

Psycho Realm

"Psycho City Blocks"

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We came to drop these styles; it's no shock
We rock 'til the cops come and knock non-stop

We come from psycho cities and blocks
We're raised by gunshots low life in hip hop

Despite the rules I choose to be, one of the chosen
few
Leavin' you confused, dazed and what got you all
amazed
How the fuck we could be so blazed?
It takes one block to fill your life with terror
Think of all your bullet holes embedded in your area
Bullet, bullet and in the end, who gets shot
By motherfuckers making hip hop?
We came here to get you high, represent underdogs
world-wide
On the hustle leading crooked lives
We don't die, we multiply; but we divide
So how are we gonna survive?
You got your role, I got mine; don't cross paths
Cause an intersection's just another form of clash, we
crash

Due to violent environments, crimes terrorize rhyme
events
I'm bringing the streets to the stage, rockin' your front
page
L.a., street families are crumblin' we legacies
There must be some type of way out of this pain
Said the joker chain smokin' weed train
Take aim stop random cappin', shoot a hootah captain

Chorus:

We came to drop these styles, it's no shock
We rock 'til the cops come and rock non-stop
Do you rock or do you get locked in fights with glocks?
The psycho realm's spraying out your box
We come from psycho cities and blocks
We're raised by gunshots and low life in hip-hop
Do you rock or do you get locked in fights with glocks?

We come from psycho cities and blocks

Will spirits dancing in the flesh accept
When somebody changes the music and the tune is
death
We don't dance around bonfires
We get stoned, tripped or wired
In memory of those expired
My people's exodus results in prejudice
You ask us why, in poverty, we become terrorists
Now let me tell you this: we don't choose to tote gats
And sellin on the corner is to avoid tax
If you gun talk or hip-hop there's too much division
So find a new mission or it'll stop
We do our thing, talk slang, live on fast lanes
Some do it for money, and others for the fame
You're out playin games dangerous with high aim
How long will you maintain before you get slain?

Clearing the mind but my soul is mad
Tendency to act real bad
Come across me don't c.o.m.e. out at n.i.g.h.t.
Yeah, we the fuckin crazy youth from the streets freely
You see me pelon psyclone delivering a metal
rainstorm

Chorus

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