

Bred to Be a Thug

by Lindsey Eck

I can hardly move my chain
I never get a hug
I'll never get a biscuit
'Cause I'm bred to be a thug
I'm not a bait dog
Not a hate dog
But Master's got the bug
He makes us fight for money
And I'm bred to be a thug

I wish I had a family
I'd stretch out on the rug
I'd be a guard dog
Not a scarred dog
But I'm bred to be a thug
I'll eat your chow for breakfast
For lunch I'll have your pug
Dinner's your chihuahua
I'm bred to be a thug

They say I am a pit bull
But I'm nothing but a cur
I'll take your pup and tear him up
And leave a patch of fur

I wish you'd rub my belly
Give my ear a tug
Pet me lots
Get my shots
But I'm bred to be a thug
I'm tired of tiny cages
I'm tired of all the drugs
I only want a future
But I'm bred to be a thug