

God Hates Your Outfit

Jeffree Star

LA is where stars come to die.
Hold your breath - try not to lie.
LA is where stars come to die.
Hold your breath - try not to lie.

To burn out in the blink of the public eye...
Need the paparazzi to prove you're alive.
You wanna do something with your life?
Drop dead... HELLO!
Drop dead... GOODBYE!

Hollywood knows you'll never make it.
You're rich & you're skinny but you look like shit.
You came so close you could almost taste it.
But God, God, God hates your outfit.
Fit, fit, fit.
But God, God, God hates your outfit.
Fit, fit, fit.
God, God, God hates your outfit.

Hold your emotions under the knife.
Let's pretend, we're satisfied.
Non-refundable and overhyped.
Now you look like you feel on the inside.
You wanna do something with your life?
Drop dead... HELLO!
Drop dead... GOODBYE!

Hollywood knows you'll never make it.
You're rich & you're skinny but you look like shit.
You came so close you could almost taste it.
But God, God, God hates your outfit.
Fit, fit, fit.
God, God, God hates your outfit.
Fit, fit, fit.
God, God, God hates your outfit.

God, God, God.
God, God, God.
God, God, God.
God, God, God.
God, God, God.
God, God, God.
God, God, God.
God, God, God.
God, God, God.
God, God, God.
God, God, God, hates your outfit.

Hollywood knows you'll never make it.
You're rich & you're skinny but you look like shit.
You came so close you could almost taste it.
But God, God, God hates your outfit.
Fit, fit, fit.
God, God, God hates your outfit.
Fit, fit, fit.
God, God, God hates your outfit.

More lyrics: http://www.lyricsmode.com/lyrics/j/jeffree_star/#share