

# Renegade

## Hollywood Undead

Young renegade

I am the fury of a bomb  
Agent Orange, tiger print, Vietnam  
A thousand words in the crest of my palm  
Just one death sentence written in a fucking song  
We are the ones, the ones you're always calling faceless  
But we got the guns, the guns that gonna make you face it  
Don't even run, because the run is getting wasted  
Young renegades, we're gonna make some changes

You're just a live grenade  
Young renegade  
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Young renegade

Coming out the gate, I got your number, better pray  
It's not a revolution, but they both sound the same  
Yeah, you're always starting fires, put 'em out a little late  
Your arms are tweaking, motherfuckers can't take the pain  
It's sunset in ghost town, hold your holy ghost now  
There's blood in the streets with your grave underneath now  
I'm hanging by a thread, I've got a crucifix bed  
My eyes are open wide, so I'll sleep when I'm dead

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Man down  
Shots ringing out loud  
Man down  
Shots ringing out loud  
Man down  
Shots ringing out loud  
Man down  
Everybody get the fuck down  
Get the fuck down  
Get the fuck down  
Get the fuck down  
Get the fuck down

You're just a live grenade  
Young renegade  
You're just a live grenade  
Young renegade  
Young renegade  
Young renegade

Young renegade  
Young renegade