

Psycho Realm Revolution

B-Real

I roll harder than I ever did, smarter than I ever was
Careful what you're caught up in, gangster a hustler
Enemies are close by with emptying semis
I'm friendly and carrying a grudge, we don't budge
Try to judge, we the ones screaming out fuck love
Meaning we don't give a fuck what you're thinking of us
Cause when you grow up in the lost cities, better be quick
Cause bullets are coming at a high velocity spit
Searching for the lost souls, all of them are hostile
This is what it costs you travelling the crossroads
Paint it like Picasso, memorize how the song goes
Got you in a stronghold in song mode
The last of the psychos, ride the legend
It's a fine line to ride between Hell and Heaven
This is what you waited on, others hated on
Still we made it on, never faded on
Haters say we take it long

Crazy ass psychos looting
It's the return of the Psycho Realm Revolution
It's the streets and the coppers are shooting
Pick up your guns cause we're back to what we were doing

Drinking, fighting, and shooting
Pick up your guns, it's the Psycho Realm Revolution
The Sick Side Army is moving
Through the streets, it's a Psycho Realm Revolution

When the Realm returns with two thirds watch the game be burned
Cyclone, hurricane and the crazy
Sick Side Army stay on me, this lady
I keep my skill fine tuned with a daily
Some Jack and herb, a little bit of talent
Will get my mind right for spitting these words
We're still here homie, fuck what you heard
The games going to the street and it so happens that's where I serve
Still fuck the hoolah, we still fuck with the psycho buddha
On the hill where they burn weed like plastic shooters
These Glock 17's, they drop enemies
It rarely happens till the meth and rock intervenes
I pen a scene, this menacing like any target
Getting in the way of my red vision killer beam
Go solo, get a team, keep yourself barely seen
And get prepared for the return of the Eloheem

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We're the reason that you got blown, the legend is colossal
Sicker than we've ever been living by the lost code

Thoughts on the long road, we carry momentum
With the venom to send em home and end em
Let it be known we steadily readily roam
chrome to ripping a clone
And making you disassemble the microphone
Return of the cyclone, smoking of the pipe blown
I and my disciple got you in a blindfold

My brain's stained with visions of 'caine, I'm on the fast lane
Bullet train takes me to a prison for fame
Rap street slang cause man, these streets don't listen the same
The psycho, they just click and they aim
Some of them slain, most are insane
And they don't really give a fuck about the death or the pain
Know what I mean? My music soundtracks this
Everyone should have this
Nowadays the exchange of tracklist is

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