

Lyrics Born f/ Morcheeba

"Stop Complaining"

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"LB!"
Capricorn II...
London, England...

[DJ D-Sharp scratches "LB!"]

[Lyrics Born]

Now how many songs do you figure that I've written
Since I originally started, makin' records in this bi'ness
Back beginning in college, and it's been a minute since
then
But the principal challenge, it ain't really that different
It's about, me not repeatin' myself at all
or at least, repeatin' myself the least amount, possible
The reason bein' is that we need some songs
that lead us off the beaten path between, the rocks
But now, listen though, it's difficult nowadays
to really go against the grain, get you some accolades
Especially with these frigid, finicky, fickle-ass
muthafuckas
Think they've finally figured ya out, the fake ass
fuckas...

[Chorus: Daisy Martey from Morcheeba]
Stooooop Com-PLAAAAAANIN...STOP

[Lyrics Born]

I know, it's just the same shit pisses me off
What am I gonna do though? I mean...

Man, fuck that shit! I pay my taxes when I'm asked to
I'm not enthusiastic about it, but shit, I make it happen
Yeah, it's last minute, but goddammit they cash it
("This is fiscal harassment, they keep touchin my
assets!")
Now I imagine I might, be feeling different about it
If it was given out right, witness it helping somebody
But it just so happens in life, the school district's too
crowded
It ain't no teachers in sight, that's why the kids are so
rowdy

I just imagine some asshole with glasses on up at the
Capitol
One of a thousand pawns packed in an office cramped
up like animals
Pictures of his sister, his mixture Lapso Apso-poodle
His 2.6 kids, and the missus thumb tacked to his
cubicle
So damn detached from the average man's planet, he
cain't fathom
that we could ever be anything other than stats, fat and
taxable
He's gettin his usual ritual 2 o'clock Cup of Noodles on
While he's fuckin you on your W2, his John Denver
music goin

[Chorus: Daisy Martey from Morcheeba]
Stooooop Com-PLAAAAAAININ...STOP

[Lyrics Born overlaps chorus]
I know ladies, it's..just...
I'm tryin...I'm really tryin...
Yeah I know, it does get addictive...
But look what they sayin about me!

("LB!")

[Lyrics Born]
"Is he a role model we can all follow full throttle,
so we don't bother having to create our own model
that we go by? A fall guy I could hold accountable
Cause I don't want to hold the bottle for my own child"

Is it really my place to raise little Billy
When Hilly and Will-iam should be building with him in
the living room?
In-stead of bailin on him and, alienating him
Basically failing him, set him sailing on a mission to
oblivion
Then inevitably on his day in court, and Billy ain't the
plaintiff *gavel pounds*
Bailiff asks to raise his arm, (ALL RISE!) say his name in
court
Of course his parents ain't in court, they play it off
Say it ain't his fault, blame it on, Asia Born, or his
favorite artist
Beg your pardon? Wow, now I do admit that in the
music biz
Some people do and say some really stupid shit
To a kid that's zoomin in and using what we do and say
I could see how you could say, "Do not abuse your
influence"

But to all the Hillary's and the Will-iam's in the new millennium
If you really ain't feelin like livin with the children
will be a fulfilling experience, or something you
envision yourself
willingly and unconditionally committed to from the
beginning
Maybe you shouldn't be bumpin bellies from the giddy
up anyway, dummies!

[Chorus 4X: Daisy Martey from Morcheeba]
Stooooop Com-PLAAAAAAININ...STOP

[Lyrics Born overlaps chorus]
Well, for now...
Man, you STOP complainin!
But...
I ain't - whatever...

[DJ D-Sharp cuts and scratches for the rest of the song]

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