

# 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.

(J-Dog)

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, must be damn big  
Wolves linin' up and scorin' little pigs  
Still drunk and we're doin' it again  
With a huff and a puff I'll blow and burn down your shit  
Learn it out pitch black grin still white skin  
You know I'm hard to kill for real I'm movin' in  
I'm puttin' 22 down while I'm pukin' up blood  
You know I'm here to stay and fuck I'm gonna die young  
Yo my posse's gettin' big and my posse's gettin' bigger  
It's 188 minus one you know the figure.

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(Charlie Scene)

It's easy to be drunk when it's hard to be sober  
Imma steal your leased rover and pull police over  
I'm a mean smoker who reeks of weed odor  
Certified street soldier devil on your teens shoulder  
Don't invite Scene over he pees at sleep overs  
He asked your sister out 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 Scene poster  
If I'm poppin' a wheelie its cause 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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(J3T)

So many dollars stuffed in my wallet

Chain so bling yeah you know that I'm a baller  
We can take the blame cause your parents don't wanna  
They roll their 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 mother fuckin' sawed off  
God bless a Catholic forgive me father  
Now what's a man to do when another holds a Bible  
Got a kid suin' me holdin' me liable  
Confessions of a kid and they call him suicidal  
Dead beat such a sinner but we call him a child  
How can you blame him I'm playground a dealin  
The mother still buyin' the father still preachin'  
And now it's up to me cause no one's gonna teach him  
Now nobody, nobody needs 'em.

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