

Psycho Realm "Showdown"

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Run around downtown, cliques throw down in the mix
Clowns and infinite showdowns
Battle grounds all break down, world's upside down
Making wicked smiles, wicked frowns, we get down
With our own gangster sound

Static kingdoms break you and your manhood shallow
With shanks of venom metal
Rattle fuckin' snakes, I'm as high as the stakes
Quarter ounce of weed to the head, no breaks, homes
wait
Street wars we get in them
Furious fist on my wrist is gonna get them and you

Out of frictions comes static causing mad panic
In the streets, the dramatic battles increase
We see more wars, less peace, we're even fighting
police
Resulting, they're our biggest enemies

Lifestyles of the criminal be wild
You wanna see more action, hold up, wait awhile
Fist crash, giants clash
Putting on the face of the devil mask, doing brain bash

Look out for the showdown
Crazy in the head, locos 'bout to throw down
Look out for the showdown
Crazy in the head, locos 'bout to throw down

Watch out, look out, look out, watch out
For the showdown, you better slow down
Give me fifty feet or better
Keep your eye on the barrel of the beretta

The lead comin' to wet'cha
Spread your body parts all over the continent
I'm a dominant mothafucka, but you're the opposite
Turn around, put your hands on the side

Are you aligned by the sunshine on your gun?
The outcome, you're just another one soul

Flyin' into the heavens, hit by the 5 7
Ass end scraping, illuminating the whole block

They all flock in anticipation
You're getting rolled by the dayton
Now I see your hand shaking
You walked out of this situation

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Images of war weapons, the psycho presence
Blood wettens, stains the curb where you're steppin'
Deadly ground's the home of all showdowns
Come into my kingdom, sirens rattle eardrums

It ain't one on one no more, it's gun on gun
Bullets take the place of fists, so what's the outcome
Crazy wars, severe scars, if you're just like me
You're defending what's yours, taking no loss

We're heavy duty like tanks
This is my two chrome shanks
Criminal styles point blank
You think my music is crazy like Tony Montana

Fumando marijuana con Santana tomorrow
I might not be alive, so I wanna bring all the enemy's
sorrow
I rock the block with the music maniac
Tied back locos seekin' that warpath

Why don't punks be legit, they'll all bring havoc in their
head
A psycho will shoot some dead
That's the fundamental to a fucked up mental
Now you got a gun, your life's a psycho realm

My strategy, assault battery
Runnin' through your neighborhood in cliques of three
Smokin' in the battlegrounds on wild streets
And wild showdowns, enemy take a look around

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