

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 ou
t 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

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

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

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