

Undead (Dj Philodelphia d/n/b rmx)

Hollywood Undead

Undead!Undead!Undead!Undead!Undead!(Undead!)

You better get up out the way,
Tomorrow we'll rise so we fight today,
And no, I don't give a
Fuck what you think and say,
Cause we are gonna rock
This whole place anyway.
(Undead!)(Undead!)

You better get up out the way,
Tomorrow we'll rise so we fight today,
And no, I don't give a
Fuck what you think and say,
Cause we are gonna rock
This whole place anyway.
(Undead!)Now I see that mother

Fucker writing on the wall
When you see, J-3-T, 30 deep he's down to brawl
Fuck those haters I see,
Cause I hate that you breathe,I see you duck, you little punk,
You little fucking disease,
I got H.U. tatted on the front of my arm,
The Boulevard, brass knuckles
In the back of the car,

Cause we drunk drive Cadillacs, we never go far,
And when you see us mother fucker's,
Better know who we are.I got one thing to say
To punk asses who hate,
Mother fucker's who don't know what,
You better watch what you say.From these industry fucks,
To these fagot ass punks,
You don't know what it takes,

To get this mother fucking drunk.I'm already loud maybe,
It's a little too late,
Johnny's taking heads off,
Of all the fagots who hate,
Cause I am God mother fucker
And there's a price to pay,
Get out my gun, mother fucker
And it's judgment day!(Undead!)

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Tomorrow we'll rise so we fight today,
And no, I don't give a
Fuck what you think and say,
Cause we are gonna rock
This whole place anyway.
(Undead!)(Undead!)

You better get up out the way,
Tomorrow we'll rise so we fight today,
And no, I don't give a
Fuck what you think and say,
Cause we are gonna rock
This whole place anyway.
(Undead!)I'm getting used to this nuisance,
And all the fags who bad mouth this music,
How fucking stupid and foolish
Of you to think you can do this,
You cowards can't, you never will,
Don't even try to pursue it.

I took the chance, I played the pill,
I nearly died for this music.You make me wanna run around,
Pulling my guns out and shit,
Your tempting me to run my mouth,
And call you out on this bitch,
How ignorant you gotta be,
To believe any of this,
You need to slit your wrist,
Get pissed and go jump off a bridge,What? You can't see the
Sarcasm in the verses I spit?
What? You think I just got lucky
And didn't work for this shit?
Bitch. I've been working at
This ever since I was a kid,
I played a million empty shows
To only family and friends.What kind of person can
Dis a band that deserves to get big?
I hate to be that person when
My verse comes out of the kid's lips.That shits as worse as it gets.
This verse is over, I quit.
Signed Charlie Scene
On your girlfriend's tits.(Undead!)

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And no, I don't give a
Fuck what you think and say,

Cause we are gonna rock
This whole place anyway.
(Undead!)(Undead!)
You better get up out the way,
Tomorrow we'll rise so we fight today,
And no, I don't give a
Fuck what you think and say,
Cause we are gonna rock
This whole place anyway.
(Undead!)White boys with tattoos,
We are pointing right at you,
We are breaking everything,
R-rowdy like a classroom, pack of wolves,
Cause we don't follow the rules,
And when you're running your mouth,
Our razor blades come out, Why you always pressing?
You know I'm never stressing,
With fucking DMS,
J-Johnny to my left,
Got Phantom and the rest,
Who are down there at the west,
A grew up by drive-by's and LA gang signs, So what the fuck do you
Know about being a gangsta?
What the fuck do you know
About being in danger?
You ain't doing this,
So you know your just talking shit.
Mad at all the boys because
Every song is a fucking hit. (Undead!)
You better get up out the way,
Tomorrow we'll rise so we fight today,
And no, I don't give a
Fuck what you think and say,
Cause we are gonna rock
This whole place anyway.
(Undead!)(Undead!)
You better get up out the way,
Tomorrow we'll rise so we fight today,
And no, I don't give a
Fuck what you think and say,
Cause we are gonna rock
This whole place anyway.
(Undead!)Mother fucking time to ride,
(Ride) (Undead!)
See you duck when we drive by,

(By) (Undead!)
Mother fucking time to ride,
(Ride) (Undead!)
Why don't you punks just die (die),
(Die) (Undead!)

Songwriters

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