They call it a scene I call it disaster Down here the kids grow up faster Scared they're scared to the bone Like a pack of wolves they don't run alone One on one they won't look you in the eye But when the pack's together there's a battle cry I saw it fifteen on one When the crowd dispersed the kid was done No (no more) No (bad town) No more bad town Yeah down there you gotta have a label Just like a cattle in a stable Knee jerk reaction I call it violence Why speak out when you could be silenced Down there on the dance floor Too much violence I dont want more Down there out on the street I can see the air I can see the heat