

# Can't Complain (feat. Twin Gambino & Chinky)

## Prodigy of Mobb Deep

{telephone ringing}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 you'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... ..  
[Twin]  
They had us laid 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 ill  
 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...[Prodigy]  
 ... 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 entrepreneurs  
 New York Pricks and Dicks can't stop our floss  
 We like organized crime, the fuckin' Mobb  
 I'm only twenty-six playin' wit' serious cards  
 Dead serious cash, luxurious labs  
 Learn to balance fame with pain, you CAN'T COMPLAIN[Chinky sings X]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...

Songwriters

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