

Comin' In Hot

Hollywood Undead

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

If you got Jack in your cup, go raise it up
Go raise it up, go raise it up
If you ain't got enough, go fill it up
Go fill it up, go fill it up I'm gonna chase this whiskey with Patron
I wanna girl in my lap with a Jagerbomb
I'm comin' in hot, ya heard me
And I'ma make it rain on the girl who serves me I drink a fifth of vodka 'til it's gone
And if it feels so good then it can't be wrong
I'm comin' in hot, ya heard me
We keep takin' shots, and if not, you nerdy We only leave a pre party to go party some more
I'm already shit faced before I walk in the door
This girl's rubbin' on my leg, I never met her before
And now she's makin' her way onto my gentleman's sword It might be the drugs talkin' or the shots of Patron
But these bitches look like models and they're ready to bone
I take 'em back to my parents house and we'll be home alone
Slapin chicks and have 'em yelling like Macaulay Culkin She's tearin' it up, yeah she's dancin' her ass off
This girl's like a Mac the way she's ridin' my laptop
I'm tryin' to get my rocks off so don't try to cock block
I'll grab my sawed-off and blow your cock off You know we drink so much, we gettin' drunk for weeks
We drink so much Goose, we turnin' into geese
Me and my crew slidin' V in through VIP
These bitches play my skin flute like they're Kenny G I'm gonna chase this whiskey with Patron
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And if it feels so good then it can't be wrong
I'm comin' in hot, ya heard me
And we be taking shots and if not you nerdy If you got Jack in your cup, go raise it up
If you ain't got enough, go fill it up
If you had too much, go throw it up
And if you ain't got shit, throw ya hands up Yo, I roll dump drunk on my Razor
Fuck all the haters

Packin' a fat glass of Jager
And I'm drinkin' makers
Don't need a chaser
Ordered it 'cause we're mind erasers
Grab the party favors
Save those for later
I'm a team player
Take ya shots like the Lakers
Check out the Gators
Yes, I'm a gangster
And I got my ice on my neck
Ben and Glaciers
Now it's time to blazer
Who's got the paper?
I heard there's an after party
Up at John Mayer's
Hope it's a kegger
Nope, but it's catered
'Bout to squeeze buns like a baker
Girl, you're in danger
Run like a hanger
And I'm 'bout to black out
Like I'm Darth Vader
So grab my lightsaber
Savor the flavor
Yeah, you know these bitches
Love singin' like a sailor
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