L.A.X.

Big D and the Kids Table

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

hey, elitists from L.A.: Los Angeles, CA
you know who you are.
you drive in fancy cars.
your allowance exceeds my rent.
listen to what i have to say, remind
yourselves everyday. let's get the message on it's way
well first of all, fuck your fucking attitudes.
how can you be so fucking rude. you fucking look at me like when girls are
jealous. and fuck your fucking L.A. bars, you're all a bunch of wannabe superstars. yeah, fuck your fucking act, you're a
bunch of dressed up fucking rats. you get anything you want, mommy's dressed up fucking runt. you're fucking lounging in
daddy's fucking mansion. and all your fucking stupid names, blair and tatus that's fucking lame. z.a.c. does not spell zack,
what the fuck is with all that?
you think you're so fucking impressive, if you get your name on a fucking guest list, raise your nose to the people in
line, give the doorman a fucking high five.and they go: do my shoes match my shirt? does the shirt clash with my pants? do my pants match my eyes? do my eyes look
good tonight? will this place be cool enough? your hair looks oh so tough. this looks so good for us. tonight my moneys
gunna buy me love.
(X2)and fuck all of your deceiving what your fake heart fake fucking bleeding. and all the girls you lay on your mat, are the
same girls you fucking laugh at. and fuck your fucking fake ass world, and all your handed out fucking thrills. some of us
we have to work hard, just to get our little part. and maybe your clan is not in boston, but my friends are fucking awesome.
and we'll keep on doing our best, even though our lives are a mess.and we go: will this check support this tour? will this tour lose my job? without my job, where's the rent? should we all
just call it quits? a dinner date sure costs a lot. when 28 bucks is all you got. and your life is at a stop. and all your

dreams are all self-taught.
(X3)And this is the difference between our lives. no wonder tonight you feel alright. and i'm sorry if my mind is occupied, i'm
trying to forget to wonder why.we're built up from nothing. i'm trying to forget to wonder why.
(X4)

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