

# Bottle And A Gun

## Hollywood Undead

It was once a dark lonely summer's eve on the lonely streets of Sunset  
When the Lord called upon 6 crazy M.C's  
J Dog, Charlie Scene, Johnny 3 Tears, Da Kurlzz 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 a fun 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  
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  
Girl come and smoke my pole like a Marlboro  
Introduce me to your mom as Charl-O  
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 Vietnam flash backs  
I get drunk and do the same old, same old  
Take three girls home and call them Charlie's 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 sign  
I got the game on lock, I'll have a bottle and a glock  
With biceps like The Rock  
Buy Tom's soul back from Rupert Murdoch, hey  
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  
Get down, I'll show you how  
C'mon girl, let me show you how  
And let's get freaky deaky now  
Get down, I'll show you how  
C'mon girl, let me show you how  
And let's get freaky deaky now  
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  
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 Tom's soul back from Rupert Murdoch  
Bitch, what motherfucker?

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