Problems

Bran Van 3000

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 will make it
'Cause it's the rich ones who have the guts to take it
They feel fine
They feel fineCheck 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

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