

Cashed Out

Hollywood Undead

This is my life, where the fuck do I begin?
I'll take what you got,
This is Hollywood Undead
Motherfuckers looking at us
When they want that bread
Got us on a world tour and it never ends
Making moves, cashing checks,
And I'm out the door
Couple bottles, fifteen hundred,
Yeah, it's on the floor
Loose, vivid visions and I think
I'm losing all control
My body's frozen, take a hit,
Now it's time to go

This rockstar shit, no, it ain't a day job
But I treat it like one, that's
'Cause I'm a fucking stud
Champagne bonbons
And you know it's nonstop
Pouring out these bottles
Like Niagra on a drop-top
I forget everything, yeah, I blacked out
Didn't pay the bills, wifey bugging me to chill out
I act a fool when I see these girlies' thongs out
Yeah, I'm with the plug
And these strippers got me cashed out

Everybody thrash now before we cash out
Spending all this money, high as fuck,
Ain't coming back down
Let's fucking thrash now before we cash out
Spending all this money, high as fuck,
Ain't coming back down

Got me cashed out, g-got me cashed out
Got me cashed out, g-got me cashed out
Cashed out, g-got me cashed out
Spending all this money, high as fuck,
Ain't coming back down

Smoking on that blue palm,
Sniffed a couple pounds
Roll up to that Jumbo's,
Yeah, we acting clowns
Strippers on that pole
And you know they break it down
Take a bow, blow a kiss,
Bring your sins to my crowd
Yeah, I got a couple chains and they looking nice
One says "RIP", the other is Jesus Christ
And that's that hippie high life,
Smoking at the bright lights
Making bad decisions, yeah, I do this every night

Everybody thrash now before we cash out
Spending all this money, high as fuck,

Ain't coming back down
Let's fucking thrash now before we cash out
Spending all this money, high as fuck,
Ain't coming back down

Got me cashed out, g-got me cashed out
Got me cashed out, g-got me cashed out
Cashed out, g-got me cashed out
Spending all this money, high as fuck,
Ain't coming back down

Business got me running from 'em,
Bitches spending money on 'em
Sick that homie Funny on 'em,
Stack them bricks and flaunt it on 'em
You fools don't want any problems,
Stacking chips and popping bottles
Up in the club with Gucci bottoms,
Up in the club with Gucci bottoms
My exes meet my hoes, that shit's like Tic-Tac-Toe

If a bitch done stole your money,
You should get that hoe
And after you get it back
You better spend that dough
Get you a bunch of coke,
You better blow that snow

Everybody thrash now before we cash out
Spending all this money, high as fuck,
Ain't coming back down
Let's fucking thrash now before we cash out
Spending all this money, high as fuck,
Ain't coming back down

Got me cashed out, g-got me cashed out
Got me cashed out, g-got me cashed out
Cashed out, g-got me cashed out
Spending all this money, high as fuck,
Ain't coming back down