

# Psycho Realm, Sick Dogs

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 pe&#x201c;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 f\*\*k 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

F\*\*k'em all up on the street real quick but don't kill  
Ill mutha-f\*\*kas 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 f\*\*k 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)