

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)