Knockout Theory, Hollywood's Finest

Who gives a fuck about American Idol, Anna Nicole, and her fucking Child?

Spoiled and rich, yet you always complain

You've never worked a fucking day

And still the world is yours for the taking

Spending that money like it grows on trees

But it doesn't matter - it all seems free

And I can't stand the noise you're making

And every time I turn around

You've checked in rehab and wonder how

And when I turn on my TV

Your fucking face is all I see

And every time I turn around

You're drunk, you're stoned, you're on the ground

And when I turn on my TV...

You're daddy's little bitch

You spoiled brat, you idiot

You're mommy's little prick

So arrogant, you make me sick

And while you live above the law

Plastic surgery heals your flaws

And all the rules are yours for the breaking

Blonde hilights and fake tits are

The number one goal to go far

Just ask anyone - they'll tell you the same

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