

Psycho Realm, Moving Through The Streets

I'm from the family sick symphonies underground crowds are into me
Got out the industry 'cause the label became my enemy
It wasn't meant to be the machine was just trying to censor me
Didn't do it for sony so they ended up releasing me
Independent no longer locked down for an infinity
So my vicinity remains true to my identity
Sick jacken exploiting the sound verbal attacking ear drums
From where you're standing you'll catch the rapping
Music of the mask infiltrate past blast out your loud speaker
Haters get ass we get the last laugh like bloodstone
Look at the picture tell me what's wrong
Earthquake weather turned la into a flood zone
We dry it up come with the raw when we transmit the rhyme network
Psycho realm that's my conecta

Sick f**ks backing the music with drugs
And now we're taking over the scene we're straight thugs
Hit the exit move the package as we get it
Sick dogs push in the gates and invade it
Moving the revolution through using
All kinds of musical forms of confusion
You win the area battle raw fusion
And fights that light up the night and spell ruin
For street teams caught in youth groups of two's and three's
Means they're shooting soldiers into the county

Radio alerting the streets reach those available
Decide which way to go and which not we move unfadable
Unbreakable underground sounds will be invading you
There's nothing you could do we're breaking through

We move through kingdoms of violent silent weapons
Employ those firing

We're dying
While the puppet master's jerking strings smiling we're fighting
In the street ring not even defying the plan
They set the money bait and we're biting
We document images on song using vocal print
On how you get prepared to go to war against the monument
It's always been and will always be crooked government
Controlling the streets running shit while we're gunning it
Die on it bleed with more numbers than we succeed
Statistics recording the growth of the bad seed
Moving through streets packing my piece watching for peace disruption
And the corruption on the police don't cease
Is there an ending before decease?
Or is death the only exit buried and then released?

Moving through streets we see enemy forces
We drop multi bombs and then flee
All competition will reach defeat
And targets in my mission will die technically
Physically bringing you storm it's on
'til the end of the war has been won you've been warned
Swarm with the strength of destructive psychones
And police crews get introduced to straight harm
Abused 'cause you want me to lose
They're to protect and serve but never to follow the rules
Street soldiers refuse
We come in the midst of hate with the fate then you're through

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