

Psycho Realm, Order Through Chaos

The simplest shit ain't plain to see
Chaos floods the life on these streets
Took a wrong turn on burned concrete
And now the enemy dies for free
Real young guns are kept firing
And the clowns that are holding it down are smiling
We kill our own and bring sirens
And act out the ultimate plans of fighting

Chaos serves as smoke repeated hoax to screen
We lose control confused in the midst of staged scenes
Media invented unrelented reports presented
Often enough to make us think our world's tormented
Sentenced by the momentous news of feuds we side and choose
Use weapons and step in the trap we lose
Pick up wars designed to scar and kill ours
All because the broadcast flashed ghetto stars
How much television you watch you tube whores?
Keep score and wake up or they'll do it some more

Crazy times and wild headlines
Document the city routine with hard rhymes
Blinded street teams clash
And push our message across the news flash
Baldheads are sick minded
And anyone who crosses the path is found dead
Through tv set nonsense
We sit and fit as the face of violence

(chorus)
We roam the streets all lost

And get caught up in a world of chaos
Survive or defeat concrete jungle
Ex-out the weak order out of wild streets
We roam the streets all lost
And get caught up in a world of chaos
Survive or defeat concrete jungle
Ex-out the weak order out of wild streets

They keep order by making street corners gang borders
Beating down king and setting the theme for riot starters
Cop quarters can't maintain the disorder
So they call the national guard to come strike harder
Rolling deep headed for florence and normandy where all you see
Building on fire chaos on roman streets
Hope is cheap sold by the local thief relief from the common grief
Served on a platter shatter your smallest dreams
Pig chiefs are referees on gladiator fields
We're too busy dodging the sword truth stays unrevealed
Sealed all filled in the federal cabinets
Classified order through chaos for world inhabitants
Can you survive these real hard times?
Wild confrontations of mine, well, alright
We go to the streets at night
And fight in the sick-ass side show of mine
We play the government role
And straight up f**kin? smoke the rival
We plan you will fall
And leave you wasted on arrival

Chorus (x1)