

# Undead (live)

## Hollywood Undead

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You better get up out the way

Tomorrow'll rise so let's fight today

You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say

'Cause we gonna rock this whole place anyway

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You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say

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Now I see that motherfuckin' writin' on the wall

When you see J3T thirty deep, he's down to brawl

Fuck all haters I see 'cause I hate that you breathe

I see you duck, you little punk, you little fucking disease

I got HU tatted on the front of my arms

Boulevard, brass knuckles in the back of the car

'Cause we drunk drive Cadillac's, we never go far

But when you see us motherfuckers, better know who we are

I got one thing to say to punk asses who hate

Motherfuckers don't know but 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 motherfucking drunk

I'm already loud, baby, it's a little too late

Johnny's taking heads off of all the fagots who hate

'Cause I'm like God, motherfucker, there's a price to pay

Yeah, I'm a God, motherfucker and it's judgment day

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You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say

'Cause we gonna rock this whole place anyway  
I'm getting used to this nuisance  
And all the fags who bad mouth this music  
It's fuckin' 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 paid the bill, I nearly died for this music  
You make me wanna run around pulling my guns out and shit  
You're 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, 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 would diss a band that deserves to get big?  
Hate to be that person when my verse comes out their kid's lips  
Shit's as worse as it gets, this verse is over, I quit  
Signed Charlie Scene on your girlfriend's tits

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White boys with tattoos, pointing right at you  
We are breaking everything, 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  
Because it's nothing in my life except my dick and what I spit  
So my dick is in my hand when I respond to fagots talking shit  
Speaking of fags, already wrap in drag  
We killed him and then we stuffed his body in the Cadillac  
Why you always pressin'? You know I'm never stressing  
With Loki DMS, Johnny to my left, got Phantom and the rest  
Who are down there at the west  
I grew up on drive-by's and L.A. gang signs  
So what the fuck you know about being a gangsta?  
What the fuck you know about being in danger?  
You ain't doing this, so you know you're just talking shit  
Mad at all of us 'cause every song is a fucking hit

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Motherfuckin' time to ride, ride  
Undead

See you duck when we drive by, by  
Undead

Motherfuckin' time to ride, ride  
Undead

Watch you punks just die, die  
Undead

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