

# Roir

## All

All you filthy idle rich  
You bet I'm prejudiced  
I got class... resentment  
All you pretty girls and boys  
With expensive toys  
I got class... resentment  
When I'm at work you treat me rude  
So I spit in your food I got class... resentment  
I ain't got shit  
You got a trust fund  
I got minimum wage Ski vacations in the sun  
You had it made from day one  
I got class... resentment  
Playing golf with millionaires  
On corporate welfare I got class... resentment  
I ain't got shit  
You got a trust fund  
I got minimum wage Tie dyes, credit cards  
In daddy's SUV  
You drive for drugs and date rape  
At the rainbow gathering  
When you finish slumming boy  
You shed your hippie skin  
Your dad's a money nazi  
You'll end up just like him I want to cut your perfect throat  
Sometimes I wonder why I don't I got class... resentment

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