

Hollywood Undead "Dead In Ditches"

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That's when we,
That's when we,
That's when we ride.
That's when we,
That's when we
Ride on these bitches.

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That's when we ride on bitches,
You fucking faggot snitches,
So don't you try, we're packing 9's,
We leave you dead in ditches.

That's when we ride on bitches,
You fucking faggot snitches,
So don't you try, we're packing 9's,
We leave you dead in ditches.

Don't get us wrong
We only made this song,
To make you feel hard
When you hit the bong.

When the 40's up
And then the 40's gone,
To lick shots kill cops,
To a hip-hop song.

So pull them toasters
Out them holsters,
Pull that shirt right
Off your shoulders,
Pull that 9 this is how you hold her,
Pull that trigger, H.U. soldiers.

Punk, rock out on the block,

Tick tock you can not stop (stop),
Hip-hop like when we drop top so hot
Johnny 3's been drinking whiskey,
Trigger finger feeling frisky,
When you shoot it's so damn risquÃ©,
Dead in a ditch,
But I hope you miss me

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Wait up hold on...oh no,
Got you faggots in a choke hold,
And I think I like you,
But my 9 show don't.

And how many shots till
you hit that flow, I bet fo.
(Yo Charlie you loco).
Fo show, how many
People dipping in my fo door.

(I see three) Bitch no,
There's five in the back,
And your girls on my lap,
She's a down low, pro ho, fo show.

What? What the fuck did I just say?
I don't ask any questions I just spray.
So hey, what I may say may be risquÃ©
Deuce made me this way.

That's why you don't want no beef,
Cause me verse you's like beat the geeks.
And we can talk right or in the street,
But my gun talks first
Â'Cause he loves to speakÂ–BITCH

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Yo...in the Coupe Deville
With the shiny rims,
Playing these bitches like a violin.
I got more freaks than a carnival,
Pop the trunk there's my arsenal.
I got bats gats straps so let's start a war,
I'll eat you alive like a carnivore.

My guns need nicotine
They smoke more than me,
I'm with my boy Charles P,
He'll go to war with me.

Ooh wee...yo King Kong...
Swinging from a tree,
Dropping on these
Haters so they bleed,

I'm coming at you
Bitches full speed,
(Funny Man lay off the weed!).

Oh people get jealous
When I'm skating' on Dayton's,
And that's like Freddy
Kruger hating' on Jason.

That's got the Funny Man losing
His patience leave you dead
In a ditch on Highland and Franklin

That's when we ride on bitches,
You fucking faggot snitches,
So don't you try, we're packing 9's,
We leave you dead in ditches.

What, Say what the fuck, Six shooters up,
Now what the fuck...point them up.
Who's down to ride, who's down to ride?
Undead pop shots we're down to die.

Who's down to die?
Who's down to die?
Undead pop shots,
We're bound to ride.

Black hat side ways white bold LA,
Flat on your back leave
You smoked like an ashtray.

Wig split face ripped,
Nod if you're listening
Shot to the cross
Leave you dead like a Christian.

Pop, pop, your heart just stops, stops
When I just cock, cock,
My gun cause I shoot for
Fun that's how the west was won.

I sell an ounce and
Then I sell two more,
Then I come to collect
With the pistol 44.

There's some truth to that,
About the weed or the gat,
You may never know,
Just leave it at (gunshot)

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