

Apologize

Hollywood Undead

[Chorus: Danny]

We don't apologize,
And that's just the way it is.

But we can harmonize,
Even if we sound like shit.

Don't try to criticize,
You bitches better plead the fifth.

We've been idolized,
Role models for all the kids.[Verse 1: J-Dog]

You heard us before,
But that was just a little sample.

We're back for more,
Here to set worse example.

Chop it up,
White stuff let's begin.

Big wolves lining up,
And scoring little pigs.

Still drunk,
And we're doing it again.

With a huff and a puff,
I'll blow and burn down your shit.

Learn it out,
Pitch-black grin still white skin.

You know I'm hard to kill,
But real I am moving in.

I'm putting twenty-two down,
While I'm puking up blood.

You know I'm here to stay,
Yeah fuck I'm gonna die young.

Now my posse's getting big,
And my posse's getting bigger.

It's one eighty-eight minus one,
You know the figure.[Chorus: Danny]

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It's easy to be drunk,
When it's hard to be sober.
I'mma steal your leased Rover,
And pull police over.
I'm a mean smoker,
Who reaks of weed odor.
Certified street soldier,
Devil on your teen's shoulder.
Don't invite Scene over,
He pees at sleepovers.
He asked your sister out,
Just so he could cheat on her.
What a creep loner,
Shit I couldn't sink lower.
You just got a mean boner,
From a Charlie Scene poster.
If I'm popping a wheelie,
It's 'cause I'm jacking your bike.
Got my middle finger raised,
As I'm running red lights.
I'm known to punch them in the dick,
At the end of a fight.
And I never say I'm sorry,
At the end of the night.[Chorus: Danny]

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So many dollars,
Stuffed in my wallet.
Chain's so bling,
Yeah you know that I'm a baller.
We can take the blame,
'Cause your parents don't wanna.
They roll their blunts,
With your marijuana.
How can I run,
When the pigs got a chopper?
I got a gun,

But they got a lotta.
Shooting at the sky,
With a mother fucking sawed-off.
God bless a Catholic,
Forgive me Father.
Now what's a man to do,
When another holds a Bible?
Vatican's suing me,
Holding me liable.
Confessions of a kid,
And they call him suicidal.
Deadbeat such a sinner,
But we call him a child.
How can you blame him?
A playground they're dealing.
The mother's still buying,
The father's still preaching.
And now it's up to me,
'Cause no one's gonna teach him.
Now nobody,
Nobody needs them.[Chorus: Danny]
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