

Undead

Nightcore

Undead! (Undead)
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(Undead!) You better get up out the way
Tomorrow we'll rise so let's fight today
You know I don't give a fuck what you think and say
'Cause we gon' rock this whole place anyway

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Look up and see that motherfucking writing on the wall
When you see J3T thirty deep, he's down to brawl
Fuck all haters I see 'cause I hate that you breathe
I see you duck, you little punk, you little fucking disease

I got HU tatted on the front of my arms
The boulevard, brass knuckles in the back of the car
'Cause we drunk-drive Cadillacs, we never go far
But when you see us motherfuckers, better know who we are

I got one thing to say to punk-asses who hate
Motherfuckers don't know, but 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 drunk

I'm already loud maybe, it's a little too late
Johnny's taking heads off of all faggots who hate
'Cause I'm a God, motherfucker, there's a price to pay
Yeah, I'm a God, motherfucker, and it's judgment day!

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I'm getting used to this nuisance of fags who badmouth this music
How fucking stupid and foolish of you to think you can do this
You cowards can't, you never will, don't even try to pursue it
I took the chance, I paid the bill, I nearly died for this music

You make me wanna run around pulling my guns out and shit
You're tempting me to run my mouth and call you out on this, bitch
How ignorant you gotta be to believe any of this
You need to slit your wrists, 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, 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 would diss a band that deserves to get big?
I'd hate to be that person when my verse comes out their kid's lips
That shit's 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, p-pointing right at you
We're 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

But why you always pressing? You know I'm never stressing
With Loki DMS, J-Johnny to my left
Got Phantom and the rest who are down there at the west
I grew up by drive-bys and LA gang signs

So what the fuck you know about being a gangster?
And what the fuck you know about being in danger?
You ain't doing this, so you know you're just talking shit
Mad at all of us 'cause every song is a fucking hit!

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(Undead!) Motherfucking time to ride, ride
(Undead!) See you duck when we drive by
(Undead!) Motherfucking time to ride, ride
(Undead!) Why won't you punks just die, die?
(Undead!)