

Usual Suspects

Hollywood Undead

I think I've lost my mind
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(Funny Man)

Walk up one morning on the sunset strip
With the half smoked blunt and some blood on my lip
Hit up the brain for that Mary Jane
Man, all she had left was ménage à trois
Rolled in the Pink I picked up some Cuervo
Walking sideways and I'm starting to swerv-o
Last night was wild put my money a jumbos
Wine and dine, tig ol' bitties and bimbos
Hollywood rap pack, cans in my backpack
Cruse through your valley and I'm snatchin' your snapback
Huffin' on some paint and I think that I'm half black
Roll another blunt and fuck it up over this track

(Danny)

I think I've lost my mind
I'm feeling so alive
What a pity, it's so pretty
Looking through the bars and I see my city

I think I've lost my mind
I'm feeling so alive
What a pity, it's so pretty
Looking through the bars and I see my city

(Johnny 3 Tears)

If everybody gotta be everything they wanna be
I don't think I think you bichtes sitting right in front of me
Look into the windows, packing up the pistols
These bitches talking shit about a Hollywood hit song
You can come west but you will never be west coast
Dumping all the motherfuckers deep in the DeSoto
Oh no, tell me whatcha wanna be
You can be anything but not another three
Got the holy roller, slow blood soaker
The mask on the page of a wanted poster
Look into my eyes and tell me what you see
The wickedness in you is the wickedness in me

(Danny)

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(Charlie Scene)

How did I let this happen?

This life I can't get back from
The fully loaded magnum
If you got some questions, ask them!
I turn into a mad man like Dahmer mixed with Manson
I'll take your soul for ransom, make you scream my fucking anthem
I'm knocking at your door
I'm pacing back and forth
You better board up your windows 'cuz imma start a war
Or maybe I'm just trippin'
This weed has got me spinnin'
Undead until I die so when I die you know I'm livin'

(Danny)

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