Never Stop

Chilly Gonzales

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

How could I ever stop?
My position is missionary, I finish on top
And while you're relaxin', I take action
Guinness world record, I beat it, Michael JacksonNever stop, I workaholic
Like spit sweat splatter Jackson Pollock
But I'm not an artist, I just work the hardest
I beat it to a pulp, just ask JarvisStudio to studio, I drink juice,
Produce tons of new shit, like a booty hole
Show to show, full throttle, backstage,
No models, no bathroom, I piss in a bottleAnd after the show a lot of autographs,
Man, music is a joke I try not to laugh
I just try to enjoy the grind
My position is doggy, I come from behindUnderground, underdog, underrated
Under stress, under pressure, under-appreciated
Man, this is war
Where careers get killed and thats not a metaphor, likeMy mindset is military, like
My attitude is Hitchcock, very scary
Persistence, instincts,
Go the distance, prove my existenceThat's why I never stop
'cause it's not Chilly, it's Lily, who makes really clever pop
I just do it in a different way
I'm kind of sort of indirect ricochet,Chilly like Pinochet, I don't make hits, I take risks
And make flops like floppy disks
I still stay professional and not sloppy
I try to be original, not a photocopyCan't stop, won't stop
Harder, faster better stronger, I listen to the robots
I'm still doing things, so don't cue the strings,
It ain't over 'til Beth Ditto singsSo how could I ever quit
My position? Don't fuck with me - celibate
Groupie go home, you can find another guy
Man, music is a joke, I try not to crySounds crazy, but the underground's lazy
Maybe just a bunch of big babies

And they're crying 'til they're on the guestlist,
Then they puke at 6 am - English breakfastSee I always hatch a new scheme
No room for the club or a pub in my routine
I don't judge you if you're part of a true scene
But me? I could be anywhere - blue screenAt the Grammys getting nominated
Or trying to be a piano playing Larry David
Flirting with rap, workin' for Birkin
Behind your favourite singer I just might be lurkin'And I'm certain when they close the curtains
My life will be a B-movie shot by Tim Burton
And if I lack authenticity
Remember authenticity is often shittySo please, no pity,
You can never melt this ice-cold heart between my two titties
'cause what's life but a board game?
And if you play the game then you're never bored with more of the sameWhat's life but a competition
You know my name, I am bitten
I never stop
Do it again

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