

## **Big D And The Kids Table**

### **"LAX"**

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Hey, elitists from L.A.; Los Angeles, California  
You know who you are  
You're driving fancy cars  
Your allowance exceeds my rent  
Well listen to what I have to say  
Remind yourselves every day  
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 Tavis, that's fucking lame  
Z-A-C does not spell Zack,  
What the fuck is with all that?

And you think you're so fucking impressive  
Cause you can get your name on the fucking guestlist  
Raise your nose to the people in line  
Give the doorman a fucking high five

And then go  
Do my shoes match my shirt?  
Does my 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 money's gonna buy me love

And fuck all of your deceiving  
What's your fake heart fake fucking bleeding?

And all the girls you lay to your mat  
Are the same fucking 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 glamour's 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?  
The dinner dates sure cost a lot  
When 28 bucks is all you got  
And your life is at a stop  
And all your dreams are all self-taught

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

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