

## 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

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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

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