

The 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 haningng 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 on 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 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:
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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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