

Bottle and a Gun

Hollywood Undead

[Intro]

It was once a dark lonely summer's eve
On the lonely streets of Sunset
When the lord called upon 7 crazy m.c's
J Dog, Charlie Scene, The Server, Da Kurlzz, Shady Jeff, 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 her for a 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
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Girl, come and smoke my pole like a Marlboro
Introduce me to your mom as Charles
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 Veitnam flash backs
I get drunk and do the same old, same old
Take three girls home, and call them Charlies 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 side
I got the game on lock
I'll have a bottle and a glock
with biceps like The Rock
Buy Toms soul back from Rupert Murdoch

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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
Let's get freaky deaky now
(*repeat*)

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
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Get down, I'll show you how
If you got beef, then you better step up bitch
Hollywood Undead ain't nothing to fuck with
Get down, I'll show you how
I'll have a bottle and a glock
with biceps like The Rock
Buy Toms soul back from Rupert Murdoch

BITCH! White motherfucker!

Lyrics submitted by Danielle.

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