

Idol

Hollywood Undead

I think I'm an angel, but I am cursed
Riding so painful, ghost-whipping the hearse
My secrets are shameful, my secrets are faithful
My life is no fable, I'm an archangel

Fiends and I'm filling 'em drugs and I'm dealing 'em, pack the shit up
The orders, I'm filling 'em, load the clip up
'Cause I stay drilling 'em, what did you say?
Slow down, son, you're killing 'em
What do you do? They look up to you
A porcelain doll, an idol, a tool
You dropped outta school, you're burning up fuel
An angel of death, the face of a ghoul

I ain't your idol, kid, I'm just a gangster
I cannot save you, son, I ain't no savior
I ain't your idol, kid, and I'm full of hatred
I cannot save you now, I ain't no savior

I ain't your idol, kid
I ain't your idol, kid

No, I ain't your idol, kid, your idol
No, I ain't your idol, kid, your idol

I'm gonna be killing 'em without any airplay
'Cause I dare say everything not their way
Fuck politically correct and the scared way
They don't want this angel demon bringing muerte
Not imagining me dumping a magazine
Thought that you had a dream, but really have a king
But this one is splattering, battering
On a mission traveling, protected by Mazikeen
I'm talking extremities with enemies, obscenities to you, I'm exactly what a
rival is
If you're not finna be my synergy infinitely, I'm then wishing you suicidal
shit
I'm homicidal, bitch, and I puff a lot of medijuana, but I run up on 'em, an
d it got a vital kick
If you're not up on the damage the Bible did, I ain't your idol, kid

I ain't your idol, kid, I'm just a gangster
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I ain't your idol, kid, and I'm full of hatred
I cannot save you now, I ain't no savior

I ain't your idol, kid

Looking at me, well, what do you see?
The vision of something that you'll never be
The kingdom will come, they'll come for the king
What do you want? What do you need?
I'm an addict with a habit
I'll blow your fucking head off
Goddammit, can't stand it
The look on your face, the desperation
I cannot take it, I feel it again

The needles are pushing up under my skin
I cannot speak, but the voices within
That evil is good and the virtue of sin
Who are you? What do you need?
Are you sure you wanna be like me?
Gotta pay up, nothing is free
A deal with the devil, a deal with me

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