

Renegade

Hollywood Undead

Young renegade

I am the fury of a bomb
Agent Orange, tiger print, Vietnam
A thousand words in the crest of my palm
Just one death sentence written in a fucking song
We are the ones, the ones you're always calling faceless
But we got the guns, the guns that gonna make you face it
Don't even run, because the run is getting wasted
Young renegades, we're gonna make some changes

You're just a live grenade
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Coming out the gate, I got your number, better pray
It's not a revolution, but they both sound the same
Yeah, you're always starting fires, put 'em out a little late
Your arms are tweaking, motherfuckers can't take the pain
It's sunset in ghost town, hold your holy ghost now
There's blood in the streets with your grave underneath now
I'm hanging by a thread, I've got a crucifix bed
My eyes are open wide, so I'll sleep when I'm dead

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Man down
Shots ringing out loud
Man down
Shots ringing out loud
Man down
Shots ringing out loud
Man down
Everybody get the fuck down
Get the fuck down
Get the fuck down
Get the fuck down
Get the fuck down

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