Dark Places

Hollywood Undead

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I've come way too far for this
I've put in too much work
I've dealt too much hurt
I've worked way to hard for this
But we live in dark places, dark places...

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People say I'm pissed off Cause I like to shit talk But people are fake So wait till their jaws lock Tick-a-ti-tick tock The click of the wrist watch Time is running out On my way to the tip-top

So fuck it I can't stop Been waiting for too long Started my own plot It's starting with this song Damned if I'm damn wrong Who wants to fight a lion? Motherfuckers who hate Just wait for me to die trying

Like I'm gonna stop now Like I'm gonna cop out Show these motherfuckers I ain't willing to drop out So maybe i'm pissed off Because I feel ripped off This industry is a bitch And she'll rip your dick off

Famous and broke And into a joke But I've come way too far Not giving up hope I'll keep breaking my back And I ain't gonna choke Show these faggots I'm tough That I keep climbing the rope

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I've put in too much work
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I've worked way to hard for this

But we live in dark places, dark places I've come way too far for this I've put in too much work I've dealt with too much hurt I worked way to hard for this But we live in dark places, dark places When you come from nothing You want a dove or something So I started to run And just kept on gunnning Dark heart, dark thoughts In a blacked out room Macked out, Cadillacs Click-clack, ka-boom Sung you a song The words went right through And I can't haunt a house If it haunts me too So let's draw the line And it's me and it's you I do it all the time And Johnny 3 don't lose Can you write some checks that you can't cash? So I'm a little bitter, baby, keep on coming back Yeah, there's just some things that I can't stand A little trigger-happy, so come on, let's dance Yeah, fuck your virtue Your lie and your meaning With the writing on the wall But you just can't read it Comes back around Man, you better believe it If you got a dark heart I'm gonna motherfucking bleed it

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Who's that walking up your block? Pissed off with two Glocks With a 40 in his fist And a fifth of moon rocks Got his sleeves cut off With marijuana tube socks Smoking pot in the drop-top Bumping Kid Rock I'mma smoke another spliff And chase it down with six shots That guy's cockier than shit Like a guy with six knocks And I can't stop saying dick Dick, dick and then cock Hick-a-dickery-dick-a-dick-a-dickery-dock So talk shit and get socked

Or kick rocks and get lost Or get dropped and get topped This hip-hop shit gets hot This is not a pit stop And I'm not gonna stop Until I'm on the top Like your mom on a cop So when you see me in your hood Yeah, you better think twice Let me give you all a muy poquito piece of advice If you push me any further It's the end of your life And I'll kill you like the sixteen bars I killed on this mic

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