

## Psycho Realm "The Killing Field"

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THE KILLING FIELDS

(G.Gonzalez, J.Gonzalez, C.Vargas, R.Alfaro)

(Jacken)

Street theater's a dramatic depiction of non fiction

Showing the co-existence of harmony and friction

We document our situation

Pro-abolition of static bringing those on a mission

The rendition of the street is territory counts as power

Defence and attack clash with firarm showers

The irony of casket flowers, that at violent hours

It's self-inflicted, controlled by watchtowers

Meanb streets, pavement, concrete

Triggers force heat thugs aim for defeat

The origin of the war is still unknown beef

Your crew will run deep six feet below streets

(Crow)

Everything appears as crystal clear with no dust

The covers the clutch, look behind it, it's rust

Fear loose screws like us that known too much

Confused by the news stay glued to the streets

Survival sources emergency forces

Sweep thru to treat you from hurting

Heats keep burning, the worldnever started turning

You're learning thru the pain of lyrical

Doses of vain juice that hit the brain and

Make you go against the truce

Thru the use of abusive music

Severing nuses hanigng in to bump the box

Proving that these L.A. blocks won't stop

Harm's ticking like a clock arm on the glock

Cocked back spit the bullet to split

The walking stick talking shit, end up chalked up stiff

Keep on killing 'cause you can't stop it

Hook:

In the killing fields I run with my stee

You better recognize the war's here for real

You might murder against your will

And some run around with intent to kill

Il swear to uphold my mission

And that's fight to the bloody finish

Through the whole war I hold the position

Madman troop fold opposition

(Duke)  
No scar on your soul  
When You fight on like a true psycho  
Roam inside the circle  
And go crazy like sicko  
Go stand on the front lines  
And pick up on the signs of war time  
One time makes strange days  
Now we run wild in the fields with the blade  
Come take a stand, my man  
Or end up in am of steel rain  
Shots, puncture wounds, straight pain  
Aun't no time to explain  
The action that caused the chain reaction  
Explode, the whole world red code  
Truth gets sparked, you lay cold

And watch this revolution unfold  
(Jacken)  
Ghetto street pavement shelters static  
And harbor the spark of automatic weapons  
Setting the tragic funeral traffic  
Congested onhighway  
Planet caravan for respect before you lay  
Why wait continue the killing  
On barren fields that yield no real scrill  
How silly !  
Street clowns frown in bad times  
Which probably explains mad dogs and high crime  
Influx of murder deluxe to strike us  
Bust so repeated at sight of cars my blocks ducks  
Dodge bucks cops rush, you're a double-sided target  
Scapegoat strategically placed, fate's out to get you

You better watch yourself  
'Cause in the killing fields they will get you  
(Cynic)  
An awful tragedy can rapidly make your life unhappily  
For living so nastyt seems like everything came  
crashing  
Sou your main attraction of all the fucken blastin'  
No satisfaction for livin' life so drastic  
A chain reaction of all the bad that happens  
We landed in an area where crime goes on  
From dusk 'til dawn  
Say a prayer before walking through the killing fields  
Where shit is real  
Where people die over crooked drug dels  
Can you feel living ill depending on your steel  
To make that dollar bill, robbing people for cheap thrills  
Kill at will is taught in his life of dark, raised like hogs

Danger lies in the streets and ghetto parks  
Lives are marked by a deadly art  
(Duke)  
Soldier, don't ever stop war  
'Til the fucken battle's over, yeah  
Come down with intent to drown  
In the madness filled with sadness, frown  
I know, as soon as I roam  
Paths of destruction through psychones  
Blow telephones and microphones  
All form of communication gone  
Through they run around murder bound

War time folk are found in downtown  
Hook:  
In the killing fields I run with my stee  
You better recognize the war's here for real  
You might murder against your will  
And some run around with intent to kill  
Il swear to uphold my mission  
And that's fight to the bloody finish  
Through the whole war I hold the position  
Madman troop fold opposition

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