

# Undead

## Hollywood Undead

Undead!  
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You better get up out the way,  
Tomorrow we'll rise so lets fight today,  
Ya no, I don't give a fuck what you think and say,  
'Cause we gonna rock this whole place anyway.  
(Undead!)

(Undead!)

You better get up out the way,  
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When I see that motherfucker writin' on the wall  
When you see, J-3-T,  
Thirty deep he's down to brawl. Fuck those haters I see,  
Cause I hate that you breathe,  
I see you duck,  
You little punk,  
You little fucking disease,  
I got H.U. tatted on the front of my arm,  
Boulevard,  
Brass knuckles in the back of the car,  
Cause we drunk drive Cadillacs- we never go far,  
but when you see us motherfuckers,  
Better know who we are.

I got one thing to say to punks ass who hate,  
muthafucker You better watch what you say.  
From these industry fucks,  
To these faggot ass punks,  
You don't know what it takes,  
To get this motherfucking truck.

I'm already loud maybe,  
It's a little too late,  
Johnny's taking hands up, with all the faggots who hate,  
Cause I'm god motherfucker and there's a price to pay,  
Yeah, I'm a god motherfucker and it's judgement day!

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I'm getting used to this nuisance,  
And all the fags badmouthed this music,  
How fuckin' stupid and foolish of you to think you can do this,  
You cowards can't, you never will, don't even try to pursue it.  
I took the chance, I played the bill, I nearly died for this music.

You make me wanna run around, pulling my guns out and shit,  
Your tempting me to run my mouth, call you out on this bitch!  
How ignorant you gotta be to believe any of this?  
You need to slit your wrist, get pissed and go jump off a bridge,

What? You can't see the sarcasm in the verses I spit?  
What? You think I just got lucky and didn't work for this shit?  
Bitch. I've been working at this ever , since I was a kid,  
I played a million empty shows to only family and friends.

What kind of person would get diss a band and deserves to get big?  
I hate to be that person when my verse comes out of the kid's lips.  
This is as worse as it gets.  
This verse is over, I quit.  
Signed Charlie Scene on your girlfriend's tits.

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White boys with tattoos,  
We are pointing right at you,  
We are breaking everything, r-rowdy like a classroom,  
Pack of wolves,  
'Cause we don't follow the rules,  
And when you're running your mouth,  
Our razor blades come out,

Why you always pressin?  
You know I'm never stressing,  
With fucking DMS,  
J-Johny to my left,  
Got Phantom and the rest,  
Who are down to by the west,  
I grew up by drive-by's and L.A gang signs,

So what the fuck do you know about being a gangsta?  
What the fuck do you know about being in danger?  
You ain't doing this, so you know you're just talking shit.  
Mad at all of us because every song's a fucking hit.

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Motherfucking time to ride, (ride,) (Undead!)

See you duck when we drive by, (by) (Undead!)

Motherfucking time to ride, (ride,) (Undead!)

Won't you punks just die, (die) (Undead!)