

(90210, 90210,)
Oh,

What are you yellin for you're screaming out your lungs all day and night,
I can't control a, girl like you,
She need a Saturday away from home to drink more champagne,
I can't mold a, girl like you,
In all designer, to remind ya,
You can't buy her, just her clothes,
Can't define her, can't design her,
In the 90210,

I can't find her, I can't find her,
In the 90210,
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Yeah, uh,
Reverb on guitar plucks,
Cigarettes and Starbucks,
And her line of credits high,
High as the line gets her better credit card cuts,
So in love with the scene, uh,
So in love with bein seen,
Probably it's time to intervene,
But she doesn't care, so she keep the party goin in the meantime,
Till us all over she can't rewind,
If she gets her fix well then she's fine,
I should prolly hit her with the peace sign,
Says she wants me and I fall for it each time,
She's aware she's a bad chick,
Studyin at FIDM, cutting fabric,
I really think her souls made of plastic,
End of the story is inevitably tragic,
Uh, yeah,

I can't find her, I can't find her,
In the 90210,
In the 90210,

90210, 90210,
Yeah, yeah,
I need you, come get it,
I need you, I need you,
Come find it, come find it