

Bottle and a Gun

Hollywood Undead

It was once a dark lonely summer's eve on the lonely streets of Sunset
When the Lord called upon 6 crazy M.C's
J Dog, Charlie Scene, Johnny 3 Tears, Da Kurlzz and Tha Producer
Hey, uh, man you forgot the homie Funny Man, c'mon And I can show you how to hump without making love
The way you look at me I can tell that you're a freak
And I'll be laying in the sun, bottle and a gun
The way you look at me I can tell that you're a freak My clothes are always retro
Sexual like I'm hetero
And I play a bitch like Nintendo, Zelda
Take a fun ride in my Benzo Funny as fuck, I should do stand up
Bust caps at the crowd like I don't give a fuck
Fuck you, got a gold ass grill
Hit me on the sidekick if you wanna chill Hop in the ride, let's roll
I'm a baritone with a voice that's so low
It'll make your speakers explode
And I'll drop your panties to the floor, ah Let me bend you over, let me lay you sideways
Hop in the back girls, freaky Fridays
If you got beef, then you better step up bitch
Hollywood Undead ain't nothin' to fuck with And I can show you how to hump without making love
The way you look at me I can tell that you're a freak
And I'll be laying in the sun, bottle and a gun
The way you look at me I can tell that you're a freak Girl come and smoke my pole like a Marlboro
Introduce me to your mom as Charl-O
It's Charlie Scene, shake your ass to the bass
Wait till you see my face, hey bitch Wear them tight jeans that show your ass crack
My first name gives Vietnam flash backs
I get drunk and do the same old, same old
Take three girls home and call them Charlie's Angels What'chu gonna do after we get signed?
I'm gonna lose my mind
Get 30 inch spinners and pimp my ride
Go back in time, be there that night and save 2 Pac's life Then pay my fine for getting caught fucking on the
Hollywood sign
I got the game on lock, I'll have a bottle and a glock
With biceps like The Rock
Buy Tom's soul back from Rupert Murdoch, hey And I can show you how to hump without making love
The way you look at me I can tell that you're a freak
And I'll be laying in the sun, bottle and a gun
The way you look at me I can tell that you're a freak Get down, I'll show you how
C'mon girl, let me show you how

And let's get freaky deaky nowGet down, I'll show you how
C'mon girl, let me show you how
And let's get freaky deaky nowAnd I can show you how to hump without making love
The way you look at me I can tell that you're a freak
And I'll be laying in the sun, bottle and a gun
The way you look at me I can tell that you're a freakGet down, I'll show you how
If you got beef then you better step up bitch
Hollywood Undead ain't nothing to fuck withGet down, I'll show you how
I'll have a bottle and a glock with biceps like The Rock
Buy Tom's soul back from Rupert MurdochBitch, what motherfucker?

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