

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 highlights and fake tits are
The number one goal to go far
Just ask anyone - they'll tell you the same
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