivious to it all, we livin' in chambers.
No hope, my man's grandmama sells dope.
Mad drama, the only way she knows how to cope.
Yesterday little Susi got sprayed up in kindergarten.
Now she'll never see the first grade.
That's real! Tell me if you feel what I say.
It's ill when juvenilles kill to get paid.
And mothers suffer and slave to save for another
grave.
That's why they pray when their kids misbehave.
Until the day when the jakes take'em away
They gotta pay for the mistakes they made.

Chorus:

We're in this paradise lost to sacrifice cause
It's war and the streets show no remorse
It's war mad drama plus more in store
They catch bodies just to keep the score...
We're still locked in this paradise lost to sacrifice cause
It's war and the streets show no remorse
It's war mad drama plus more in store
They catch bodies just to keep the score! (twice)

The art of war documents crime rhyme sequels
lions & weasels Quoting signs of evil, man-kinds and
peoples.
Street-Cats got nine lives to bleed through
Fiends giving brain for french-fries and needles!
Plus any challenge these minds find is lethal
They teach little kids to blame the tribes of Hebrew.
Neglected, you could say it's lack of perspective
But I knew Gina, Ishmael has shot for a necklace!

He got knocked driving a stolen Lexus
At the same confines Po-Po infested
It's 25 to life, a soldier's reflection
Its old soul mirrors an unspoken death-wish!
Inmates offered a sort of protection
Until his ass got moved to the HIV-section!
Now, that's real in these fields of sorrow
If parents misbehave, their children follow!
They squared 41 shots to kill Diallo,
And it's 40 shots too much for me to swallow,
Let's, build our boroughs and seal tomorrow
Sending out messages in Olde English bottles. What...

Chorus: Repeat

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