

Problems

Bran Van 3000

Tenth floor, complaint department
Shot 2B, take one
Rolling
Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four

Does it make you feel insecure?

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 really 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

It really doesn't tell you anything about does it?