Dead In Ditches

Hollywood Undead

[Intro: Deuce]
Fucking faggots.
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![Đ¡horus: Deuce]
That's when we ride on bitches!
You fucking faggot snitches!
So don't you try, we're packing nines!
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 nines!
We leave you dead in ditches![Verse 1:Johnny 3 Tears]
Don't get us wrong we only made this song,
To make you feel hard when you hit the bong.
And 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 nine, this is how you hold her,
Pull that trigger, HU soldiers!
Punk, rock out on the block!
Tick-tock, you cannot 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 risky,
Dead in a ditch but I hope you miss me.[Đ¡horus: Deuce]
That's when we ride on bitches!
You fucking faggot snitches!
So don't you try, we're packing nines!
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 nines!
We leave you dead in ditches![Verse 2: Charlie Scene & Funny Man]
Wait up, hold on, oh no,
Got you faggots in a choke-hold.

And I think I like you but my 9 sho' don't,
And how many shots till you hit that flo' I bet fo'.
Yo Charlie, you loco.
Fo' sho', how many people dipping in my four-door?
I see 3.
Bitch no, there's 5 in the back and your girl's on my lap,
She's a down-low, pro hoe fo' sho'.
What, what the fuck did I just say?
I don't ask any questions I just spray.
So hey, what I may say may be risque,
Deuce made me this way.
That's why you don't want no beef,
'Cause me verse you's like beat the geek.
So we can talk right or in the street,
But my gun talks first 'cause he loves to speak bitch![Đ¡horus: Deuce]
That's when we ride on bitches!
You fucking faggot snitches!
So don't you try, we're packing nines!
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 nines!
We leave you dead in ditches![Verse 3: Funny Man & Charlie Scene]
In the Coupe DeVille with the shiny rims,
Playing these bitches like a violin.
I got more freaks than a carnival,
Pop the trunk, there's my arsenal.
I got bats, gats, straps, so let's start a war,
I'll eat you alive like a carnivore.
My guns need nicotine they smoke more than me,
I'm with my boy Charles P. he'll go to war with me.
Oh wee, yo, King Kong swinging from a tree!
Dropping on these haters so they bleed!
I'm coming at you bitches full-speed!
Funny Man lay off the weed!
People get jealous when I'm skating on Daytons,
And that's like Freddy Krueger hating on Jason.
That's got the Funny Man losing his patience,
Leave you dead in a ditch on Highland and Franklin.[Đ¡horus: Deuce]
That's when we ride on bitches!
You fucking faggot snitches!
So don't you try, we're packing nines!
We leave you dead in ditches![Brige: Deuce]
UNDEAD!
WHAT?

SAY "WHAT THE FUCK!"
SIX SHOOTERS UP!
NOW WHAT THE FUCK?
POINT THEM UP![Verse 4: J-Dog]
If it's time to ride, who's down to ride?
Undead, pop shots, we're down to die.
Who's down to die, who's down to die?
Undead, pop shots, we're bound to ride.
Black hat sideways, white-bold LA,
Flat on your back leave you smoked like an ashtray.
Waist split, face ripped, nod if you're listening,
Shot to the cross, leave you dead like a Christian.
Pop, pop, your heart just stops, stops,
When I just cock, cock,
My gun 'cause I shoot for fun,
That's how the west was won.
I sell an ounce and then I sell two more,
Then I come to collect with the pistol 44.
There's some truth to the that about the weed gat,
You may never know just leave it at...[Outro: Deuce]
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!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/