

Hollywood Undead "Lights Out"

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Lights out
You're talking too loud
So just shut your mouth
Who the fuck are you now?

Lights out
Can you feel it now?
We're calling you out
Who the fuck are you now?

Lifestyles of the young and the reckless
Checked in the real world that don't ask questions
Dodging on bullets like a fucked up western
Dragged you on a rope 'til you're choked out senseless

Kings or crown, we're the best around
Got an underground army, yeah we holding it down
We built our base and what we found
It takes blood and sweat and always moving the crowd

No skill then you're going the fast way
Let me see you dance on from the AK
Bullshit, now he's dropping names
Who you know, what you doing all sounds the same

A piece of advice, quit dropping mine
You'll be done way before it even it is your time
Like a stripper in a cage making minimum wage
You'll be done like a dollar bill hitting the stage

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I'm gonna wake your ass up 'cause you ain't got what it takes

You cruise right on my nuts, so tell you how my dick
tastes
Yeah, I'm shit faced and all black looking creepy
It's Charlie Sheen, this shit is way too easy

I'm gonna give it to you quick going straight to your
throat
Put the burner in your mouth and turn you in to a ghost
All these people making music with nothing to show
Who doesn't have a band? Shit I don't know

What kind of sane person drops his own name?
What kind of sane person boos his own band off stage?
What kind of sane person drops a verse like this?
Damn this ain't working, I'm just too damn sick

Deuce, you coming out here's got me provoke
I'm gonna cut your ash up like a line of coke
I'm gonna roll your crew up like a fat ass roach
Put you in my ashtray 'cause you just got smoked

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Another classic case, you crash and burn
And it's true, you're dead broke
It's light out, your last song

The world has turned it's face, you'll never find
And it's true, you're dead broke
It's light out, your last song
Walls are closing in, their falling down

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