

Bran Van 3000, Problems

I live in a frequency,
Where action rules,
That God is me,
In a war against my body,
In the poetry of poverty.
'Cause it's the rich ones who make it,
'Cause it's the rich ones who have the guts to take it.
They feel fine.
They feel fine.

Check out complainer by the bar,
Let's kick his ass and make him beg for more,
Let's line him up,
And make him scream and shout,
And show him he's got nothing to complain about.

'Cause I believe in the groove complacent,
So jack me up and fuck me up with entertainment,
Yeah, I feel fine.