

Hollywood Undead

"The Gangstar Song"

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Don't playa-hate me

Play-playa hate, uhh, somebody else

Yo, Yo Yo I'm a gangster

Where my dogs at?

Bark with me if you're my dog

Yo, Yo Yo, I'm going

(Naww I don't wanna bark)

I'm going to give a shoutout to all the playa-haters

(We don't like playa-haters)

If you're a playa-hater don't playa-hate on me

I'm a gangster, I'm a straight up

Grr, I'm steaming mad. Grr.

I'm a gangster, I'm a straight up "G"

The gangster life is the life for me

Shooting people by day, selling drugs by night

Being a gangster is Hell-up tight

I walk around town with a stark erection

Then gave your mom a yeast infection

I saw the policeman and I punched him in the eye

"To serve and protect": What a lie

I also don't like white people, you shouldn't too

And don't get me started about the Jews

I'm a gangster

Grr I'm mad

I'm a gangster

My Rhymes are bad

I'm a gangster

Iced out like a freezer

I'm a gangster

I don't listen to weezer

I dropped out of school at the age of three (why?)

'Cuz all the teachers tried to playa-hate on me (oh.)

My rhymes are cool, just like doing cocaine

My rhymes are hot, like a Burning Flame

Sisco is my homie he's a gangster too

Me and Sisco are the leaders of the gangster crew

I like to be in jail and he likes to sing and dance

Some say we're the perfect match

[Interrupted by another voice]

Step off, Step back, Step Away!

Step back, Don't step forward step back

Don't step forwards step backwards

Don't step to me, Do not step to me-eee

[First voice raps again]

I'm giving a shout-out to my homies in cell block 8

Being in jail sucks cuz you always have to masterbate

Except when a Jewish person goes to jail all my homies
cheer

They will make mince-meat out of his rear

Ben Petty helped me make the gangster beat to this
song

I shot him in the face cuz he looked at me wrong

I'm a gangster

I drop bombs like Hiroshima

I'm a gangster

Bitch suck on my winner

I'm a gangster

I drive a cool car

I'm a gangster

I smoke weed in a cigar

Yo! My gangster flow

Yo! Yo Yo Yo

I'm rolling on dubs iced out like hockey

Got kicked out of Japan for drinking all the sake

Fuck a bitch, gimmie head ho

What's up to my dogs, yo yo yo

They play this song on the radio all day long

So everyone can hear my gangster song

Nobody thought I'd blow up like a Firestone tire...

Oh there's no beat left.

Die. Die you Santa Claus, die.

No, I don't wanna do a cappella.

[Second voice again]

I like to slap bitches. I like to slap hoes.

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