Can't Complain

Prodigy

Hello... hello...
Yo what up, man!?!
Who the fuck is this?
Who the fuck it sound like, man?
What the fuck you calling so early for, man!?!
What the fuck time is it!?!
It's like 3 o'clock, man, thought you was coming to get me, man!?!
... shit, my bad son.
Please, man, come get me man, before I choke this bitch, man!
Hurry up son, man it's like 90 man, let's get some hoes or something.

What up, dun!?!
Same ol' shit.
No doubt, ain't nothing new...
Let's take a little spin, dun, word up.

Yo... open my wings to a new day spread my lungs
Get laced, jump in the whip, stash the guns
Twist the key, shifted to D then flee
Before anything, get the daily dose of choke
We got the Benzo flooded with smoke on the float
My eye's burnin' from the dope killin' my throat
Lean my seat a taste, lumbar support
On the belt doin' 90 or more
Debatin' on the latest rhyme wars
Where units don't count
But your rap pay add up to large amounts
Get my thrills puttin' other nigga's skills to sleep
Catch chills off'a infamous beats
Swing the trees doin' one-handed u'ees
Blowin' on the ouwee 'cause we can't have the medicine canoein'
There go the boys to the right, no days and nights like that
Ay yo dun, hold that down and turn it around
Dirty as fuck, thugs drugs and guns, d's and fatigues
T n T hopin' out of MPV's
Surprise all'a fuck out of me
Got rubber Glocks pointed at me
Ay yo twin, what the fuck...

They had us layed out on the ground holdin' us down
With gats to back of our heads was goin' down
"It wasn't us that held up that bitch you got.
Where's the proof, man!? Let me speak to my attorney."
I know the routine, don't try to throw me
I been gettin' knocked since 12 and my moms tried to scold me
... but all that told me to get in more shit
Ay yo P', (what up) you my co-d, we both get knocked
What you did with that half'a tree? (right in my sock.)
Yo, I hope these fuckin' dicks won't find the stash spot
Dun, you know how I get down!?!
Yo I'm ready to bounce
Do the 100 yard-dash and tear ass
If my other half was alive we woulda got killt
'Cause dun woulda went for the guns and got I'll
Plus I gots cracks on me, they foundt the cracks on me
Looked at'em, gave'em back to me
I could swore they was takin' us in

Then the lady in the car said, "... that's not them."
Picked us up, told me I could keep the drugs
They didn't give a fuck, they was only lookin' for guns
An' you ain't gotta tell us twice
We hopped in the car and slid off
On our way up-town for more of that funk
P' lit the tree back up
Got off the Tri-burrough, hit the Henry Huds'
"Fuckit, let's slide through the Rutgers."
Roll the windows down cause infamous mobb bumpers...

... Skip To My Lou had the crowd jumpin'
Took a walk through the park frontin'
Didn't even have to hurt nuttin'
Man I love it, ain't nothin' like summer in New York
Hear Infamous Thoughts, then the Dream Team music starts
Damn, we young black entrepeneurs
New York Pricks and Dicks can't stop our floss
We like organized crime, the fuckin' Mobb
I'm only twenty-six playin' with' serious cards
Dead serious cash, luxurious labs
Learn to balance fame with pain, you CAN'T COMPLAIN

Jus' another day livin' in the hood...
Jus' another day around the way...
Feelin' good today... oh no we can't complain
Jus' another day... livin' in New York...
Dealin' with the jakes and the snakes...
Feelin' good today... we hit'em up cause we here to stay...

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!