Psycho Realm "Sick Dogs"

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Chorus (x1)

Sick dogs collide with your stride

Break them off a left and then right

Fight all over these streets

'till I meet defeat I'm with these

Blocks that rock so many

Wanted by most ain't touched by any foes

Inside circles

Attacking like packs of real sick dogs

Running wild, crazy

Sick in the head get out of hand daily

Sick dogs got one screw missing

Are you a pel $\hat{A}f\hat{A}^3$ n psyclone on a mission?

Sick dogs we run deep creep come up while you sleep

The strong pray on the weak drop your heat

And protect yourself defend yourself stop the shoot up

Tatted down saying fuck the jura you're a sick dog

Running right through your city of sin

Look alive as we all fall in

Some might fall when the circle spins

And who knows when the show will end

Look at you throw against somebody

Run around and around fighting

Hand to hand combat is starting

And you with no combat skills are falling

For real you know we get down

In sick-ass world downtown killing fields

Learn soldier grills

Fuck'em all up on the street real quick but don't kill

Ill mutha-fuckas will make you feel that fear

Hold still

Some might stand and some might fall

What kind of man are you? we're sick dogs

Chorus (x1)

Dance of the dead results in code red Fatal blows to your whole head

City troops are sent and violently

Answer calls but they're all scared

Beware of the cold hard stare

Of a sick-ass man who ain't all there
I dare the dogs of law
To come inside my world they all fall
I lead the rest of the pack
And send them on commands of attack
Once you run there's no way back
And we can't let you go fuck that
Don't spare the lives of enemies
On these war frontlines they all die
War pigs and us don't mix
Watch'em all drop in the pit

Chorus(x1)

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