Psycho Realm, Street Platoons

Chorus (x1)
Time is short and my life is sick
That's how it is man look at this shit
You get abused by street platoons
Hit you like wind and what-cha gonna do?
We break circles of enemies blocks get shot with defeat
They say no drive-by's on the street
So mutha-f**kas run rival sweeps

Sick platoons flood the streets of los Like a sick typhoon Mutha-f**kas drive by world wide And everybody you and I know dies The only guarantee in life is death your last breath Come when your famo least expect it Soldier run wild in your song Red dawn strikes your back in dead 'nam Your mind's flipping but the scene's dead calm And your whole world's thrown and wrapped in psyclone Alright ride through the city like that Pants, t-shirts are creased and stole gats La undercover shoot to kill Child of the streets run wild in war fields Scheming on pigs that start shit Guilty treat us all dirty filthy

The streets are flooded with budded corrupted minds running Those who can't cut it Leave the hoodlum studded ghetto wondering what is The excuse or reason for high treason In blasting season leaving one of your color bleeding Repeating never stopping body dropping 'hood rocking window glocking zone shocking Defending pavement attacking, facing arraignment Jail's enslavement shackled for justice to the plaintiff When the charges stick that's it you get hit with some bid For what you did prevent and rid some kid of his chance to live 'cause of the block he lives in Not giving a f**k just trying to win your block ribbon Glock driven joining street platoons like it's some fashion Going out of style so you catch it for some action It's no joke homeboys get smoked, poked, 'cause they provoke Locked on dope no hope for growth that's why we're broke Short pocket street criminals fail to lock it but crime sky rockets So where the f**k is the profit? Maybe in hands of those who supply drugs and weapons Let's take that shit back by forming neighborhood connections

Chorus (x1)