

Hollywood Undead, Pimpin'

Come on everybody, throw your hands up, in the air, come on let`s.
You know, we keep the party jumpin`, so let`s keep them 40`s comin`

Chorus:

Come on down to the City of LA, where we
We ride with gangstas and the pimpin`s easy
You know how we keep it bumpin` everyday baby
We ride with gangstas and the pimpin`s easy.

When I ride with J-D O G, it`s like okay basically
We get shit faced and crazy, we`re screaming. Fuck the Police

J J just like eazy, let`s smoke these, with Old E and Charlie
We mix it over a hard beat, and run with the UNDEAD ARMY

And you don`t need to see the best of me, the best MC, it`s just the beat
Producer feeds, that makes me mean, that seems to be what makes me scream.

So what up? Let`s roll the town fucked up, let`s tag LA and show love
Yo J-Dog, wait just hold up, take my mic, my PO showed up !

(Chorus)

We`re six caucasian, hell raisin`, blazin` makin`, zero bacon
Await to drink, to stop to think, (Funny Man to call Funny) to ride with me

My pants are so low, I`m sippin` on this 4-O, rollin` in the fo` door
Producer, me an four ho`s, OH NO !

The 5-O`s rollin` code, I didn`t stop or try to slow, containers open,
(Funny Man Funny`s smoking`), I think I`m choking`, (Funny Man it`s time to goOH !!!)
These midnight killa`s keep it rollin`, keep the fuckin` mad dog flowin`

Los Angeles we keep it goin`.Undead is what we`re throwin`

(Chorus)

I keep on blowin` up, my head keeps getting fatter everyday baby
On TV, you better listen cause you know they`ll play me
In the club, you in the corner, while my shit go crazy,
And I got my soldiers in the back, so you don`t wanna face me
And when your girl look up at me, I`m looking right down
And all that yappin`, you know it gonna get you smacked down
I stick around to keep you mad while the crowd`s loud
In the City of LA, that`s my home town

(Chorus)