

**Wiley****"L.A."**

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All the hunnies in the bathroom stalls  
Drawing their lips and making business calls  
All the apathetic trust fund boys  
Making the rounds in their expensive toys  
I don't wanna lose you to L.A.

I don't wanna lose you tonight  
I don't wanna lose you to L.A.

And all of the bright lights Oh, all of the bright lights  
You can hang under the  
Prada sign  
While you're walking your dog on Rodeo Drive  
You can surgically remove your soul  
While you dream of your leading role  
I don't wanna lose you to L.A.

I don't wanna lose you in the sun  
I don't wanna lose you to L.A.

And all of the big fun  
Oh, all of the big fun  
Oh, how it starts irritate  
Yeah Oh, that's ok 'cause the weather is great  
Oh, everyday, yeah  
You might need a lawyer for your friends  
Hit all the spots 'cause he can get you in  
Introduce yourself to glam rock stars  
Give 'em a ride in your electric car  
I don't wanna lose you to L.A.

I don't wanna lose you in the sun  
I don't wanna lose you to L.A.

And all of the big fun I don't wanna lose you to L.A.  
I don't wanna lose you tonight  
I don't wanna lose you to L.A.

To L.A. And all of the bright lights  
Oh, all of the bright lights  
All the hunnies in the bathroom stalls

And all the apathetic trust fund boys  
In L.A., L.A. La la la laa

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