

# Showdown

## The Psycho Realm

Run around downtown, cliques throw down in the mix  
clowns and infinite showdowns  
battle grounds all break downs; world's upside down  
Making wicked smiles wicked frowns, we get down  
with our own gangster sound  
static kingdoms break you and your manhood shallow  
with shanks of venom metal  
rattle fuckin' snakes I'm as high as the stakes  
quarter ounce of weed to the head no breaks home wait  
street wars we get in them  
furious fist on my wrist is gonna get them and you

out of frictions comes static causing mad panic  
on the streets, the dramatic battles increase  
we see more wars, less peace, we're even fighting police  
resulting, they're biggest enemies  
lifestyles of the criminal be wild  
you wanna see more action, hold up wait a while  
fist crash giants clash  
putting on the face of the devil mask doing brain bash

Look out for the showdown  
Crazy in the head locos 'bout to throw down  
Look out for the showdown  
Crazy in the head locos 'bout to throw down

Watch out, look out, look out, watch out  
for the showdown, you better slow down  
give me fifty feet or better  
keep your eye on the barrel of the beretta  
the lead comin' to wet'cha  
spread your body parts all over the continent  
I'm a dominant mothafucka, but you're the opposite  
turn around put your hands on the side  
are you aligned by the sunshine on your gun  
the outcome: you're just another one soul  
flyin' into the heavens hit by the '57  
ass end scrapping, illuminating the whole block  
they all flock in anticipation  
you're getting rolled by the dayton  
now I see your hand shaking  
you want our of this situation

Images of war weapons the psycho presence  
blood wettens, stains the curb where you're steppin'  
deadly ground's the home of all showdowns  
come into my kingdom , sirens rattle eardrums  
it ain't one on one no more, it' gun on gun  
bullets take the place of fists so what's the outcome  
crazy wars, severe scars  
if you're just like me, you're defending what's yours  
taking no loss

we're heavy duty like tanks  
this is my two chrome shanks  
criminal styles point blank  
you think my music is crazy like tony montana

fumando marijuana con santana tomorrow  
I might not be alive, so I wanna bring all the enemy's sorrow  
I rock the block with the music maniac  
Tar back locos seekin' that warpath  
Why don't punks be legit, they ell bring havoc in their head  
A psycho one will shoot them dead  
that's the fundamental to a fucked up mental  
now you got a gun, your life's a psycho realm  
my strategy assault battery  
runnin' through your neighborhood in cliques of three  
smokin' in the battlegrounds on wild streets  
and wild showdowns, enemy take a look around

[Chorus]