

I Can't Complain

Melba Moore

No worries

Easy

(What's up Aceyalone?) Aw, same old same
I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain
(I see you troopin through the streets tryin to dodge the rain)
But I'm heatly, I'm alive, I can't complain
(Momentum is gained, it intensifies the pain)
I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain
(As long as you get to break those chains)
Yeah, I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain

How does it feel to be truly understood? Well, good
It's nice to know you're doin all you should
Bein all that you can be despite your circumstances
Just buckle up and take the world head on and make advances
But don't take chances, we both know the world is scandalous
The criminals are everywhere from the south of France to Kansas
He dances with wolves, he hypnotizes snakes
And him, he wrestles alligators in the lake
I'll do all I can but I'm just one man
With the microphone in hand
And you know what happens after that
Sometimes I flow with it, sometimes I go against the grain
But I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain

(What's up Aceyalone?) Aw, same old same
I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain
(It's war on the streets, I can see the bloodstains)
I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain
(I heard somebody likes to mention your name)
Yeah, I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain
(They wet behind the ears and got water on the brain)
Yeah, I'm healthy, I'm alive, I can't complain

The tenacity for my capacity is beyond my control
For it is the truth that i must uphold
Intake and download and told from the soul
Wherever I go the truth goes and it grows
When evil rears its ugly head it shows

Way beyond your hairstyles and your clothes
Mark my word, God's temper won't be disturbed
The good is much more preferred and deserved
I overheard a jaybird singin the words
To the greatest song written, the fruit is forbidden
I'm only one man and I'll do all I can
With the microphone in hand
And you know what happens after that

(What's up Aceyalone?) Aw, same old same
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(What you gon' do?
Where you gon' run?
And who you gon' run to?)
(What you gon' do?
Where you gon' run?
And who you gon' run to?)
(What you gon' do?
Where you gon' run?
And who you gon' run to?)
(What you gon' do?
Where you gon' run?
And who you gon' run to?)

I'm nearly fit as a fiddle
Except for a little
Limp in my walk and my talk
The hemp from the stalk
Is the only medicine for my rheumatism
It helps open up the doors to my mental prism
Racism, industrialism
Capitalism, uncivilized socialism
Computerized, televised, contrived
Microorganism, microchip, microincision
Good machines, bad machines
Factory rejects and recalls, incorporation schemes
I'm only one man and I'll do all I can
With the microphone in hand

And you know what happens after that

(What's up Ace One?) Aw, same old same

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