

# Psycho Realm, Sick Syde Drop

## Chorus 2X

This one goes out to big Duke and sick Jack  
Sporty and them Street Platoon vatos sick syde's back  
With the type of stuff they bumpin six-duce's and Cadillac's  
The type of stuff that even if you ain't smokin it's all that

## Verse 1

It's 'bout the most love the most hard most tatted  
Most mind scarred most taken for granted  
The most underated remain the most creative  
Rip rhymes like Bobo bang drums the most faded  
See this right here is for those who gon ride  
Have my back no matter how many vatos is outside  
And yes y'all we got alot of em high  
From the East to the West but all the sick syde  
We down to help B-Real keep the world stoned  
That's why smoke spit up out boca and cloud zone  
I had a dream that it help the ozone  
And also relieve mi tension when not home  
Chorus

## Verse 2

Yo delincuentes man yo battle stations neva the fast lane  
You know the stye you know the sound you know the name  
My lyrics fly like projectiles in many styles  
I've been making ends 'cause I had to since I was juvenile  
Everyday angel everyday Angelino  
And everyday I pray my family my homies and primos  
Delinquent to what's tight like M.C.'s to teflon  
They been wrong my story's long still I'm singin my song  
For two days in the Valley shows got rocked non-stop  
Delincuente seleccion Sick Syde realm psyclone  
The venue nicely packed the crowd got blown back  
The chips was nicely stacked hats off to all them cats