

## DJ Tururu

### "Lunatics in the Grass"

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Intro

Straight from the Psycho Ward  
Once again

Verse One: B-Real

Psycho from the ward, a warning, a fucking scandal  
Lookin' around, paranoid devoid the funk banner  
In the combat, the banana leaf control  
A sea, bring a pound of weed and get sold  
You going crazy, can't understand  
Why you never face me? Don't foil the plan!  
Head-to-head combat, I'm on that mission  
You wishin' to disappear? Some mission is closin' near!  
Sick-o!  
Strumming through the hall, yes y'all!  
Hear the call to the D.A., fucking D-E-A  
They all wanna raid my spot and take hits  
But I'm breakin' that L.A. Law like Jimmy Sprits  
Insane, crazy in the head it's lead!  
I'm loco, 'til I'm dead, enough said!  
Actions allowing the words to barrage in  
From having all the way down, to the depths of Hell  
You hear me? Lunatic in the grass, lost  
You a psycho, like my nigga Jack Frost?

Chorus

Looney, lunatic turned sick  
Psycho, crazy in the head, I go  
Can't keep my head straight from the laws I break  
You too, y'all twistin' up my mind state!

Verse Two: Jacken

For those who really don't understand  
Why we, going insane, just acting crazy!  
Buggin' now from, all the things I see  
All tread bad and I meant in 3D  
We be the psycho doers, turned killers

Only to survive all these street cop killers  
I'll tell ya now, nobody's everlasting  
Even if you try, but you laugh it won't be subtracting  
It ain't no thing but mad  
You better give it up, you steppin' to a psychopath  
Game over, I'm intoxicated, never sober  
When one steps up, I'm poisonous like a deadly cobra!  
The only reason why I say this  
Is because y'all breakin' this (?) got me tripping  
One can only maintain, for so long  
'Til all the screws in your head are loose and worn  
Now you're the (?) straight psycho remain nameless  
Only known from crazy acts, making you famous

#### Verse Three: B-Real

I'm the locust pocus, tell me how you feel  
When I smoke that motherfucker coming for the kill!  
If the criminal element, unfolding  
But the reckoning, brings settling with the metal shit  
Breaking out the .45 sick, to get live  
If you arrive, don't get nervous! You wanna surface  
Sick, insane in the brain, I'm trippin'!  
I'm sippin' on the wine, it's all in the mind, flippin'  
We dippin' now, you make me wanna shout  
Talk about, my mental state  
Think I need to rehabilitate  
Wipe the slate, look inside your fate, can't wait  
But don't you motherfuckers can't come in the gate!  
Get your ass on, you pass on, we blast on  
The gats armed, shitted on the last one, c'mon!  
Psycho assassins smashing your membrane  
Lunatics in the grass, feeding it to your vein!

#### Chorus X2

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