

Dead In Ditches

Hollywood Undead

That's when we,
That's when we,
That's when we ride.

That's when we,
That's when we
Ride on these bitches.

That's when we,
That's when we,
That's when we ride.

That's when we,
That's when we
Ride on these bitches.

That's when we ride on bitches,
You fucking faggot snitches,
So don't you try, we're packing 9's,
We leave you dead in ditches.
That's when we ride on bitches,
You fucking faggot snitches,
So don't you try, we're packing 9's,
We leave you dead in ditches.

Don't get us wrong
We only made this song,
To make you feel hard
When you hit the bong.
When the 40's up
And then the 40's gone,
To lick shots kill cops,
To a hip-hop song.
So pull them toasters
Out them holsters,
Pull that shirt right
Off your shoulders,
Pull that 9 this is how you hold her,
Pull that trigger, H.U. soldiers.
Punk, rock out on the block,
Tick tock you can not stop (stop),
Hip-hop like when we drop top so hot

Johnny 3's been drinking whiskey,
Trigger finger feeling frisky,
When you shoot it's so damn risqu

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