

Street Dogs, Hands Down

All about control, that's the plan
Hitting her makes you feel like a man
It's a sick and twisted brutal game
Won't stay silent to this abusive shame
Can't justify raising those hands
Don't raise your hands

(Chorus)
And you say she had it coming
She's out of control
But there is no excuse for this
No way to quantify the toll

It's not right to hit her, to instill fear
Or keep her down... Hands down!
Got to talk it out peacefully, kill that siren sound
Cause this is it

All night shouting rips through quiet
Sense escalation inevitable fight
Next you hear pleas for pity
Then you eye that phone intently
Make that 911 call to the city

(Chorus)

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(Chorus)

She needs a say as well
Her voice not a hinderence
Talking with her beats shouting abuse
Step up and be a man
Her fair treatment is the plan
Deescalation is the right choice

(Chorus)

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