

Psycho Realm

"Street Terrorism"

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Sick footage of the streets in heat
Raw action flood the concrete
My team walks through the night
And fight in the light of a terrorist dream
We watch the scene unfold
And hold all of you to the floor, cold war
Screams alert if heard
By anybody giving a fuck if you're hurt
We die, bring self-defeat
And break schemes of the enemy fleet
Planned missions are guaranteed
If done in the style of the kamikazi
(Jacken)
We are the undetected
Infiltrate your zone silently, but violently
Get our point across hit you vitally, quietly
Entering your key structure while we casually
Place the ball in time tragedy
15 minute time limit 'til its finished
Will it blow up the spot? Killing everybody in it
Get it, hit it direct, the object's to break spirit
Inflict damage like terror so they feel it
Fear it, in this era more than ever
'Cause we even sacrifice reflections in the mirror
Like third world soldiers don't stop 'til we fold ya
Rotate like folders can't nobody hold us or trace us
Through composite sketches were faceless
And we strike
You can expect truly tasteless raw footage
See through the scope of a missionary
Acting out predictions of the visionary
hook:
Carry out the plans we command, hits
Targets cease to exist
Lost troops assist and don't miss
We come through, true street terrorist
(Duke)
Strapped with the hit and run attack
Blast all the flags on the map and pull back
Act like sick ass tank
And smash all the cars in your way that claim crash
Flash Your weapons, soldier

Take care of the gun that I sold ya
Here's the orders, street gangs
Run through the city as no one with no border
No more shoulders on the wall
Follow the line, walk down the hall
No more sheriff busting my balls
If we all make sure the law dogs fall
(Jacken)
When you look at it defensively
They're striking us with full intensity
Mentally physically they're killing me
Filling me with narcotics
Flooding my blocks with this product
You bought it soon and now it's psychotic
It's all plotted terrorism and we got it
Tail and gun in hand we shot it
Silently they sensor us
Physically they treacher us
Venom programming our minds like public cinemas
Unnoticed they desensitize infiltrating through your
eyes
In disguise over televised drama glamourized
What we wise here saturated lies
Get inside your mind now you think patternized
Chrome city endless guns for the gritty
Give me one come see me mimic Frank Nitty
Rock Steady in this land we play deadly
Games soundtrack by misery voices daily

Hook:

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Targets cease to exist
Lost troops assist and don't miss
We come through, true street terrorist

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