

# Land Of The Lost

X-Raided

Many muthafuckas didn't make it,  
Other niggas locced up cuz they couldn't take it,  
The ghetto got it's claws in my back tryin' to keep a nigga down,  
I'm cryin' out for help, but help ain't nowhere to be found,  
So what can I do?  
Pursue other avenues to get revenues,  
Tryin' not to be the next boy on the Channel 3 ten o' clock news,  
Facin' interrogation, fuck an explanation,  
It's time for declarations with exclamations,  
I'm sick and tired of muthafuckas in my business,  
All up in my mix like sugary Kool-Aid worried about who I paid,  
And who I didn't, I'm tired of spittin' happy raps,  
I'm ready for representin',  
My fifty collar clips spit happy caps,  
It's gettin' hard to be a G, P.D. wanna see me rot  
In the penetenairy doin' centuries OH MY GOD!  
What do I do? Where can I go? What can I say?  
I'm in the Land, of the Lost, with no escape  
Stuck in a whirlpool gettin' drug down,  
We was four deep but I'm the only one now,  
How long will I last before I fall off?  
Runnin', for my life, in the land of the lost  
Stuck in a whirlpool gettin' drug down,  
We was four deep but I'm the only one now,  
How long will I last before I fall off?  
Runnin', for my life, in the land of the lost  
Christmas missed us again,  
Poppa robbed 7-11 so now he sittin' in the pen,  
Ain't no presents up under the tree for me,  
No toys to enjoy, cuz Mama's unemployed,  
Your boy had to face reality at an early age,  
StepDad beatin' on Mama cuz he had a bad day  
The drama was thicker than Hill Street Blues,  
Wanted to get a .22 and buck him, so you can see it on the news  
Now my shoes was holey, pants was old,  
Birthdays was fucked up, all I got was clothes,  
A lil' Bebe kid, young Pro-Wing sporter boy,  
Wearin' turtlenecks, and thick-ass corderouys,  
Never got along in Junior High, got bagged on, beat down,  
Hoes laughed at me,  
But I tried to be cool, I tried to fit in,  
But then I said "Fuck it!"  
and started comin' to school with a Mack-10,  
Got a nigga for his Nikes and his Starter coat,  
I got another for his bike, got another for his loccs,  
Robbed the same 7-11 as Poppa,  
I went and bought a coat down, and some khaki suits, now I'm proper,  
Blocc ah-, filliated at only fourteen,  
I'm doin' what I want and can't nobody say a thing,  
And it seems like I'm out of control,  
I don't know where I'm headed, the Land of the Lost got my soul  
My Mama said there would be days like these,  
The Ghetto on my back beatin' me down to my knees,  
Disease, infected,  
Children, neglected,  
Everywhere I look, I don't see nothin' but crooks,  
I rejected, the knowledge that my Mama tried to give,

I told her "It's my life and I'm the one that's gotta live",  
Mistaken prone, thinkin' I'm grown, doin' whatever I wanna,  
Nigga's on his own, all alone, no one in my corner,  
I got a job at Dairy Queen servin' double burgers,  
Moonlightin' as a Bloccer servin' double murders,  
My first check was only fifty bucks,  
So fuck Dairy Queen, I got back on my the scene,  
And stacked some real green,  
But opportunies is limited, it's either sell drugs or fast food,  
And you know which one I choose,  
Cuz it's win, lose, or draw, in sickness, in health  
It's represent the turf,  
Cuz don't nobody else give a fuck,  
The only love I ever felt, came from the homies and myself,  
I want wealth, and power, no matter what the cost,  
That's all that's on my mind, in the Land, of the Lost  
Stuck in the whirlpool....