

Heart Of A Champion

Hollywood Undead

Mic check, yo, man, fuck you
I got some coke in my sock and a couple rocks too
I got a bottle full of Kettle, drunk, pedal to the metal
Got some beef, I gotta settle, but you gotta check the dentals, oh
They don't like me? I make the music I want to
These divas fucking need us, man, worse than their heartbeat
They're digging up my grave, but these bitches gotta pay
And the price of admission, it ain't ever gonna change
It'll end when I say it 'cause you're wet when I spray it
And the more you fucking hate us, well, the more you'll fucking play it, bit
ch

I'm crossing out names
And no one is safe
I'll leave a rose on your grave
It's the dove and grenade

I'm absent mentally, slaughtering all my enemies
I'm murdering recklessly, bitch, these streets ain't no Sesame
And now you're maxing my felony list, I'm not wasting energy on this
I'm gonna win, let's be honest, that's something I'll fucking promise
Godless so I'll take the charges, spotless is my fucking conscience
God, this is so fucking pompous, like congress if i was in office
God, I'm just so damn exhausted, novices making me nauseous
I'm gonna win that regardless, this ain't no place for the heartless
'Cause I live for the pain
The fight, the glory, the game

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Compare me to none
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Compare me to none
I got the heart of a champion
Compare me to none
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I got the heart of a champion

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