

# We, The Undead

Electric Wizard

Undead!  
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Undead!

You better get up out the way,  
Tomorrow we'll rise so we fight today,  
And no, I don't give a fuck what you think and say,  
'Cause we are gonna rock this whole place anyway.  
(Undead!)

(Undead!)

You better get up out the way,  
Tomorrow we'll rise so we fight today,  
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Now I see that motherfucker writin' on the wall  
When you see, J-3-T,  
Thirty D bra,  
Fuck those haters I see,  
Cause I hate that you breathe,  
I see you duck,  
You little punk,  
You little fucking disease,  
I got H.U. tatted on the front of my arm,  
Boulevard,  
Brass knuckles in the back of the car,  
Cause we drunk drive Cadillacs- we never go far,  
And when you see us motherfuckers,  
better know who we are.

I got one thing to say to punk asses who hate,  
Motherfuckers who don't know what,  
You better watch what you say.  
From these industry fucks,  
To these faggot ass punks,  
You don't know what it takes,  
To get this motherfucking truck.

I'm already loud maybe,  
It's a little too late,  
Johny's taking hands up, with all the faggots who hate,  
Cause I am good motherfucker and there's a price to pay,  
Yeah, I am a good motherfucker and its judgment day!

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I'm getting used to this nuisance,  
And all the fags who bad mouth this music,  
It's fuckin stupid and foolish of you to think you can do this,  
You cowards can't, never will, don't even try to pursue it.  
I took the chance, I played the pill, I nearly died for this music.

You make me wanna run around, pulling my guns out and shit,  
Your tempting me to run my mouth, and call you out on this bitch,  
I heard the reason you got to beater to believe any of this,  
You need to slit your wrist, get pissed and go jump off a bridge,

What? You can't see the sarcasm in the verses I spit?  
What? You think I just got lucky and didn't work for this shit?  
Bitch. I've been working at this ever since I was a kid,  
I played a million empty shows to only family and friends.

What kind of person gets disembanded and deserves to get big?  
I hate to be that person when my verse comes out of the kid's lips.  
That shits as worse as it gets.  
This verse is over, I quit.  
Signed Charlie Scene on your girlfriend's tits.

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White boys with tattoos,  
We are pointing right at you,  
We are breaking everything, r-rowdy like a classroom,  
Pack of wolves,  
'Cause we don't follow the rules,  
And when you're running your mouth,  
Our razor blades come out,  
Because its nothing in my mouth except my dick and what I spit,  
So my dick is in my hand when I respond to faggots talking shit,  
Speaking of fags, already wrap with the drag,  
We killed him and then we stuffed his body in the Cadillac.

Why you always pressin?  
You know I'm never stressing,  
With fucking DMS,  
J-Johny to my left,  
Got Phantom and the rest,  
Who are down there at the west,  
A grew up by drive-by's and L.A gangsta's,

So what the fuck do you know about being a gangsta?  
What the fuck do you know about being in danger?  
You ain't doing this, so you know you're just talking shit.  
Mad at all the boys because every song is a fucking hit.

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'Cause we are gonna rock this whole place anyway.

Motherfucking time to ride, (ride,) (Undead!)  
See you drop when we drive by, (by) (Undead!)  
Motherfucking time to ride, (ride,) (Undead!)  
Watch you fucker's just die, (die) (Undead!)