

Psycho Realm

"The Killing Fields"

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[Sick Jacken]

Street theater's a dramatic depiction of non fiction
Showing the co-existence of harmony and friction
We document our position
Pro-abolition of static bringing those on a mission
The rendition of the street is territory counts as power
Defense 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
Confusion by the news stay glued to the streets
Survival sources emergency forces
Sweep through to treat you from hurting
Heats keep burning, the world never started turning
You're learning through the pain of lyrical
Doses of vain juice that hit the brain and
Make you go against the truce
Through the use of, abusive music
Severing nooses 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

[Chorus: Sick Duke]

In the killing fields I run with my steel
You better recognize the war's here for real
You might murder against your will
And some run around with intent to kill
I swear to uphold my mission
And that's to fight to the bloody finish
Through the whole war I hold the position

Madman troop fold opposition

[Sick 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 aim of steel rain
Shots, puncture wounds, straight pain
Ain'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

[Sick Jacken]

Ghetto street pavement shelters static
And harbor the spark of automatic weapons
Setting the tragic funeral traffic
Congested on the highway
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 nasty, it seems like everything came
crashing
So you're main attraction of all that fuckin' 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 deals

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

[Sick Duke]

Soldier, don't ever stop war
'Til the fuckin' 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

[Chorus]

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