

## Black Cadillac

## Hollywood Undead

Ride, slide, dipping low  
Black Cadillac, on them hundred spokes  
Ride, slide, smoke control  
Black Cadillac, on them hundred spokes  
What you gonna do when the shit goes down?  
Six misfits rolling through your hometown  
'Cause we ride, slide, so hit the floor  
Black Cadillac, on them hundred spokes

When the streets grow cold and my sight turns red  
Got the pistol grip-hold and a muzzle to your head  
Yeah, somebody talked, yeah, somebody said  
Yeah, somebody's buried, yeah, somebody's dead  
We found the white wolf stuffed in my white ball cap  
Got your white ball jacked and my Caddy's lab black  
Got the gadgets all wrapped, devil hanging out the back  
Now you're just a story on the cemetery track  
We lock, and we load, we rock, and we roll  
We cock and we go, it's the Undead show  
You know I mean what I say, better drop when we spray  
It's too late to pray on Judgment Day  
Hear those bells? It's the end of your life  
Someone's gotta live and someone's gotta die  
Here comes hell, it's redemption, right?  
Now you're just a ghost on a cold, blind night

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Roll up in the spot like a live grenade  
And every day we celebrate like a pimp parade  
Swimming in liquor till the end of my days  
Rolling with Funny Man in a cloud of haze  
Who would've knew I turn the trees blue?  
You're sitting on the internet like "is this shit true?"  
And I don't give a fuck about your bad review  
Till I pop out the screen with a big "fuck you!"  
Then hop in the backseat and get to the blasting  
Cut down your dreams like the Hollywood casting  
Except this shit is real, not acting  
We're still murdering so thanks for asking  
Too damn smart to get caught up in the cavities  
Boo you off-stage, just another fatality  
And, sir, you don't know that we lack morality?  
"Fuck, suck, dick, lick, man, we nasty"

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Semi-automatic words you heard to spray the masses  
Gas is lit quick, spark on the matchstick  
The class is classic, lyrical backflips  
Got you bitches begging for the backstage passes  
Rolling with the bosses, causing havoc  
I'm just filling in because they never gonna have it  
So sad you're sad, bitch, so glad you have this  
Got pneumatic, emphatic Black Cadillac shit  
Got the cardiac kit, where's the party at, trick?  
Watch me pull a hat trick, joint on the glass tip  
Got the room loud in the 'Velli  
All eyes on me, you can call me Makaveli  
We don't give a fuck, we never did  
Hit you with the thunder where you stand, it's how we live  
Believe me when we do it, yeah, we fucking do it big  
And if we show you how to win, we do it for the kids

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