

# Usual Suspects

## Hollywood Undead

I think I've lost my mind  
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Woke up one morning on the sunset strip  
Put the half smoked blunt and some blood on my lip  
Hit up the brain for that Mary Jane  
Man, all she had left was mÃ©nage Ã  trois  
Rolled in the pink I picked up some Cuervo  
Walking sideways and I'm starting to swerv-o  
Last night was wild put my money a jumbos  
Wine and dine, tig ol' bitties and bimbos  
Hollywood rap pack, cans in my back pack  
Cruise through your valley and I'm snatchin' your snapback  
Huffin' on some paint and I think that I'm half black  
Roll another blunt and fuck it up over this track  
I think I've lost my mind  
But I'm feeling so alive  
What a pity, it's so pretty  
Looking through the bars and I see my city  
I think I've lost my mind  
Yeah I'm feeling so alive  
What a pity, it's so pretty  
Looking through the bars and I see my city  
If everybody gotta be everything they wanna be  
I don't think I'd see you bitches sitting right in front of me  
Look into the windows, packing up the pistols  
These bitches talking shit about a Hollywood hit song  
You can come West but you will never be West Coast  
Dumping all these motherfuckers deep in the DeSoto  
Oh no, tell me whatcha wanna be  
You can be anything but not another three  
Got the holy roller, slow blood soaker  
The mask on the page of a wanted poster  
Look into my eyes and tell me what you see  
The wickedness in you is the wickedness in me  
I think I've lost my mind  
But I'm feeling so alive  
What a pity, it's so pretty  
Looking through the bars and I see my city  
I think I've lost my mind  
Yeah I'm feeling so alive  
What a pity, it's so pretty

Looking through the bars and I see my city  
How did I let this happen?  
This life I can't get back from  
This fully loaded magnum  
If you got some questions, ask them!  
I turn into a mad man like Dahmer mixed with Manson  
I'll take your soul for ransom, make you scream my fucking anthem  
I'm knocking at your door  
I'm pacing back and forth  
You better board up your windows 'cause Imma start a war  
Or maybe I'm just trippin'  
This weed has got me spinnin'  
Undead until I die so when I die you know I'm livin'  
I think I've lost my mind  
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What a pity, it's so pretty  
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