

Apologize

Hollywood Undead

We don't apologize
And that's just the way it is
But we can harmonize
Even if we sound like shit
Don't try to criticize
You bitches better plead the fifth
We've been idolized
Role models for all the kids, for all the kids
You heard us before but that was just a little sample
We're back for more here to set a worse example
Chop it up white stuff let's begin
Big wolves linin' up and scorin' little pigs
Still drunk and we're doin' it again
With a huff and a puff I'm blowin' birds on your shit
Learn it out pitch black grin still white skin
You know I'm hard to kill but real I'm movin' in
I'm puttin' twenty two down while I'm pukin' up blood
You know I'm here to stay, well fuck I'm gonna die young
Yo my posse's gettin' big and my posse's gettin' bigger
It's one eighty eight minus one, you know the figure
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It's easy to be drunk when it's hard to be sober
I'ma steal your leased rover and pull police over
I'm a mean smoker who reaks of weed odor
Certified street soldier devil on your teens shoulder
Don't invite Scene over, he pee's at sleep overs
He asked your sister out just so that he could cheat on her
What a creep loner, shit I couldn't sink lower
You just got a mean boner from a Charlie Sheen poster
If I'm poppin' a wheelie it means I'm jackin' your bike
Got my middle finger raised as I'm runnin' red lights
I'm known to punch 'em in the dick at the end of a fight

And I never say I'm sorry at the end of the night
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Role models for all the kids, for all the kids
So many dollars stuffed in my wallet
Chain so bling yeah, you know that I'm a balla
We can take the plane 'cause your parents don't wanna
They roll there blunts with your marijuana
How can I run when the pigs got a chopper?
I got a gun but they got a lotta
Shootin' at the sky with a motherfuckin' sawed off
God bless a catholic, forgive me father
Now what's a man to do when another holds a Bible
A lot of kids suing me, holdin' me liable
Reflections of a kid and they call him suicidal
Dead beat such a sinner but we call him a child
How can you blame him? At the playground they're dealin'
The mother still buyin' and the father still preachin'
Now it's up to me 'cause no one's gonna teach him
Now nobody, nobody needs 'em
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