

## Hollywood Undead "The Kids"

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Tha Producer:

Scene kids, Ghetto jeans, Gangstas,  
40's and the bling-bling sidekicks  
Rollin? with the cleanest feel  
Shorties, Homies, Hollywood, Moscow,  
Shake that ass like you care,  
Wave your hands in the air

I go no, no, no,  
When I see J-dog, Darth,  
The sun god, they keep it hard.  
We move slow, slow, slow,  
Shorty, get that ass on the dance floor,  
Ashley, k? Come give me more.

Black shirts, Honda Civs, Myspace,  
Gangstas don't know howda act,  
Killer tat, dancing to the fattest tracks  
Wood ranch, Hooligans, Jeffree Star,  
Niggaz in shit ally show me where you at,  
Beauty bar, we getting fat!

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Ashley, k? Come give me more.

J-dog:

J-dog, just broke up with my girl,  
So from now on you see me at club world,  
Moscow, 82, beat it,  
Beat it, beat it through ya skull  
In the back of shit alley.

Get ready for me to  
Grab your drink and  
Show you my grand finale.

Been accused of being a scene kid,  
But I get pussy as is.

Cause your girl just myspaced me,  
I blew off a date with Jefferee.

To chill with her, to drink with her,  
To flow with her so I can fuck her!  
I light the dance floor on fire,  
82 isn't over you fucking liar  
(Tonight's the last night!)

Will someone please  
Delete Ricky's (terror)  
Myspace account?  
Don't let me find out,  
Who took EvanThomas750's out,  
Cause I'll knock you the fuck out.

Drinking 40's with the Frauds,  
On the phone with my mom,  
Cause I can't pay my rent,  
Money was lent.

Messaging my wife (myspace wife)  
Getting drunker than life and  
I'm on the dance floor,  
But I always want more

Fuck the pain away,  
Make it through the day  
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What's up? to killed by the rich!  
A to the S to the H to the O,  
Ndlestremofbombs, (Sickle Star).  
What's up? Jay and Bill!  
Hey Mattie I was just kidding dude!

You don't believe me just ask,  
I'm chilling with Jeff (Shady)  
Listening to From First to Last

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