

# Tendencies

## Hollywood Undead

You know it's Johnny 3  
When you watch that body fall  
When you fuck with J3T  
He's like fuck it, kill 'em all

Ain't nobody, bad boy  
We'll feed you to their fucking dogs  
I'll keep on playing saint  
You keep begging me to stop

I ain't a good shot, baby  
But I'm on a roll  
You better get down, lady  
Someone's turning cold

Now it's time to meet your maker  
Hear the tolling of the bell  
Fucking kill you again  
When I see you in hell

Know it's time to meet your maker  
Hear the tolling of the bell  
Fucking kill you again  
When I see you in hell

Shut your eyes, let darkness lead the fight  
Say goodnight  
The rest will watch their future die buried alive  
Say goodnight

It's time to lay down the dead, the dead come alive  
We wear their flag for the rest of our lives  
So shut your eyes, let darkness lead the fight  
Say goodnight, say goodnight

You know it's hard to breathe  
With a knife up to your throat  
And it's impossible to see  
Down the barrel of smoke

And I'm just starting to choke  
You hope it's all in your mind  
It's time to hit the deck like  
It's a fucking drive-by

It ain't possible to manage  
All the carnage and the damage  
And an animal like me  
Can use it all to my advantage

You're the first you hit the floor  
'Cause you know that we stay lit  
We're kicking in your door  
'Cause we ain't nothing to fuck with

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There's a black flag hanging over this town  
Get down, get down  
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Get down, get down

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Get down, get down

In a land of the weak  
We'll put you to sleep  
Put you to sleep, yeah  
Put you to sleep

Look to the sky  
As you beg for your life  
Beg for your life, yeah  
Beg for your life

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