

## Q-Tip

### "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; dont 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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