

## **Screaming Jets**

### **"Rich Bitch"**

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You might wear fancy clothes and drive a fancy car  
You,ve probably got those pretty boys that hang off you  
in bars  
Who do, who do you think you are  
Don't you, don't you, ever think you'll get to far  
Cause you're not going to far  
I see you strutting round, flashing diamond rings  
Keeping all your so called friends  
On your tight purse strings  
Well I look at you, you look down your nose at me  
Don't you, don't you, ever think your better than me  
You ain't no better than me  
I've seen your tricks, and all your flights of fancy  
Spend your cash, flash your wealth  
Then you snort a little candy  
Well, lets see how you go out on the street  
Dirty clothes, dirty hair and not enough money to eat  
(Unless of course you like eating bread and water)  
No cavier  
No need for friends because your money makes you  
smile  
Designer suits, gold and silver jewellery  
That's your style  
I look at you and you look down your nose at me  
Don't you, don't you, ever think your better than me  
Cause you ain't nothin, but a Rich Bitch.

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