

Cashed Out

Hollywood Undead

(Got me cashed out, got me cashed out, no, I'm fucking cashed out
Got me cashed out, got me cashed out, no, I'm fucking cashed out) 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 their 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 hint, 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

(Fucking cashed out, no, I'm fucking cashed out) Smoking on that blue palm, sniff a couple
pounds

Pull up to those 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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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
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
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
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>