Hollywood Undead "The Gangster 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 weiner
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 cappela.

[Second voice again]
I like to slap bitches. I like to slap hoes.

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