

2Mex f/ Sick Jacken , Xololanxingo

"Doctors, Drums and Danger"

Visit "[Doctors, Drums and Danger](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Xololanxingo]
Psycho Realm
The Mexican Descendent
Xololanxingo
Sick Jacken
2Mex (2Mex...)
B-Boys in occupied in
Doctors, drums and danger

(Main Verse)
[Xololanxingo]
A message to the village idiots
A Mexican
Descendent, Psycho Realm are the quintessential sac
religious
Affiliates, envious doctors
To the snakes and the spiders, my rebels to the fake
and the
Biters
When I left the squad
I got one breath left with death threat from God
Ah
With the extraordinary urgency
2Mex is needed for heart culinary surgery
Ha
You got a spot on your retina
I got a penicillin refillable syllable shots full of
Teflon
And I'm hovering like Tiger
Hellion, I'm a love it when I stick it in the belly of the
Beast
With the Psycho Realm
The police, they got our lives all on microfilm
But that's okay
I'll live to see another day
I got tabs full of words that'll wish you away
We're like
Tito Santana
Meets Hercules Hernandez
You're gonna need an antenna just to
Understand this

I'm a militant mil mascaras
I'm diligent when I'm peelin' your casa

[Sick Jacken]

When you step into the scene, expect what will occur
You remember hearin' the drum, the rest is just a blur
Underground sound, it's just a slang in slur
When we sippin' sick juice and illuse
Sick words
Burned by society, left there with asses
Hangin' in the waistline, we Sickside classes
They flash us, the gang signs, the badges, then blast
us
Despite the drama
We still bring it to the masses
Rob documentary style (Yeah)
We film the
Realm, what we build to create a song foul
Fans, they go crazy, at shows, make it all worthwhile
If you ain't breaking your neck, fool, you're in denial
The doctors, drums come in, we're too sick to cure
Contaminate our minds, but our hearts remain pure
The plan is secured, soldiers rest assured
Spur the moment, sparks of truth will occur
I got two rap sheets, one with crimes, one with rhymes
Most cycles on the street hurl along the same lines
Psycho cause we're steadily losin' in prison minds
Sometimes, we get a glitch, cop bitch and come find
With full raids
Where fools rage and pigs masquerade
Invade my whole shit, their own laws get disobeyed
Straight from police scene, by releasing the hate on the
Sickest beats, with speak, on streets, we roam crazed

[2Mex]

You wanna live in the palm of the devil
Die as a rebel
Reveal revelations
To the point of a nuclear disaster, we're factored
To the rapture, captured by the columnists
Searchin' for significance, driftin' towards a bias
preference
Even as an old mayne
There's no freedom
On the other side of the gate
This world is a prison
Measurin' your whereabouts, suffocatin'
Heredity animate me, social realism
From the pyramid to the paradox
Where all three-strike offenders
Rendered as a lifeline

Get snorted as a cokeline {*sniff*}
How high will you get
Before I have to
Blow that ass up just like Steven Nicks
Lying in a hospital, sick
I'm lyin' to
Escape this hazardous trick
Medical America
By lethal injection
There's rooms that react to this in selves
It's like where dreams to a toxin polin and
Crawlin' in through the layers of an ocean
The modern count of justice
Zero
Be hear, the poison begins within our earlobes
This, age
Of blasemy
Sent an Aztec team on the street corner
While Michigan gets blast at me

[2Mex]
We've got bigger problems

Visit [2Mex f/ Sick Jacken , Xololanxingo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.