

# Psycho Realm, Bullets

[b-real]

Lost dreams of innocence long past  
Through time memories burn and fade like ash  
Through the crosswinds through the crosiers  
Let the bullet strike  
Through the teflon and on and in  
Feel me penetrate the skin  
So I could travel unravel the whole in your shell  
I'm gonna send you straight to hell  
Now your lifeless God bless your soul and lay to rest  
It's useless I go through the west chest cavity  
Area let them bury your shell deep in the earth  
Where you dwell in your wooden cells

[jacken]

Gang insignia splits your familia  
Let me break it down mira  
You're slaying mothaf\*\*kas that look loke you do  
Dying off slowly is the only rule  
In this rate chase, crews choose paper chase  
Almost always illegal, regals and banbidos  
Coverment tactics pack this street with plastic  
Dreams and fantasies of getting paid drastic  
But most get blasted all you fanatics  
Out for cheese and g's cease dramatics

[mr. duke]

In this chapter, we're gonna define  
Why rivals die, bullets fly, they fill skies  
And we die faster then we multiply

[jacken]

Bullets pierce through sky like a storm  
You're warned and if it hails you die  
Assassins passing through your block blasting action  
Dust gets kicked up in violent fashion  
Trigger men get figured in

Solitary cages through the ages  
We've been taken for by the other side  
They split us up in cliques and pitch the homicide  
They use, divide and conquer, they no longer will survive  
Supply the guns and ammo, then watch the color die

[b-real]

Bullets are on a mission  
To search and destroy  
No names attached just convoys  
Deployed on your team  
You wanna scheme dreams of material vision  
My squadron of 36 is on a mission  
And I'm on you like flies on shit  
And I got back up with 36 more in the clip  
As I come to expand and change dimensions  
My philosophy becomes high with bad intentions  
It s a vengeance  
Like bees to the hive  
Strive to stay alive and live through the drive-by

[mr. duke]

Who really remembers the blastin'?  
Five minutes of crossfire, action  
Two sides fight in the night

And thousands of nameless bullets  
Fly by, aimless  
In your direction  
Making rivals die on occasion  
Yeah enemies muthaf\*\*ka  
Take in all of my steel, bleed  
Hot metal get thrown away  
On the streets of l.a. as I run away  
In this chapter, we're gonna define  
Why rivals die, bullets fly, they fill skies  
And we die faster then we multiply