## **Dark Places**

## **Hollywood Undead**

Dark Places
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I've come way too far for this
I've put in too much work
I've dealt too much hurt
I've worked way to hard for this
But we live in dark places, dark places...

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I've put in too much work
I've dealt with too much hurt
I worked way to hard for this
But we live in dark places, dark places...

People say I'm pissed off
Cause I like to shit talk
But people are fake
So wait till their jaws lock
Tick-a-ti-tick tock
The click of the wrist watch
Time is running out
On my way to the tip-top

So fuck it I can't stop
Been waiting for too long
Started my own plot
It's starting with this song
Damned if I'm damn wrong
Who wants to fight a lion?
Motherfuckers who hate
Just wait for me to die trying

Like I'm gonna stop now
Like I'm gonna cop out
Show these motherfuckers
I ain't willing to drop out
So maybe i'm pissed off
Because I feel ripped off
This industry is a bitch
And she'll rip your dick off

Famous and broke
And into a joke
But I've come way too far
Not giving up hope
I'll keep breaking my back
And I ain't gonna choke
Show these faggots I'm tough
That I keep climbing the rope

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But we live in dark places, dark places I've come way too far for this I've put in too much work I've dealt with too much hurt I worked way to hard for this But we live in dark places, dark places

When you come from nothing You want a dove or something So I started to run And just kept on gunnning Dark heart, dark thoughts In a blacked out room Macked out, Cadillacs Click-clack, ka-boom Sung you a song The words went right through And I can't haunt a house If it haunts me too So let's draw the line And it's me and it's you I do it all the time And Johnny 3 don't lose Can you write some checks that you can't cash? So I'm a little bitter, baby, keep on coming back Yeah, there's just some things that I can't stand A little trigger-happy, so come on, let's dance Yeah, fuck your virtue Your lie and your meaning With the writing on the wall But you just can't read it Comes back around Man, you better believe it If you got a dark heart I'm gonna motherfucking bleed it

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Who's that walking up your block? Pissed off with two Glocks With a 40 in his fist And a fifth of moon rocks Got his sleeves cut off With marijuana tube socks Smoking pot in the drop-top Bumping Kid Rock I'mma smoke another spliff And chase it down with six shots That guy's cockier than shit Like a guy with six knocks And I can't stop saying dick Dick, dick and then cock Hick-a-dickery-dick-a-dick-a-dickery-dock So talk shit and get socked

Or kick rocks and get lost
Or get dropped and get topped
This hip-hop shit gets hot
This is not a pit stop
And I'm not gonna stop
Until I'm on the top
Like your mom on a cop
So when you see me in your hood
Yeah, you better think twice
Let me give you all a muy poquito piece of advice
If you push me any further
It's the end of your life
And I'll kill you like the sixteen bars
I killed on this mic

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