

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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