Aristocrat

New Politics

We set the jets on fire
We wake up burning up with emerald eyes
Miss Penthouse dynamite is cyanide
This service elevator is how I rideCause you're a rich bitch and you're super bad
With your black lips and your taxi cabs
I'm a quick fix for the shit you lack
Dirty porcelain, sick aristocratIf you really want, I'd give it all to you
But I was born to lose
If you really want to go out like that...
Aristocrat, dirty little money trapYou and me are junk and money clips
With trophies on our tongue and pixie sticks
And caviar that thrills the simple kids
The queen who hit and run the Bowery king

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