

## **The Troggs**

### **"Street Platoons"**

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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-fuckas run rival sweeps

Sick platoons flood the streets of Los  
Like a sick typhoon  
Mutha-fuckas 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 fuck 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 fuck 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)

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