

## Hollywood Undead "Apologize"

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We don't apologize  
And that's just the way it is  
But we can harmonize  
Even if we sound like shit

Don't try to criticize  
You bitches better plead the fifth  
We've been idolized  
Role models for all the kids, for all the kids

You heard us before but that was just a little sample  
We're back for more here to set a worse example  
Chop it up white stuff let's begin  
Big wolves linin' up and scorin' little pigs

Still drunk and we're doin' it again  
With a huff and a puff I'm blowin' birds on your shit  
Learn it out pitch black grin still white skin  
You know I'm hard to kill but real I'm movin' in

I'm puttin' twenty two down while I'm pukin' up blood  
You know I'm here to stay, well fuck I'm gonna die  
young  
Yo my posse's gettin' big and my posse's gettin' bigger  
It's one eighty eight minus one, you know the figure

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It's easy to be drunk when it's hard to be sober  
I'ma steal your leased rover and pull police over  
I'm a mean smoker who reaks of weed odor  
Certified street soldier devil on your teens shoulder

Don't invite Scene over, he pee's at sleep overs

He asked your sister out just so that he could cheat on  
her  
What a creep loner, shit I couldn't sink lower  
You just got a mean boner from a Charlie Sheen poster

If I'm poppin' a wheelie it means I'm jackin' your bike  
Got my middle finger raised as I'm runnin' red lights  
I'm known to punch 'em in the dick at the end of a fight  
And I never say I'm sorry at the end of the night

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So many dollars stuffed in my wallet  
Chain so bling yeah, you know that I'm a balla  
We can take the plane 'cause your parents don't wanna  
They roll there blunts with your marijuana

How can I run when the pigs got a chopper?  
I got a gun but they got a lotta  
Shootin' at the sky with a motherfuckin' sawed off  
God bless a catholic, forgive me father

Now what's a man to do when another holds a Bible  
A lot of kids suing me, holdin' me liable  
Reflections of a kid and they call him suicidal  
Dead beat such a sinner but we call him a child

How can you blame him? At the playground they're  
dealin'  
The mother still buyin' and the father still preachin'  
Now it's up to me 'cause no one's gonna teach him  
Now nobody, nobody needs 'em

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