

## Lost Cities

## The Psycho Realm

I told the tower of power we can work together  
But I guess they rather see wars and scars better  
Street veterans holding enemy bandera  
And then we're caught up in the web of the guerra  
We're all fightin' and fightin' and lose lives  
At the end everyone dies  
We're all cursed like that bu the maker  
No muthafucka shall be a life-taker  
We cross the firing line, sickos on both sides  
Terror strikes under streetlights and grow  
More out of control and psycho

My realm is downtown, rampart district, pico union  
We shatter illusions with weapons we're using  
Or sets we're choosing  
No Rolls we roll old-mobile  
More real than majority, we're docile but still  
Other sides get more peeled hit by street teams  
Big paybacks and police beatings  
I can't replace my home with peacefull silence  
But my roots are planted in this city of violence  
We call it Lost City where angels roam committing unknown  
Ghetto prone guarding the zone  
>From all damage but can only manage to handle  
Partial scandal. What's your angle? Crooked or vandal? Or killer  
Plot filler drug dealer we all co-exist in this thriller

Chorus: X2  
Look around, it's in your town  
Deadly sirens brings on violence  
Take heed to this warning bad times stormin'  
War between city blocks and cops

Watchful eye, resident die  
When they see crimes go down and drop dimes  
It ain't no lie these days become strange  
How many people go shootin' at the street range  
Arms armed at those that control felon man chains  
Explain why I'm target to homicide  
Flash throwin at my head code red leavin' soldiers wasted, dead

Truth sparks revolution and is therefore labeled violent  
Condemned to the silent movement of rebels who are defiant  
Sick-ciders spreading our venoms like sick spiders  
We construct a web and catch all those who fight us  
Capture threads at your head  
Crash units switch to code red  
Find you in a ditch undercover dirt bed  
Who said they was untouchable but instead  
Catch the end of their ropes all hopes bled  
Out your village, pillage empires rank higher  
But in the end cities get lost in the crossfire

Everybody wants a piece of your pie, do you qualify?  
Or will you die like all the others?  
Survival is your onlt means, or will you suffer?  
From those bad dreams are you still losing tour will to live and

Let live in the land of the chaotic, abusive "Lost Cities"  
Filled with narcotics?  
Two times to the power, I planted a bomb in the tower  
Going off every hour  
No prisoners in the laws of wars that you saw  
Imagine all the sick individuals  
Down for the cause  
We all come from the sick side of town  
But some of us stay underground in the unfound Lost Cities

I need your help to gain control of the Lost City  
Fight to survive, something crazy has just happened  
The captain of the justice system runin' the show is psycho  
I claim to be a big part of "Empire Strikes Back" at rampart  
Rivals thrown in a vicious cycle livin' in the city that's lost

Chorus: X2

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