

Hollywood Undead "Bottle And A Gun"

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[Intro]

It was once a dark lonely summer's eve
On the lonely streets of Sunset
When the lord called upon 6 crazy m.c's
J Dog, Charlie Scene, Johnny 3 Tears, Da Kurlzz, and
The Producer

(*Spoken*)

Hey! Uh, man you forgot the homie funny man, C'mon!

[Chorus]

And I can show you how to hump without making love
The way you look at me, I can tell that you're a freak
And I'll be laying in the sun, bottle and a gun
The way you look at me, I can tell that you're a freak

[Verse 1]

My clothes are always retro
Sexual like I'm hetro
And I play a bitch like nintendo (ZELDA!)
Take a fun ride in my benzo
Funny as fuck, I should do stand up
Bust caps at the club like I don't give a fuck (fuck you)
Got a gold ass grill
Hit me on the sidekick if you wanna chill
Hop in the ride, let's roll
I'm a baritone with a voice that's so low
It'll make your speakers explode
And I'll drop your panties to the floor (AH!)
Let me bend you over, let me lay you sideways
Hop in the back girls, FREAKY FRIDAY!
If you got beef, then you better step up bitch
Hollywood Undead ain't nothin' to fuck with!

[Chorus]

And I can show you how to hump without making love
The way you look at me, I can tell that you're a freak
And I'll be laying in the sun, bottle and a gun
The way you look at me, I can tell that you're a freak

[Verse 2]

Girl, come and smoke my pole like a Marlboro

Introduce me to your mom as Charles
It's Charlie Scene, Shake your ass to the bass
Wait till you see my face, hey bitch!
Wear the tight jeans that show your ass crack
My first name gives Vietnam flash backs
I get drunk and do the same old, same old
Take three girls home, call them Charlie's Angels
(What'chu gonna do after we get signed?)
I'm gonna lose my mind
Get 30 inch spinners and pimp my ride
Go back in time, be there that night and save Tupac's
life
Then pay my fine for getting caught fucking on the
Hollywood sign
I got the game on lock
I'll have a bottle and a glock
With biceps like The Rock
Buy Tom's soul back from Rupert Murdoch (hey!)

[Chorus]

And I can show you how to hump without making love
The way you look at me, I can tell that you're a freak
And I'll be laying in the sun, bottle and a gun
The way you look at me, I can tell that you're a freak

[Bridge]

Get down, I'll show you how
C'mon girl, let me show you how
Let's get freaky deaky now
(*repeat*)

[Chorus]

And I can show you how to hump without making love
The way you look at me, I can tell that you're a freak
And I'll be laying in the sun, bottle and a gun
The way you look at me, I can tell that you're a freak

[Outro]

Get down (get down, I'll show you how (I'll show you
how)
If you got beef, then you better step up bitch
Hollywood Undead ain't nothing to fuck with
Get down (get down), I'll show you how (I'll show you
how)
I'll have a bottle and a glock
With biceps like The Rock
Buy Tom's soul back from Rupert Murdoch

(*Spoken*)

BITCH! What motherfucker!
Haha...

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