

The Troggs

"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 pelÃ³n 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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