

# Don't Complain

**Everlast**

Brand new sneakers and a fat gold chain  
We do the good cocaine  
And we don't feel no pain  
So yo, we don't complain  
Everywhere I go people know my name  
We got the money and fame (ha-ha)  
And they don't treat me the same (they don't treat me the same, no)  
But yo, I don't complain

Peckerwood status, live since Illmatic  
Barnacle static like radical fanatic  
Jump out the Benz with a semi-automatic  
And rob all my friends like a fucking drug addict  
Revolutionary, very necessary  
You couldn't bust a cherry, fuck your commentary  
I'm so legendary, born again rhymer  
Youngsters act scary when they 'round the old timer  
Like "Yes, sir. No, sir. Truly, it's an honor"  
Farmer of drama, harvesting karma  
Kamikaze die bomber on suicide mission  
My mental condition 'bout to come to fruition  
I'm all natural, no preservative  
Style superlative, you don't deserve to live  
We never truly die, think I was never born  
Tell your vision lies and watch that murder porn

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(If it feels good!)

I smoke like Willie, party like Waylon  
Wilder than David Lee Roth from Van Halen  
Batshit crazier than you'll ever hear from Sarah Palin  
Here's to smooth sailin' on all these tough waters  
Mothers love their sons, fathers love their daughters  
All the things they give us and all the things they bought us  
The love they first made us and all the thing they taught us  
Like doin' unto others, lovin' all your brothers  
And helpin' out your neighbors when they need a hand  
But everyone went solo, went from thug life to YOLO  
And it's hard to tell a woman sometimes from a man  
It's a ball of confusion and everybody's losin'  
Livin' fake lives up on Instagram  
But everything is funny when you front for the money  
While the devil executes his fucking masterplan, like

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