Lost Cities

The Psycho Realm

featuring be-Real

[Mr. Duke]

I told the tower of power we can work together

But I guess they rather see wars and scars better

Street veterans holding enemy bandera

And then we're caught up in the web of the guerra

We're all fightin' and fightin' and lose lives

At the end everyone dies

We're all cursed like that bu the maker

No muthafucka shall be a life-taker

We cross the firing line, sickos on both sides

Terror strikes under streetlights and grow

More out of control and psycho

[Jacken]

My realm is dowtown, rampart district, pico union

We shatter illusions with weapons we're using

Or sets we're choosing

No Rolls we roll old-mobile

More real than majority, we're docile but still

Other sides get more peeled hit by street teams

Big paybacks and police beatings

I can't replace my home with peacefull silence

But my roots are planted in this city of violence

We call it Lost City where angels roam committing unknown

Ghetto prone guarding the zone

>From all damage but can only manage to handle

Partial scandal. What's your angle? Crooked or vandal? Or killer

Plot filler drug dealer we all co-exist in this thriller

Chorus: X2

[Mr. Duke]

Look around, it's in your town

Deadly sirens brings on violence

[Jacken]

Take heed to this warning bad times stormin'

War between city blocks and cops

[Mr. Duke]

Watchful eye, resident die

When they see crimes go down and drop dimes

It ain't no lie these days become strange

How many people go shootin' at the street range

Arms armed at those that control felon man chains

Explain why I'm target to homicide

Flash throwin at my head code red leavin' soldiers wasted, dead

[Jacken]

Truth sparks revolution and is therefore labeled violent

Condemned to the silent movement of rebels who are defiant

Sick-ciders spreading our venoms like sick spiders

We construct a web and catch all those who fight us

Capture threads at your head

Crash units switch to code red

Find you in a ditch undercover dirt bed

Who said they was untouchable but instead

Catch the end of their ropes all hopes bled

Out your village, pillage empires rank higher

But in the end cities get lost in the crossfire

[B-Real]

Everybody wants a piece of your pie, do you qualify?

Or will you die like all the others?

Survival is your onlt means, or will you suffer?

From those bad dreams are you still losing tour will to live and

Let live in the land of the chaotic, abusive "Lost Cities"

Filled with narcotics?

Two times to the power, I planted a bomb in the tower

Going off every hour

No prisoniers in the laws of wars that you saw

Imagine all the sick individuals

Down for the cause

We all come from the sick side of town

But some of us stay underground in the unfound Lost Cities

[Mr. Duke]

I need your help to gain control of the Lost City

Fight to survive, something crazy has just happened

The captain of the justice system runin' the show is psycho

I claim to be a big part of "Empire Strikes Back" at rampart

Rivals thrown in a vicious cycle livin' in the city that's lost

Chorus: X2

[Jacken]

Look around, it's in your town

Deadly sirens brings on violence

[Mr. Duke]

Take heed to this warning bad times stormin'

War between city blocks and cops

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