

## **Big Lokote "Psycho"**

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Hahahahahaha! What's up mothafucka's! This Big Lokote, here at the Green Studio with the homeboy Coyote! Hahahahahaha! Hi-Power Soldiers!

I'm a fallen angel from the heaven screaming hate, muerte makes you sleep, suicidals in my veins. Blinded by the violence, hallucinating, with darkness on my mind, P-C-P murder fiending. Frustration got my soul, that's right, feeling death, panic paranoia 1-8-7 is my friend. In my eyes you'll see the flames of hell, and angels killing demons, their madness in the air. Disciple of doom, crying tears of blood, in the cemetery laughing with a grudge. I'm a lunatic and I still don't give a fuck. I'll snap you in the fucking head, than hang you with your guts. Leaving bodies cold, dead on the floor without a soul. Spilling blood of innocence and leaving hollows in your dome. Execution will befall on your hood and reduce you to tears, because I could. Bring the tragedy and evil to your spot with vala shots and your body hugs my slug from the trueno that I shot. Well I'm a killa, unstoppable and full of danger, fucking up your streets with my heart full of anger.

Chorus

Going crazy but psycho, talking bout, lunatics through the night yo, holding out, talking bout going psycho, crazy now, lunatics going crazy, crazy now. Going crazy but psycho, talking bout, lunatics through the night yo, holding out.

(Coyote)

From the cut the homeboy, I knew with then someone strappin, who's surviving, who's the fallen, who's the crazy one cappin. Think it's me and I'm trippin and the memories going blakin, fuckin ey trust no man, you now the drill, no slackin. So I'm touching on the trigger, keeping eyes on these vatos, getting crazy with me, yo! I'll blast them arato. Don't fuck with me now. Something crazy lokotes, borderline, psycho, qiuvo, Coyote, puffing on the ronque, the kind is, we smoke it. I'm a tell you once, then we get to buis locing, crazy

mothafuckas out the cells I've choking, stabbing and poking, human laws broken, my mind feels the pain mostly stories, I tell em. I see the enemies and focus, I shell em. My folks tells me slow down mijo, my child, a little on the wild side, pshychos gone wild. I'm trippin of the next hi, eyes wide open, guns of the side out the ride g's locing, survival thought me one thing, survive no jokin.

Chorus

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I talk a lot of shit and I'll think just what I say, don't dance with the devil. Unless you want a date, with the shadow of death. That got you in his sight, the screams of my gun lighting up your fuckin sky. Leaving you with sorrow, I'll release the tragedy. Like a reaper with revenge, with body parts all to the streets. The man with no face is calling out your name, executing war, with a deadly rampage. From the uzi nine mila-mita, fuck fleeing the murda scena, grab at the cuete cause I'm going to make a murder fall. Cuete gonna studder, decapitation in the murder hall. Death pain and misery, Aqui para Sur Thirteen. Murder fiend I'll leave a body on the ground, killin every mothafucka enemiga with the mita round. Make you die cause I'm a psychopath, dropping enemigas with the murder I command. Fuck haters I'm a homicide ya, AK-47 be tha vallas that'll find ya. Carcus of a dead muerta leva, cuerno de chivo te saca la mierda. Aqui para la cuatro fuego trueno, funerals, Y campanas suenan. Puttin work that you've never seena con el pinche cuete que te mata como cida. Murder death is what I'm dancin. Hells in the air from the gunfire clapping and I'm droppin destruction, you bitches collapsing, leaving your families, fill you panic.

Chorus

Going crazy but psycho, talking bout, lunatics through the night yo, holding out, talking bout going psycho, crazy now, lunatics going crazy, crazy now. Going crazy but psycho, talking bout, lunatics through the night yo, holding out.

Going crazy but psycho, talking bout, lunatics through the night yo, holding out, talking bout going psycho, crazy now, lunatics going crazy, crazy now. Going crazy but psycho, talking bout, lunatics through the

night yo, holding out, talkin bout going psycho.

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