The Kids

Hollywood Undead

[Intro: Deuce]
Scene kids, ghetto jeans, gangsters,
40s and the bling-bling sidekicks,
Rolling with the cleanest feel.
Shorties, homies, Hollywood, Moscow,
Shake that ass like you care,
Wave your hands in the air.[Chorus: Deuce]
I go "no, no, no",
When I see J-Dog, Darth the Sun God.
They keep it hard.
We move slow, slow, slow,
Shorty get that ass on the dance floor,
Ashley K. come give me more.
Oh.
Hoe.[Verse 1: Deuce]
Black shirts, Honda Civs, MySpace,
Gangsters don't know how to act,
Killer tat dancing to the phattest tracks.
Wood ranch, Hooligans, Jeffree Star,
Niggas in Shit Alley show me where you at,
Beauty bar we getting fat.[Chorus: Deuce]
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When I see J-Dog, Darth the Sun God.
They keep it hard.
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Shorty get that ass on the dance floor,
Ashley K. come give me more.[Verse 2: J-Dog]
J-Dog just broke up with my girl,
So from now on you'll see me at Club World,
Moscow 82, beat it, beat it through your skull.
In the back of Shit Alley,
Get ready for me to grab your drink,
And show you my grand finale.
B-B-Been accused of being a scene kid,
But I get pussy as is.
'Cause your girl just MySpaced me,
I blew off a date with Jeffree.
To chill with her, to drink with her,
To flow with her so I can fuck her.

I light the dance floor on fire,
82 isn't over you fucking liar.
Will someone please delete,
Ricky's MySpace account?
Don't let me find out who took EvanThomas750's out,
'Cause I'll knock you the fuck out.
Drinking 40s with the Frauds,
On the phone with my mom.
'Cause I can't pay my rent,
Money was lent.
Messaging my wife,
Getting drunker than life.
And I'm on the dance floor,
But I always want more.
Fuck the pain away,
Make it through the day!
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Make it through the day!
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Ashley K. come give me more.Yeah, what's up to Killed By the Rich?
A to the S to the H to the O.
Endless stream of bombs.
What's up Jay and Bill?

Hey Matt I was just kidding dude.
You don't believe me, just ask.
I'm chilling with Jeff listening From First To Last.

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