The Answer (feat. Dizzy D, Summer Rose)

Bran Van 3000

Jesus Christ was a superstar
A pimpin' big daddy with a Lincoln Town Car
Drove it real fast with the fly-ass hos
Playing chicken with the devil for the greatest applauseFirst came the question
And then came the answer
And then came the ultimate question:
Are you happy?
Then the messiah, alright
Lost and found with the resurrection
And with tools of deep precision
With the schools of thought complexion
Teaching us the brain expansion
It got heavy, we started dancingBran van three grand
We don't have to make it
Complicated
Act like a man, boy
We don't have to make it
ComplicatedI said come comma comma comma some more
Kick up the club floor, that's what ya came for
Leave your big booty round at my front porch
And leave your big ugly frown back out the back door
Forget your big plans, your high ideals
'Cause it's a quicksand for the way you feel
When they put you down the river and they leave you squeal
Come on, squeal like a pig how the summer girl feelsWe're leaving, leaving our machine this very evening
They're programming your head
So stop believing
No need to complicate, it's all illusion
Anyways, I feel the machine's got boringBran van three grand
We don't have to make it
Complicated
Act like a man, boy
We don't have to make it
ComplicatedHey Charlton Heston
Moses did alright without a handgun
If you're horny for god let Dizzy give someI'm Dizzy D, no one the finer
The queen and king, from here to China
All the ladies love to give me the boom boom boom boom
Back to my room where it's hurry hurry hurry and wait

A bottle of crisp and a pasta plate
Kick up the love baby, down the hate
'Cause the bran van brothers do not complicate
Say hurry hurry hurry rush
You're moving so fast that you're out of touch
Money money money got your head in a mush
Now Bush has got the button, is he gonna push?
Well, some little joker got a dot-com deal
About Internet wiggers and keepin' it real
You're sweatin' like a fool to put the gravy on your meal
And now you just found out you lost your sex appealBran van three grand
We don't have to make it
Complicated
Act like a man, boy
We don't have to make it
ComplicatedThe answer...
(Can you take me higher?)
...is in the dancer.

Songwriters
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