

Le Tigre, Seconds

Pipe down baby, why so fake loud?

You've lied now ten thousand times...it's show business anyhow.

You make me sick, sick, sick, sick.

Where'd you get all the attention?

Your dad's money too base to mention?

His coattails are looking word. You've had a nice ride, that's for sure.

Better thank your brain-dead clientele for all the money that you'll spend in hell.

Wanna percent of every nation, your'e the type to rise to that occasion.

Stole the race, no surprise there. The elevator always beats the stairs.

On a golf cart...wearing some uniform...bomping in the night-time...lying on tv...you make me sick