

# Can't Complain

Chris Webby

All I had was a dream and a mixtape  
And some birthday money that I saved up  
Told myself I could be great  
And that mindset never changed up  
I don't need it all, I could be straight  
With an iTunes check as a pay stub  
But then it popped off on release date  
And since then we been on the way up  
And we almost there and it feels so lovely  
Not rich yet but I'm gunna be  
Movin' on up from Double Tree  
To the Ritz hooked up with couple suites  
Till then I'm a still live comfortably  
But money ain't shit when you love to be  
On the clock, and this shit's fun to me  
So yo Juice go and pump the beat (let's go)  
Way back when I played that minor league  
It seemed nobody would ever make time for me  
It seemed nobody had plans of signing me  
So I grinded and grinded, then finally  
It's time to be, the very same guy you see  
On websites they cite Web, the sight of the blind would see  
There's no chance of denyin' me  
I'll collect my own God damn finder's fee

I ain't ballin' but I got a little money  
Ain't a super star but I'm on TV  
Ain't a player but I got a couple honies  
Whiskey bottle, bag of weed  
I got everything I need  
I can't complain  
(Nah, nah, nah. Nah, nah nah)  
Nah, nah I can't complain, nah nah I can't complain, nah, nah, nah, nah  
(Nah, nah, nah. Nah, nah, nah)  
Nah nah I can't complain, nah, nah I can't complain

It's colder than a mother fucker out this bitch  
And I don't even smoke weed rollin' up a spliff, I'm thinking if I should out this bitch  
Who next on the swish like JR Smith  
Rubbin elbows macaroni in a jar  
Like an international call you phony from afar Saying nothing in a hole like Zeroni in the yard  
This is 24/7 like Kobe and Lamar  
Antique in a museum you better to dust, you said it? Adjust  
Typical Connecticut stuff, Yeah  
We all know you ain't ready to trust, so  
I'm poor to the line like a measuring cup, Yeah  
I'm a be here till whenever the fuck, pretty much in the mirror like gra-ta-ta-ta-ta  
They love ANoyd like bada-pa-pa-pa  
And I don't got no job, I can't complain tho

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Back when nobody was givin' a damn  
They were shootin' me down just like Missile Command  
So I pictured a plan, when I needed a dollar I sat up at night and envisioned a grand  
Now I'm gettin' a tan, with my kicks in the sand  
And a spliff in the sand, and a chick with no pants  
With a beautiful crib and a bottle of Jamie  
What else can I say? I just cannot complain, see  
I started with nothin' so somethin' is so  
Fuckin' amazing I'm lovin' it yo  
Wouldn't say that I'm rich but enough of the dough's in my pocket to live my life comfortable bro  
All I need is a fair amount, for all the work that I've carried out  
I moved out of my parent's house, now the top is my whereabouts

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