undead

Dead Pop Club

Undead, Undead
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Undead, you better get up out the way
Tomorrow we'll rise, so we fight today
You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say
?Cause we gon? rock this whole place anyway
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You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say
?Cause we gon? rock this whole place anyway
Now, I see that motherfuckin? writin? on the wall
When you see J3T, Thirty D piece start a brawl
Fuck all haters I see ?cause I hate that you breathe
I see you duck, you little punk, you little fuckin? disease
I got H.U. tattooed 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, 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 faggot ass punks
You don't know what it takes to get this motherfuckin? truck
I'm already loud maybe it's a little too late
Johnny?s taking heads off of all the faggots who hate
?Cause I am good motherfucker, there's a price to pay
Get out my gun motherfucker and it's judgment day
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I'm gettin? used to this nuisance of fags who bad mouth this music
How 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 played the pill, I nearly died for this music
You make me wanna run around, pullin? my guns out and shit

Your temptin? 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 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 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 we are pointing right at you
We are breaking everything, rowdy like a classroom
Panic overrules ?cause we don't follow the rules
And when you're running your mouth our razor blades come out
But why you always pressing? You know I'm never stressed it
With fuckin? DMS, Johnny to my left
Got Phantom and the rest, who are down to rep the west
I grew up by drive-by's and L.A gang sides
So what the fuck do you know about being a gangsta?
And what the fuck do you know about being in danger?
You ain't doing this, so you know you?re just talking shit
Mad at all the boys ?cause every song is a fuckin? hit
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Undead, you better get up out the way
Tomorrow we'll rise, so we fight today
You know I don't give a fuck what you think or say
?Cause we gon? rock this whole place anyway
Undead, motherfuckin? time to ride, ride
Undead, see you duck when we drive by, by
Undead, motherfuckin? time to ride, ride
Undead, watch you fucker's just die, die
Undead

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