

Dead Bite

Hollywood Undead

Good night, sleep tight
Don't let the dead bite

Johnny 3, and he's dippin' in the 4 door
.44, and it's pointed at your window
Ain't a good shot, here come four more
Gettin' hot, so I play in the snow.
In a town made wicked, made from these wicked things
See the dead on the cover of a magazine
I see my smile, it was born from amphetamines
Better duck, 'cause it's war on my enemies
Oh, God, think I lost it all now
Lost some and wanna watch the rest go
A mad man with a mix that's so cold
Who woulda thought a man could sink to so low
Now, who wants to die from the Mossberg shotty!?
I'm puttin' holes in the hotel lobby!
All you fake bitches is just another hobby!
Ima let you dig where I dump your body!

What would you do if I told you I hate you?
What would you do if your life's on the line?
What would you say if I told you I hate you?
I got something that'll blow your mind...mind

Dude, you know I got a grenade, and it's got your name on it
I'ma spit on your grave and engrave a dick on it
People say I'm insane and to put the brakes on it
Let me buy you a drink, how 'bout a roofie, gin and tonic?
Yeah, Charlie Scene seems to be so hated
It's just me being intoxicated
'Cause being sober's so overrated
Hollywood Undead, what have you created?
I know that we have never really met before
But, tell me, does this rag smell like chloroform?
You know that I'm the reason people lock the doors
But, I got nothin' but time, so, I'ma wait on the porch
You got nowhere to run, too, so, don't try hiding
'Cause I'm known to be like Jack Nicholson from The Shining
Yeah, I'll be breaking your door down, so, don't try fighting
Yeah, you gotta keep 'em fed, or the dead keep biting

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Wrap a rope around your head and watch you as you take flight

You better check twice, look under your bed
Turn on your nightlight, cover up your head
'Cause we do exist, and there's no need to pretend
That you're not afraid of me and the Undead
Red, red rum, when you look into these eyes
Say goodnight, 'cause it's almost your bedtime

Buckle up, 'cause it's time to fly
You got a first-class ticket to Columbian Neckties
Take a seat, you could sit in the front row
The voice in your head is just me in your headphones
Everybody knows that we're the devil's heroes
Come and get a ticket, follow me to the creep show

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