

## Psycho Realm

### "Gun Control"

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What makes a crowd scatter more than street sweeper  
With guns like that, don't matter who's deeper  
Crew or solo you say fuck it  
The streets are armed to the teeth the bullets comes,  
Duck it  
Enemies suck it, sum hollow points from my joint  
Squeeze the trigger like it ain't nothing  
You got gats with a nickel wrap stash out the mini mack  
Cancel the little rat that's how we interact  
Who got their finger to the pulse of the street  
It's the soldiers on the ave. with the toast or the  
Heat  
Keep friends at arm's length enemies closer to me  
Whack'em out in the ride and re-upholster the seat  
Tommy D. way with Jimmy The Gent Conway  
Wrong place, wrong time and definitely the wrong day  
To dabble a bit in the ex-coin way  
Use your gun to commit a heist, preciese robbery It's a  
Hobby  
Will you steal again? Probably  
I win the lottery when I stick 'em up come on pick 'em  
Up  
Your hands where my eyes see I ain't sloppy  
I got Crow waiting outside in the gilapi  
Surveillance watch me cover my grill with the mask  
Properly  
Flip the camera off with sick mockery  
All these guns trying to pop me I'm dodging constantly  
On top of all that I got the one time stalking me  
Hook:  
In my city blocks are just like battlefields  
With soldiers on the street It's kill or be killed  
Tephlon shields still laeve heads revealed  
So even if you got a bullet proof keep you eyes peeled  
In my city gun control means one thing  
How you handle your gun and control the sting  
Through weapons trafficking on the streets form crime  
Rings  
We're heavily armed ready for anything  
(Cynic)  
I'm from the city where it's needed to be heated and

Carry a piece  
No matter your street  
You weak you're getting smoked or caught by police  
You bot to speak don't go for the cheese  
You'll be fine just stay alive don't die while you  
Sleep  
You see we different we're high in degree, knowledge  
is  
Deep  
Carry the metal to settle and cook up the beef  
We stay cool during the heats smoking swishers  
sweets  
Where armed to with females, weapons, lyrics and  
beats  
An army we deep, in whatever city you want we could

Meet  
We're hard to defeat, my military train the elite  
You see the technique, your armed forces couldn't  
Compete  
You big or petite, the nine will you straight off your  
Feet  
Cause we're two calibres, too big for your frame  
Rhymes and fist you don't want to exchange  
We're some animals that can't be contained  
Some phenoms that can't be explained  
Surrounded by peons and snakes that want a piece of  
the  
Cake

Hook:  
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Teflon shields still leave heads revealed  
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In my city gun control means one thing  
How you handle your gun and control the sting  
Through weapons trafficking on the streets form crime  
Rings  
We're heavily armed ready for anything  
(Jacken)  
Sck dogs run street politics so stay out of it  
A handful of sickos determine just how it gets  
A hollow tip headed your way sometimes you just  
swallow  
It  
Bystanders get slipped you don't got to be a part of it  
-More guns, no funds-These blocks are strapped and  
broke  
You don't got to do much to provoke  
When You're eyeing that muthafucker that's toteing the

Iron

He got the nine in the waistline bullets are flying

(Cynic)

Don't get caught in the cross fire

There's several different metals to settle the bullshit

With bullets

One banana clip would cause a big movement

Homeboy froze, got perced, now he's leaking fluid

You don't belive me watch when your closet go through

It

This is some real shit, get broken quick

Get your spirit ripped, you get your people clipped

The red dot don't miss, It's either mine or his

My millie's well gripped

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